Aug. 20, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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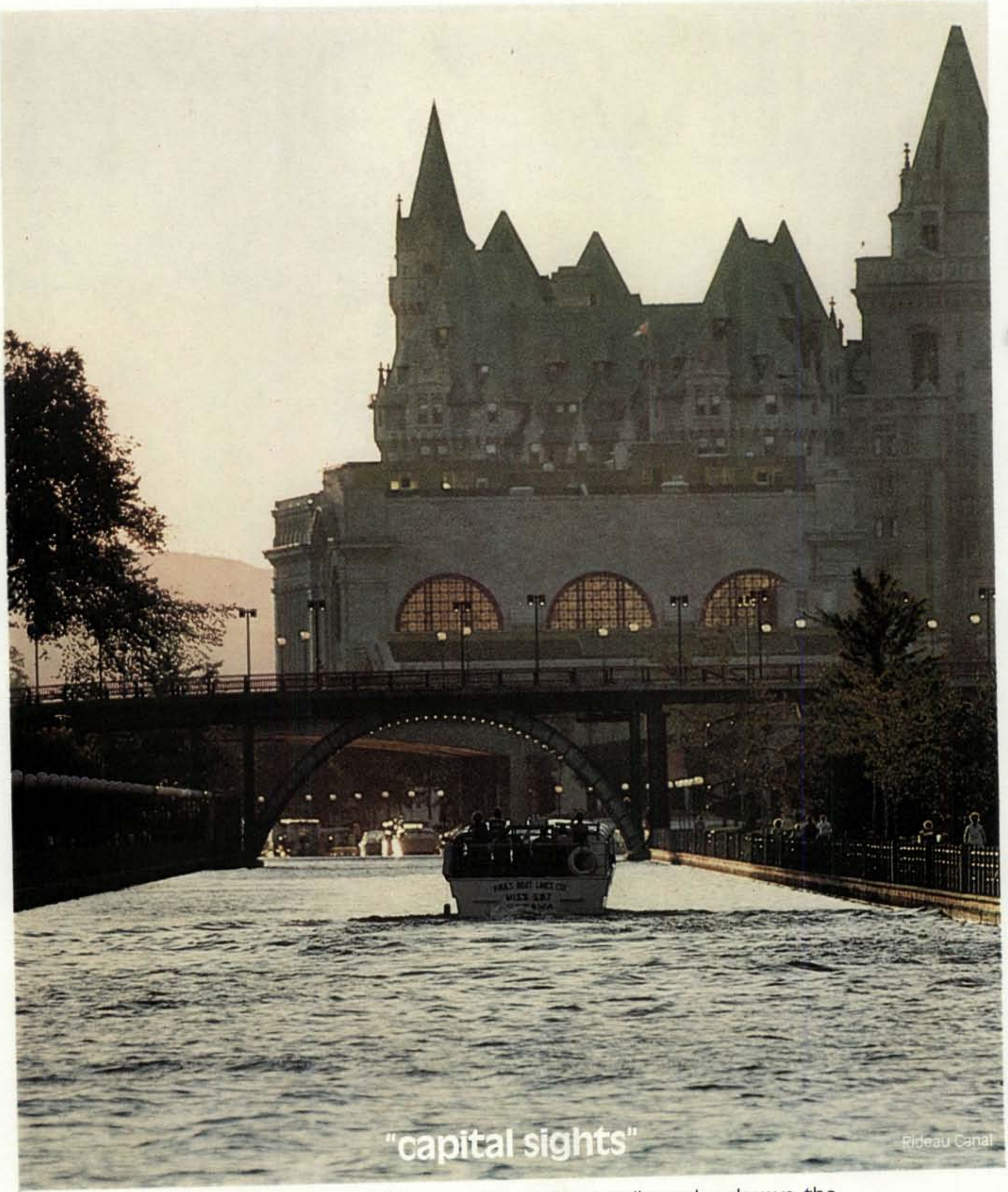

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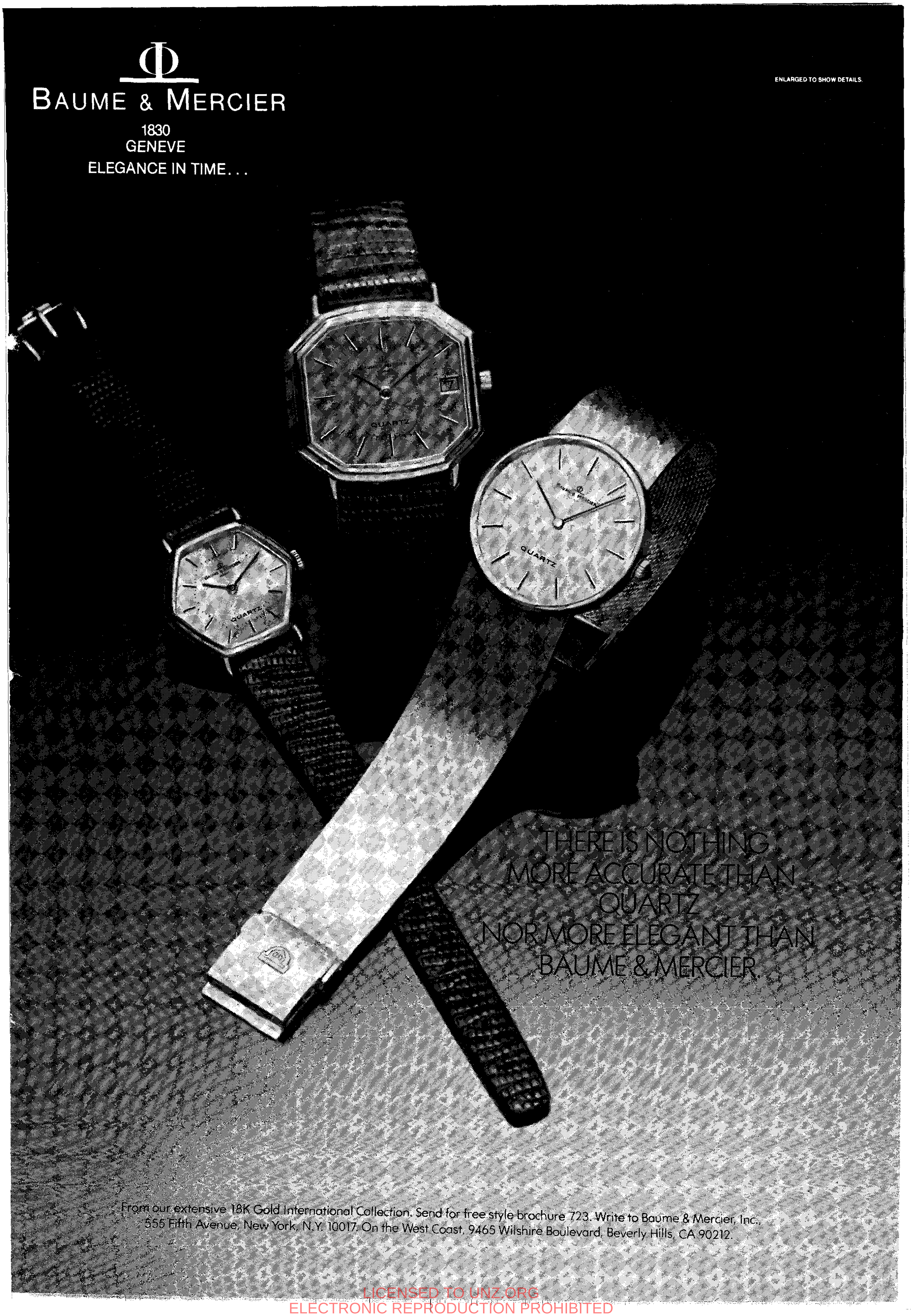
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author, and the cast is headed by Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **BURIED CHILD**. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN**, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gilda Radner—Live from New York—Two stars of the TV show "Saturday Night Live"—Miss Radner and Don Novello—in a series of funny skits, along with some pleasant singing and dancing. (8/13/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec is good as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

I Remember Mama—The taint of fabrication is visible at every point in this old-fashioned apostrophe to gallant motherhood. The mother in question is Liv Ullmann. Book by Thomas Meehan, music by Richard Rodgers, and lyrics by Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A sad little tale of life in the lower depths of Hoboken, which is low enough for all practical purposes. Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill help to redeem the writing, which is by Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: Gilbert and Sullivan's **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW** will follow, opening Wednesday, Aug. 22, and running through Sunday, Sept. 2. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—A one-person show isn't the easiest thing in the world to sustain for a couple of hours, but Phyllis Newman sings, and carries on a monologue of domestic inquiry lightly laced with hysteria, and the effect is both amusing and touching. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—In this free production, Raúl Juliá is the Moor, Richard Dreyfuss is Iago, Frances Conroy is Desdemona, and John Heard is Cassio. The performance, for all that it is clear and often charming, diminishes the tragedy and somewhat skimps the poetry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Peter Pan—Sandy Duncan has the title role and George Rose is Captain Hook in a revival of the musical with lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, music by Mark Charlap (and additional lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and additional music by Jule Styne). Directed by Bob Iscove. Previews through Wednesday, Aug.

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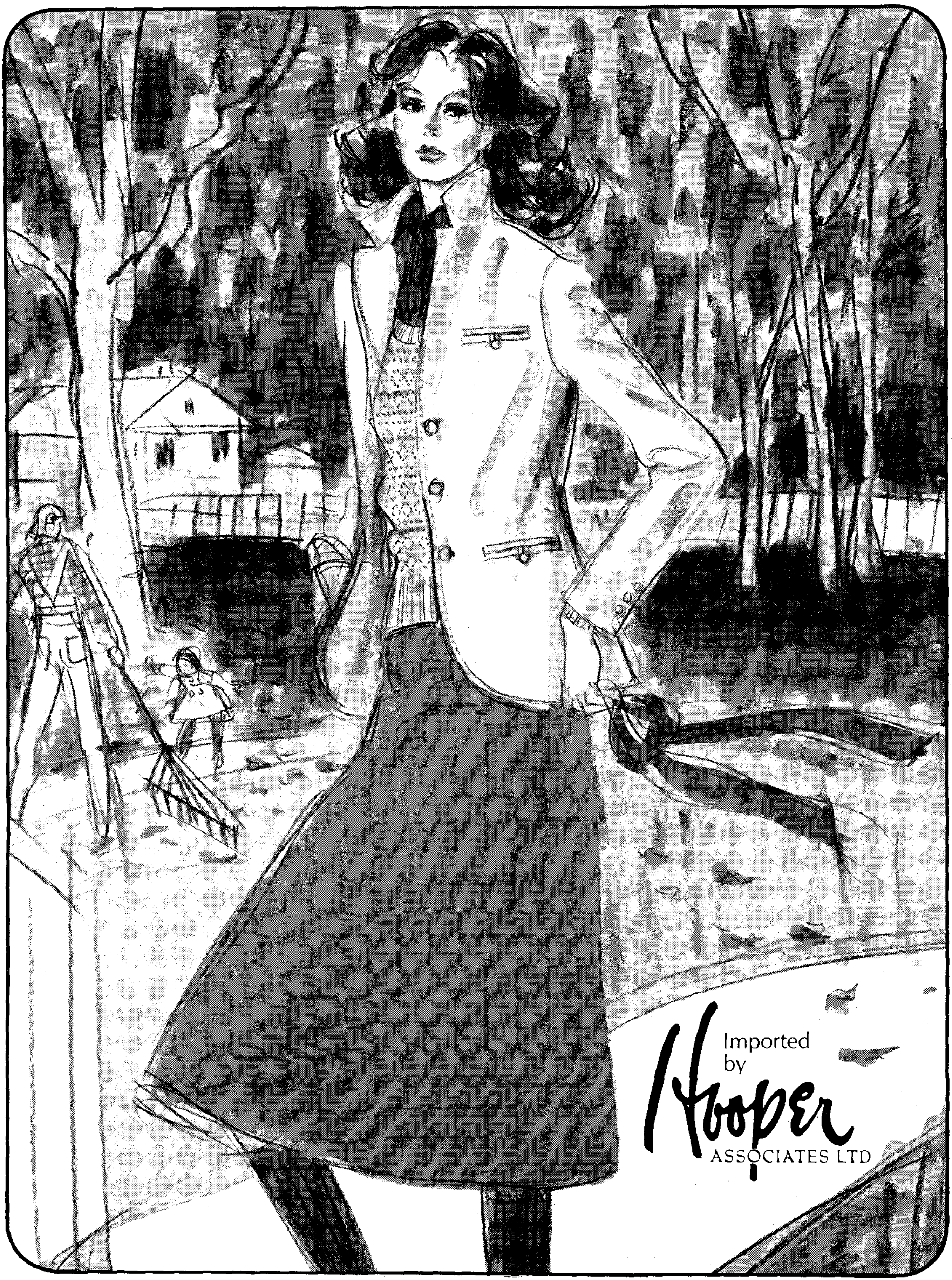

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

22. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 23. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of screens and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

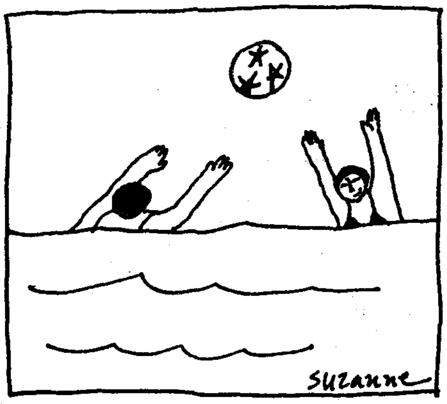
Sweeney Todd—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant play by Brian Clark, in which a paralyzed young man argues with wit and eloquence that he must be allowed to die. Tom Conti is superb as the young man, and he is well supported by, among others, Jean Marsh and Philip Bosco. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written *by others which Waller recorded and helped* to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." *The agreeable book is by Thomas* Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **EUBIE**: Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,024 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at *7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.* Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30. At the moment, a series of movie musicals is being shown, at 11 A.M. only. This week, through Friday, Aug. 17, "Funny Face," with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire; Monday through Friday, Aug. 20-24, "Three Little Words," with Fred Astaire and Red Skelton. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600.)

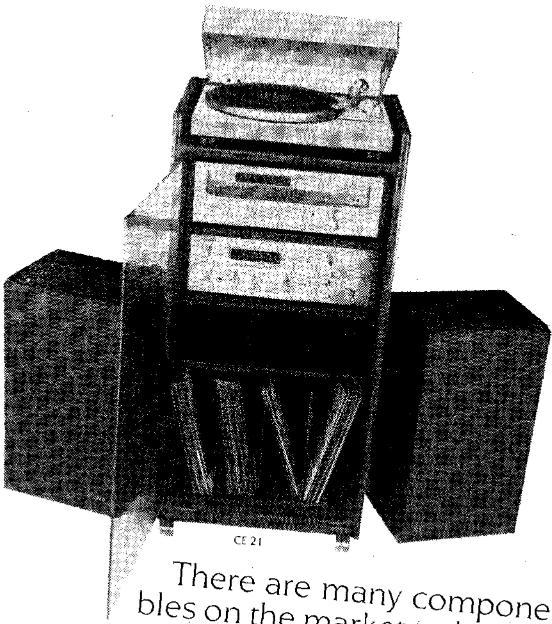
Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-18, at 2 and 7:30, and final performances Sunday, Aug. 19, at 1 and 5.)

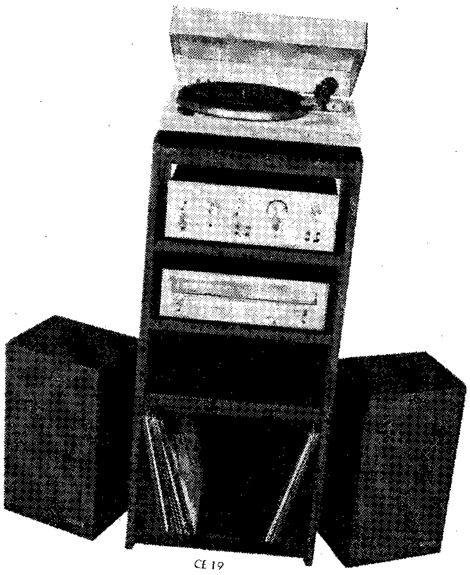
DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Aug. 15; Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 17-18; and Sunday matinées, Aug. 19 and 26: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 16, and Saturday matinée, Aug. 25: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 18: "Spartacus.". . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Aug 21-25: "The Legend of Love" (American première). (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Pearl Primus—Miss Primus, solo or with her company, performing dances of Africa, the Caribbean, and the United States. Opens Friday, Aug. 17. Miss Primus will solo in "Unique Presentation of the Dances" Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and in "Inner Being of African Sculpture" on Wednesdays at 3. . . . ¶ The company of twelve, including



CE 21



CE 19

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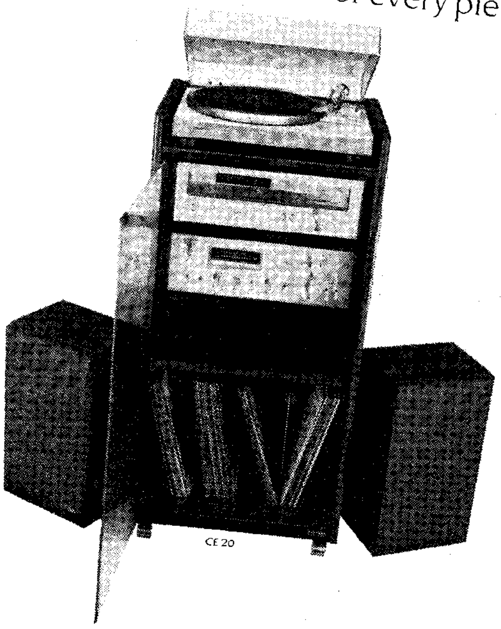

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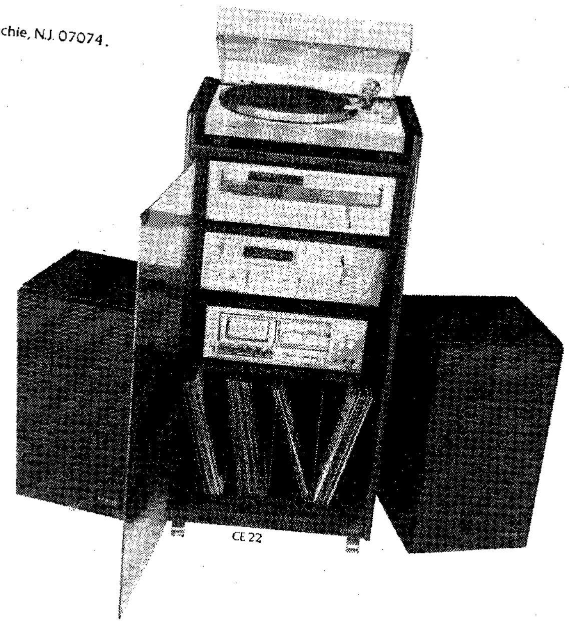

CE 22

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Percival Borde, will present "Earth Theatre" on Fridays at 8 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—This particular branch of a steakhouse chain might be more appropriately named Bebop Charlie's. **JOHN CLARK,** a French-horn soloist, leads a quartet on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, will belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; and on Wednesday, Aug. 22, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will arrive with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a quartet. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Boltax, 22 Wooster St., near Grand St. (226-4487)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is singing in this brand-new SoHo club through Saturday, Aug. 18. Shows begin at ten Wednesday and Thursday, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Convenient to Washington Square Park, where, before the show, one can watch the spontaneous, open-air disco-roller-skating scene (which is quite entertaining on its own). Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, folk-rock baritone Tom Rush will work with his band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists and bassists in jazz. For example: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ,** who are on hand through Saturday, Aug. 18, and **FRED HERSCH** and **RED MITCHELL,** who will take over on Monday, Aug. 20. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** has taken over the piano on the stage here for the summer. She can be heard Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

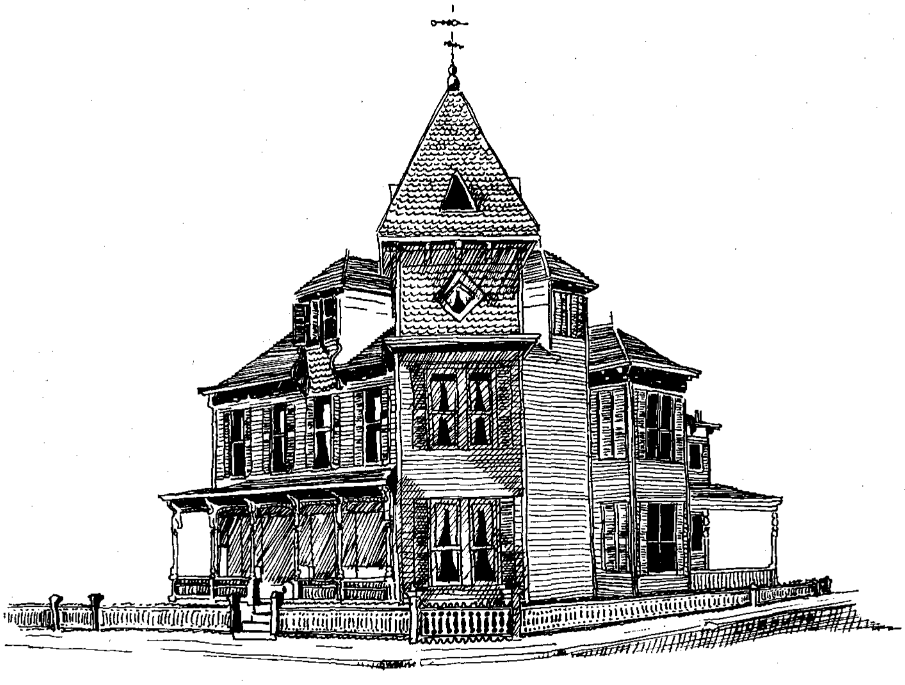
Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Ellis Marsalis, a New Orleans pianist, has made the trip north to fill in for Ellis Larkins during the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Visitors to this club, which basks in its seediness, or to Hurrah or Max's Kansas City will notice that sadomasochist safety-pin jewelry, menacing leers from patrons and musicians, and a general hostile ambience have given way to jeans, painter's pants, Buddy Holly-inspired horn-rimmed glasses, and sneakers—punk now has a collegiate following. In knowledgeable circles, the music isn't even referred to as punk rock anymore—it is now called new wave (and in artier circles, no wave). The bands: the Ants and Click Wednesday, Aug. 15; Tina Peel and the Casuals Thursday, Aug. 16; the Rudies Friday, Aug. 17; and Voodoo Shoes, Colors, Dirty Looks, Lords, and Dots (that's five bands) Saturday, Aug. 18. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The dancing that goes on here may look more like Broadway musical-comedy choreography than authentic juke-joint jiving, but the dances—the Texas Two-Step, the Shotess, and Cotton-Eye Joe—are genuine, and the skies are not cloudy all day. Exuberant live country bands mosey in nightly at about ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—A corner café that faces Central Park. One can sit next to the bank of windows and gaze at trees and people or sit near the piano and bass and listen to singer **RONNY WHYTE** and his accompanist, **JACK SIX.** They perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**LARRY ADLER,** the harmonica virtuoso, is celebrating the instrument's hundred-and-fiftieth year by performing "I Got Rhythm," "Melancholy Baby," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Shenandoah," and assorted cowboy campfire songs. Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and he plays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.



Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, Aug. 19, trumpeter Glenn Zottola will head up a quintet from eight. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from the disco past of this downstairs jazz club. Super-bassist **RON CARTER** and his super-sidemen—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—have settled in here. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** usually work with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and Tuesdays, to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, Lou Forestieri leads a trio and plays a piano from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. The lineup includes John Hiatt and Freelance Vandals Wednesday, Aug. 15; Panic Squad and Crash Course in Science Thursday, Aug. 16; Student Teachers and Chi Pigs Friday, Aug. 17; Neighborhoods and Jah Malla with Max Romeo Saturday, Aug. 18; and Gang of Four and Arsenal Tuesday, Aug. 21. Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish.

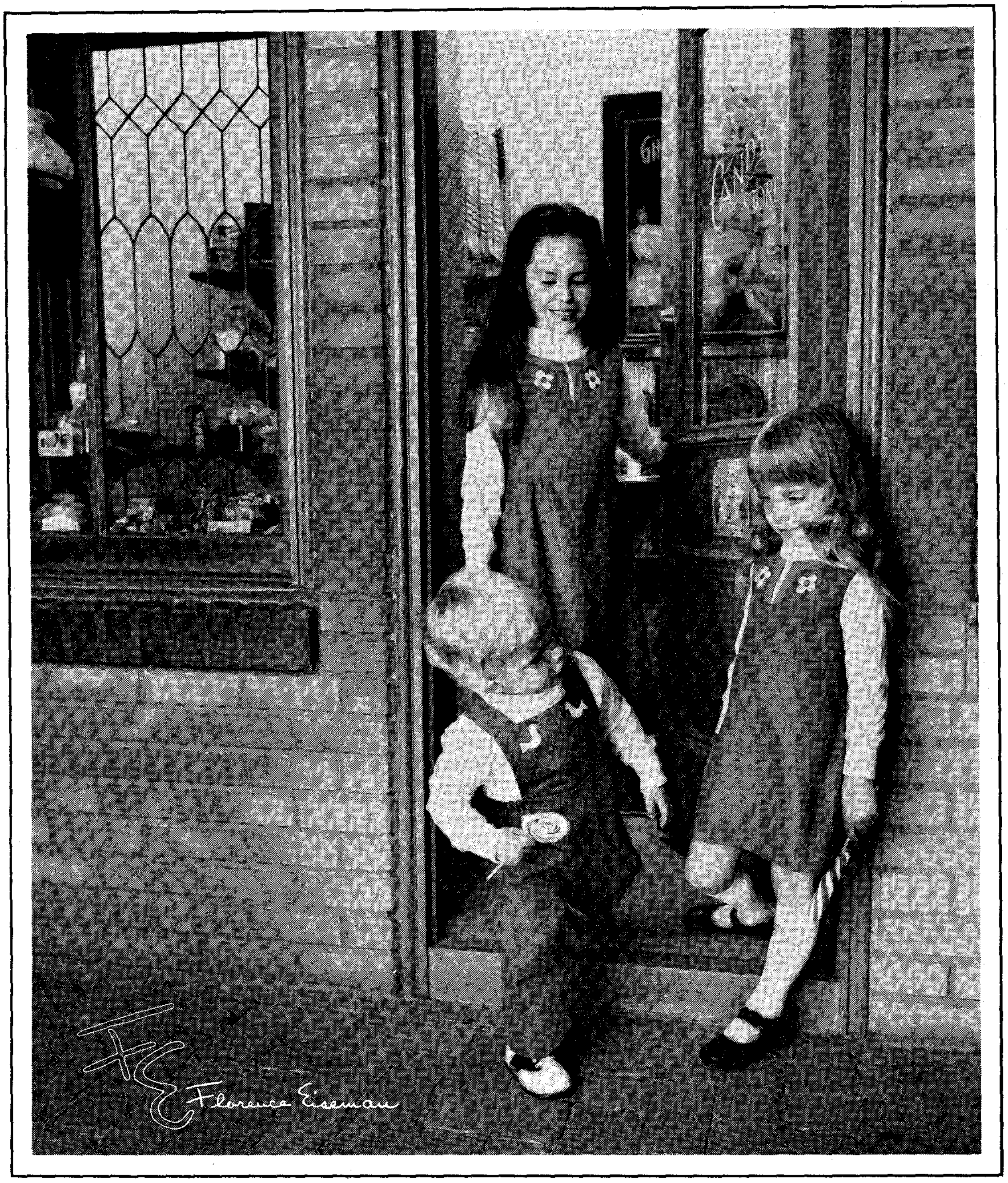
Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do here is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, and jazz musicians take up their instruments and play. Music Fridays through Sundays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** are working on their home grounds through Saturday, Aug. 18; on Tuesday, Aug. 21, another fine piano-bass outfit—**JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**—will take on the chores. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans and an impressive range of musicians. The standouts on the current schedule are old-wavers: **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** the thoughtful country fiddler and Nashville recording-studio legend, is here Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16; and **CARL PERKINS,** the middle-aged but still lithe rockabilly singer and guitarist who wrote "Blue Suede Shoes" a couple of decades ago, will be onstage on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and bassist **SLAM STEWART** are here through Saturday, Aug. 18; on Monday, Aug. 20, singers **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** will move in. Shows usually start



The things which the child loves
remain in the domain of the heart until old age—*Kahlil Gibran*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) On Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16, Wayne County, Richard Craven, and the The; on Friday, Aug. 17, Wayne County and Voodoo Shoes; on Saturday, Aug. 18, the Mad and Coma-teens; on Sunday, Aug. 19, the Love of Life Orchestra; on Monday, Aug. 20, Real Americans and Sick Dick & the Volkswagen; and on Tuesday, Aug. 21, John King & the Cats, Mande Dahl, and the Ants. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Jay McShann,** a pianist who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City blues. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**Al Haig,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-thirty until one-thirty. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **Freddie Moore,** takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. Second-generation Brubecks Chris, Darius, and Dan are here with their band on Wednesday, Aug. 15; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, Jeff Lorber's jazz-rock band will be present; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 21-22, the Rowan Brothers country-rock band will perform; and on Thursday, Aug. 23, pianist Barry Miles will bring in his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Bob January and his orchestra along with singer **Barbara Lea** supply the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty, by singer Barbara Cook. Sundays through Wednesdays at nine belong to **Josh Logan,** the stage and movie director and, at the moment, singer. Mr. Logan, whose previous singing experiences were in college, in the Army Air Forces, and during rehearsals for "South Pacific," when he sang several phrases to Ezio Pinza to help correct Pinza's pronunciation, made his New York début as a night-club singer a couple of years ago. His goal then was to receive applause himself, rather than watch his actors get it, and to "bring lyrics back . . . lyrics that fit music and music that fits lyrics." This time, Mr. Logan is joined by his wife, Nedda, and his daughter, Harrigan Logan. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, will be turned over to free-funk guitarist **James (Blood) Ulmer** and his group; on Sunday, Aug. 19, singer **Denise Delapenha** will sing Brazilian jazz with her quartet; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 21-22, drummer **Bob Moses** will lead a fine quintet—saxophonist **Dave Liebman,** trumpeter **Terumasa Hino,** pianist **Steve Kuhn,** and bassist **Steve Swallow.** Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the Crescent City with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocade-like wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. Music furnished by Jazz à Cordes, a quintet that revives the hot jazz from the thirties, runs from nine nightly, except Sundays.

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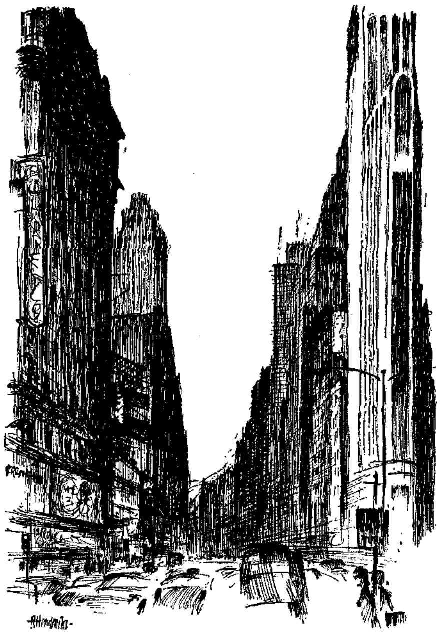
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **Tom Harrell's** quintet performs here through Saturday, Aug. 18; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 19-20, saxophonist **Harold Vick** will front a quintet; and on Tuesday, Aug. 21, drummer **Philly Joe Jones** will bring in a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Part of the lineup: alto saxophonist **Arthur Blythe** is present on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 17-19, will belong to tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan;** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, pianist **Jaki Byard** and saxophonist **Monty Waters** will team up; and on Friday, Aug. 24, a quartet that comprises John Ore, Tom Turrentine, Shirley Scott, and C-Sharpe will move in. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Recently renovated, this club is now one long room with good sightlines to the stage all the way from the bar area. The music is mostly rock and blues. Louisiana bluesman **Robert Pete Williams** will make a rare New York appearance Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, **Koko Taylor,** a Chicago blueswoman (a rara avis nowadays), and a powerful and moving one, will be here with her quartet, the Blues Machine. Other groups round out the week. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for rising rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Rock and roller Suzy Quatro and her band will perform in the sprawling downstairs space on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 16-17; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 18-19, will be given over to solo guitarist **Larry Coryell;** and on Tuesday, Aug. 21, vibraharpist Roy Ayers will come in with his combo. Music from about nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** is here with a trio through Sunday, Aug. 19; on Tuesday, Aug. 21, **Abbey Lincoln,** who has resumed her singing career, will arrive with a backing crew. Mondays are claimed by the **Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra,** a seventeen-piece organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Thursdays through Sundays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays in a variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Monday-through-Wednesday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Saxophonist **Benny Waters,** who is now seventy-seven and lives in Paris but who, some fifty years ago, played with King Oliver, performs on Wednesday, Aug. 15; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, trumpeter Ed Lewis will work with pianist Gil Coggins and saxophonist Harold Cumberbatch; Sunday, Aug. 19, has been set aside for Jazz à Cordes; and beginning Monday, Aug. 20, pianist **Sammy Price** will take over with a quintet for six nights. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse—In a film called "Rust Never Sleeps." (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 15-16, at 8 and 10:30, and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 17-19, at 7:30, 9:50, and midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Sun Ra Arkestra—Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-19, at 9 and 11:30, preceded by Dorothy Donegan and the Sun Ra duet at 7.

Rockpile, The David Johansen Group, and **John Cooper Clark**—Palladium. Monday, Aug. 20, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Sept. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

Michael Heizer—A disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all, commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum—are being shown on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

Linda Howard—"Maya," a sixteen-and-a-half-foot, thousand-pound brushed-aluminum sculpture, is on display in City Hall Park until Sept. 28.

Vanessa James—Costumes created from discarded and recycled materials without the use of needle and thread. The exhibit, which also includes photos, sketches, and drawings, documents the preparation of these costumes for a recent theatrical production. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Mary Petty (1899-1976)—Twenty-six watercolors that became *New Yorker* covers and were bequeathed by the artist to Syracuse University. Through Sept. 10. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St.)

Eric Staller—A dazzling (literally) installation of tiny green Christmas-tree lights (eight hundred strings of them) arranged in patterns dictated by the striations of the building's walls. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (City Uni-

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STATE OF THE ART PERFORMANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

versity Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

U.S. Custom House—A sixteen-foot painted-muslin ceremonial tepee, mounted on a platform in the rotunda here, is the focal point of a show of crafts selected from the collections of the Museum of the American Indian. In addition, ethnographic films are shown daily. Through Oct. 31. (Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts on the theme of musical instruments, including Lyonel Feininger's "Virtuoso" and Jim Dine's "Cellist." Through Sept. 8. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: William Merritt Chase's "The Kimono" (1895), Georgia O'Keeffe's "Yellow Calla Lily" (1927), and Richard Pousette-Dart's "Untitled (Presence)" (1974) are three of the paintings in a show of works by Americans. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a panorama of Martha's Vineyard by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing incorporating figures taken from Matisse and Picasso by Jane Kaplowitz. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **SEAPORT GALLERY**, 215 Water St.: A show of cityscapes, in prints and photographs, from the twenties and thirties, by Louis Lozowick, Berenice Abbott, Max Weber, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St. (Open Mondays through Thursdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.

Sculpture—Seven sculptors are represented in the summer show here, among them Harold Tovish and Joan Danziger. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Larry Fink—The Museum of Modern Art has a show of his black-and-white photographs of social gatherings in New York City and rural Pennsylvania. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints made in California in the sixties and seventies. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Van DerZee—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: More than a hundred photographs from the museum's collection—Abbott, Erwitt, Hine, Genthe, Weston, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: "Six Looks" is the title of an exhibit of photographs of the Paris cultural center, Beaubourg, by Robert Doisneau, Martine Franck, Marc Riboud, and three others. Through Aug. 31. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.. A historical survey (1839 to the present) of Polish photography. Through Sept. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by four New York State photographers. Through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SEAGRAM BUILDING**, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (fourth floor): Thirty-seven photographs, including Steichen's "Sunday Night on 40th Street" and Ben Shahn's "Linworth, Ohio." Through Sept. 7. (Closes at 4.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Sunday, Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum's Department of Architecture and Design has recently acquired a number of objects, including a glass pitcher and a silver tureen and ladle by the nineteenth-century English designer Christopher Dresser; a hanging lamp by Louis Tiffany (made for his own dining room); a folding screen composed of black lacquer plaques by Eileen Gray; and lamps by Isamu Noguchi. Through Sept. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Black-and-white prints by Larry Fink. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: dance, jazz, new music, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist French paintings is the main show just now, while an exhibit entitled "Matisse and Master Drawings from the Baltimore Museum of Art," scheduled to open on Friday, Aug. 24, is being installed. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "The Decade in Review: Selections from the 1970's," a show of some of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done in Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MAURICE FREED

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of paintings and drawings by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—In the Hall of Late Dinosaurs, an exact polyester-resin-and-fibre-glass replica of the museum's triceratops skeleton is being assembled, and the skeleton itself, dismantled for the reproduction, is being reassembled. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century textiles from the Indonesian archipelago. These multicolored fabrics, many of which carry designs unique to the island where the cloth was made, functioned as ceremonial cloths, wearing apparel, and decoration. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), interspersed with decorative objects of the period, including a christening set (a silver cup, knife, fork, and spoon), which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of more than a hundred and thirty unorthodox books made in the past ten years or so by artists using such processes as offset lithography and Xerox reproduction. Included (as a sort of progenitor) is Marcel Duchamp's 1934 pile of lithographed notes spread in a box; among other practitioners are Edward Ruscha, Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Don Celender, and Dieter Rot. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evening until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of close to eighty paintings of the American West in the nineteenth century and the twentieth by, among others, George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Artists and Architects of the New York Subway" offers photographs, the new subway-route map, paintings of subway construction, models and plans for new subway projects, and artifacts—signals, ticket choppers, the grille from a change booth—that date back seventy-five years to the original subways. Starts Friday, Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Duke Ellington's career as seen in some of his original scores, manuscripts, sheet music, records, photographs, posters, and personal memorabilia, including notations jotted down on menus and paper towels. Through Saturday, Aug. 18. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 15: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano, and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: The Tokyo String Quartet and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18: James Conlon conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ax and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 20, and Wednesday, Aug. 22: Peter Maag conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Adolph Herseth and Philip Smith, trumpet. (No pre-concert recitals.). . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 21: The Beaux Arts Trio, with Menahem Pressler, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; and John Steele Ritter, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra, with Pierre Pierlot, oboe. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

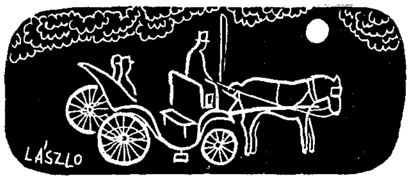
Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—The first in a six-day series of concerts, this one performed by Edward Auer and Alicia Schachter, piano: Samuel Baron, flute; Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian, violin; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8, with a pre-concert recital at 7.)

Note—The American String Quartet will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 5:25. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Aug. 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: The Concord String Quartet in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 2: The Annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa and Gunther Schuller, respectively. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Julia Varady, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Paul Plishka, baritone; Douglas Lawrence, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boys Choir. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 7: Joni Mitchell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Mr. Frager in a piano recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 9: Zubin Mehta conducting the New York Philharmonic in a varied program, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30: Zubin Mehta directing the New York Philharmonic in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Mr. Plishka; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends on Saturday, Aug. 25—Wednesday, Aug. 15: Aaron Copland conducting a program that includes two of his own works, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: Robert Shaw directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; John Stewart, tenor; Donald Gramm, baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17: William Smith conducting a varied program, with Susan Starr, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18: Franz Allers directing a program of music by Gilbert and Sullivan, with Janice Hall, soprano; James Billings, baritone; John Walker, tenor; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Foreigner on Monday, Aug. 20, at 7, and by K. C. and the Sunshine Band on Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 7.]. . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 22: Sergiu Comissiona conducting a varied program, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Gunther Schuller conducting a program of American big-band and jazz music, as well as light classics; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Norman Carol, violin; William Stokking, cello; Richard Woodhams, oboe; and Bernard Garfield, bassoon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program entitled "Those Fabulous Philadelphians." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)



Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Nikolais Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25: Joyce Cuoco and Youri Vamos; Indrani and Sukanya; and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 20-21, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2:05.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Friday, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Saturday, Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 25. (All games at 8.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 16-19.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 27. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18; the Diana Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 19; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Toronto, in the second game in the North American Soccer League's quarterfinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 19, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 22. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Aug. 23, through Wednesday, Oct. 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-26.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of OTHELLO, with Raúl Juliá and Richard Dreyfuss. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting concerts in various city parks. BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Mahler's Fifth Symphony. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Paul Plishka, baritone; and the Collegiate Chorale. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Monday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Schubert's Fifth Symphony and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with the same soloists and chorus as Aug. 17. . . . SNUG HARBOR PARK, Staten Island, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: A Mozart-Mahler program.

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 5:30: David Bromberg. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16, at 5:30: Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 6:30: Peter Tosh. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 6:30: Chuck Mangione. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 20, at 6:30: Richie Havens and Taj Mahal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 6:30: Dr. Hook and Dixie Dregs. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 6:30: Cars. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 6:30: Greg Kihn Band and Louise Goffin. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of jazz, dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, Hispanic specials, musical comedy, and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: The Greengrass Cloggers and the Hotmud Family, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at noon. . . . ¶ Mike Esposito & the Lost World String Band, the Hotmud Family, and Mr. Spoons, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 6. . . . ¶ The Billy Taylor Trio, Thursday, Aug. 16, at noon. . . . ¶ Elizabeth Brown and Richard Myron, Friday, Aug. 17, at 6. . . . ¶ A sampling of various community-theatre groups, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 3. . . . ¶ The Amas Repertory Theatre, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 4:30. . . . ¶ Diabolus Musicus, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 6. . . . ¶ Aerial, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at noon. . . . ¶ The Elliot Gillette Trinidad Dance Company, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The Iron Clad Agreement, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 5. . . . ¶ Sylvan Wind Quintet (for children), Thursday, Aug. 23, at 11. . . . ¶ Nuestro Teatro (for children), Friday, Aug. 24, at 11. . . . ¶ The David Eyges Quartet, Friday, Aug. 24, at noon. . . . ¶ The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, Friday, Aug. 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Clown's Carnival, Friday, Aug. 24, at 5. . . . ¶ Mini Events, Saturday, Aug. 25, at noon. . . . ¶ The Family, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Saeko Ichinohe Dance Company, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys, Tex Logan, the Hotmud Family, the Greengrass Cloggers, Mike Esposito & the Lost World String Band, and Mr. Spoons, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Rod and Randy Miller & Friends, the Backwoods Band, and Chip Henderson, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Pearl Primus and Company, with Percival Borde, Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Nuestra Música Latina III, Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Afro-Caribbean Diaspora, with Olatunji, Sunday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ The Puerto Rican Dance Theatre, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Lionel Hampton's Orchestra, Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ The Pauline Koner Dance Consort, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Georgie Tapps and Maxine Sullivan, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE MUSIC MAN, with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 14. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 19: "The Witches."
Aug. 20: Theatre closed.
Aug. 21: "Seventh Heaven."
Aug. 22: "Street Angel."
Aug. 23: "Sunrise."
Aug. 24: "State Fair."
Aug. 25: "Delicious."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 16: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Wifemistress."
From Aug. 17: "Moonraker."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 16: "Meatballs" and "Heaven Can Wait."
Aug. 17-23: "The Main Event" and "Agatha."
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Rocky II."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 16: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 16: "The In-Laws."
Aug. 17-23: "The Frisco Kid."
From Aug. 24: "More American Graffiti."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"North Dallas Forty."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Americathon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 23: "The Concorde–Airport '79."
From Aug. 24: "More American Graffiti."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 16: "Manhattan."
From Aug. 17: "Rich Kids."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Harold and Maude."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Aug. 16: "The Frisco Kid."
From Aug. 17: "Life of Brian."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Aug. 16: "The Kids Are Alright."
From Aug. 17: "Orchestra Rehearsal."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Sunburn."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Aug. 16: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Aug. 15: "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 16: "Soldier of Orange."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Star Wars."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Hot Stuff."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 16: "A Little Romance."
Aug. 17-23: "The Main Event."
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Aug. 16: "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Muppet Movie."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"North Dallas Forty."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Amityville Horror."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Concorde–Airport '79."
Theatre 2: "Americathon."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 23: "The Amityville Horror."
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks."
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws."
Theatre 3: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: "Americathon."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Wednesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 17: "The Fallen Idol."
Aug. 18-19: "Wuthering Heights."
Aug. 20-21: Theatre closed.
Aug. 22-24: "The Gold Rush."
From Aug. 25: "Volpone."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Sunburn."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 16: "The Muppet Movie."
From Aug. 17: "Manhattan."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 16: "Manhattan."
From Aug. 17: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meetings with Remarkable Men."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 16: "Americathon."
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 23: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
From Aug. 24: "Woyzeck."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 23: "El Super."
From Aug. 24: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Aug. 16: "Norma Rae."
From Aug. 17: "The Frisco Kid."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Amityville Horror."
Theatre 2: "Moonraker."
Theatre 3: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 16: "Meatballs."
From Aug. 17: "The In-Laws."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Muppet Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 16: "Meatballs" and "Foul Play."
Aug. 17-23: "The Main Event" and "Agatha."
From Aug. 24: "Dracula" and "The Brink's Job."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sunburn." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Bloodline."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 16: "The Groove Tube" and "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
From Aug. 17: "The Frisco Kid." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Star Wars." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"North Dallas Forty." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Hot Stuff." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Aug. 23: "Moonraker." (†)
From Aug. 24: "More American Graffiti." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Concorde–Airport '79." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Amityville Horror." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Meatballs." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 15: "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.
Aug. 16: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Lickerish Quartet" (1970), directed by Radley Metzger, with Silvana Venturelli.
Aug. 17: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.
Aug. 18: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.
Aug. 19: "Children of Paradise" (1945; "Les Enfants du Paradis"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.
Aug. 20: "The Pride of the Yankees" (1942), directed by Sam Wood, with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Babe Ruth;

and "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings." (†)

Aug. 21: "Tora-San Forget-Me-Not" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; and "My Hobo" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Zenzo Matsuyama.

Aug. 22: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (†); and "Group Marriage" (1972), directed by Stephanie Rothman.

Aug. 23: "The Touch" (1971), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow; and "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson.

Aug. 24: "Flesh" (1968), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and four short films.

Aug. 25: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (†); and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 15: "Kanchenjungha" (1962) and "Charulata" (1964), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.

Aug. 16: "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Marilyn Monroe, Olivier, and Sybil Thorndike; and "Clash by Night" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, and Marilyn Monroe.

Aug. 17: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman.

Aug. 18: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

Aug. 19: "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

Aug. 20: "The 47 Ronin" (1942), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

Aug. 21: "Baby Doll" (†); and "Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots" (1970), directed by Sidney Lumet, with James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave, and Robert Hooks.

Aug. 22: "The 10th Victim" (†); and "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" (1975), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Gian-Maria Volonte.

Aug. 23: "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, and Joe E. Brown; and "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Aug. 24: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "The Virgin Spring." (†)

Aug. 25: "The Harder They Come" (†) and "Ned Kelly." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 16: "In Praise of Older Women" (1979), directed by George Kaczender, with Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; and "Moment by Moment" (1978), directed by Jane Wagner, with Lily Tomlin and John Travolta.

Aug. 17-18: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Aug. 19-20: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs.

Aug. 21: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Aug. 22-23: "Coming Home" (1978), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern; and "Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)

Aug. 24-25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971), directed by George Lucas, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 23: "Rock 'n Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

From Aug. 24: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), directed by Bernard Shakey, a documentary about Neil Young.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 18: "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Keenan Wynn, Dean Stockwell, and Phillip Reed.

Aug. 19-20: "Lust for Life" (†) and "The Picture of Dorian Gray." (†)

Aug. 21-22: "Quo Vadis" (1951), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, and Peter Ustinov.

Aug. 23-25: "Easter Parade" (1948), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Ann Miller, and Peter Lawford; and "The Pirate." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 15: "Children of Paradise" (1945; "Les Enfants du Paradis"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

Aug. 16: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.

Aug. 17-18: "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston; and "Fear" (1956), directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.

Aug. 19: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Love in the City" (1953), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, Federico Fellini, Dino Risi, Alberto Lattuada, and Cesare Zavattini.

Aug. 20: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (†); and "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952), directed by Daniel Mann, with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel.

Aug. 21: "The Memory of Justice." (†)

Aug. 22-23: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 24-25: "Dial M for Murder"; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 15: "The Chinese Cat" (1944) and "The Scarlet Clue" (1945), both directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as the detective, Charlie Chan.

Aug. 16: "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterich, with William Powell and Kay Francis.

Aug. 17: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

Aug. 18-19: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948), directed by Preston Sturges, with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949), directed by Preston Sturges, with Bette Grable, Rudy Vallée, Cesar Romero, and Porter Hall.

Aug. 20: "The Invisible Woman" (1941), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Virginia Bruce, John Barrymore, Charlie Ruggles, and Oscar Homolka; and "The Exile" (1947), directed by Max Ophuls, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maria Montez, Paule Croset, Henry Daniell, and Nigel Bruce.

Aug. 21: "It" (1927), a silent film, directed by Clarence Badger, with Clara Bow and

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Antonio Moreno; and "Blood and Sand" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Rudolph Valentino.

Aug. 22: "A Date with Judy" (1948), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor, and Robert Stack; and "Nancy Goes to Rio" (1950), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jane Powell, Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, and Carmen Miranda.

Aug. 23: "Theatre of Blood" (1973), directed by Douglas Hickox, with Vincent Price and Diana Rigg; and "Twice Told Tales" (1964), directed by Mark Stevens, with Vincent Price and Sebastian Cabot.

Aug. 24-25: "Palm Beach Story" (†) and "Hail the Conquering Hero." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 16 at 2:30: "The Trip" (1967), directed by Roger Corman, with Peter Fonda, Bruce Dern, Susan Strasberg, and Dennis Hopper; and "Psych-Out" (1968), directed by Richard Rush, with Susan Strasberg, Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Dean Stockwell. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Night Tide" (1963), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Dennis Hopper and Luana Anders. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: "The Unholy Rollers" (1972), directed by Vernon Zimmerman (who will be present), with Claudia Jennings and Lois Quinn; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: "Three in the Attic" (1968), directed by Richard Wilson, with Yvette Mimieux, Christopher Jones, and Judy Pace; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6: A program of eighteen films made in France between 1899 and 1912. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at noon: "The Amazing Colossal Man" (1957), directed by Bert I. Gordon, with Glenn Langan and Cathy Downs. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Dillinger" (1973), directed by John Milius, with Warren Oates, Ben Johnson, Michelle Phillips, Cloris Leachman, and Richard Dreyfuss. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: "The Unholy Rollers." . . ¶ Aug. 19 at noon: "The Amazing Colossal Man." . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Sisters" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, and Bill Finley; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5: "Birth of a Nation" (1915), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, and George Siegmann; a newly restored color version. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at noon: "Salt for Svanetia" (1930), a Russian documentary, directed by M. Kalatozov; with English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2:30: "The Bonnie Parker Story" (1958), directed by William Witney, with Dorothy Provine; and "Machine Gun Kelly" (1958), directed by Roger Corman, with Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot, and Morey Amsterdam. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "Chastity" (1969), directed by Alessio de Paola, with Cher; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at noon: "Salt for Svanetia." . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Birth of a Nation." . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6: "Bloody Mama" (1970), directed by Roger Corman, with Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle, Don Stroud, Diane Varsi, and Bruce Dern. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2:30: "Cooley High" (1975), directed by Michael Schultz, with Glynn Turman, Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, Cynthia Davis, and Garrett Morris. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Rolling Thunder" (1977), directed by John Flynn, with William Devane, Tommy Lee Jones, and Linda Haynes; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:30: "Dillinger." . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Black Caesar" (1973), directed by Larry Cohen, with Fred Williamson, Phillip Roye, and Gloria Hendry; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: A program of French films made between 1906 and 1913, by Max Linder and Louis Feuillade. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at noon: "The Abominable Dr. Phibes" (1971), directed by Robert Feust, with Vincent Price, Joseph Cotten, Hugh Griffith, and Terry-Thomas. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Night Tide" (1963), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Dennis Hopper and Luana Anders. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5: "Rolling Thunder." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of science-fiction and fantasy films, with a double feature each day, starting in the late afternoon. Among the films showing this week are "Day the Earth Stood Still," "Things to Come," and "It Came from Beneath the Sea." For exact time and film schedules, our best advice is to call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. Directed by Michael Apted; the script is credited to Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopecraft. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Aug. 17-23.)

Americathon—With Harvey Korman and John Ritter, directed by Neil Israel. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Aug. 16.)

The Amityville Horror—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Loews Ciné, Lowes 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Aug. 23.)

Apocalypse Now—With Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; directed by Francis Coppola. (Ziegfeld.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low down in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile, her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited." It's not quite all that. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings (1976)—Rowdy, good-natured comedy melodrama about a barnstorming black baseball team. Set in 1939, in the period just before major-league clubs admitted black players, it shows the players' attitudes toward the cakewalking and clowning expected of them by white crowds. It's like a modern, black variant of the thirties lunatic football comedies, such as "Pigskin Parade." The cast is headed by Richard Pryor, Billy Dee Williams, Stan Shaw, and James Earl Jones, whose great, deep voice functions as a joke all by itself. The script, by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, has some sophisticated, double-edged ideas but is short on characterization; it settles for a few too many cheap laughs, such as those involving a fat, boisterous black woman, and too many cartooned black capitalistic club owners, as well as sadistic white villains (who, for unexplained reasons, have sinister Scandinavian accents). John Badham directed (it was his first picture, followed by "Saturday Night Fever"). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 20.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A lively, unabashedly commercial American comedy on the subject of modern sexual mores—the first feature directed by Paul Mazursky. The period is late 1969, when the concept of legal marriage is being undermined and Southern California middle-class people are culturally uneasy about clinging to something square, and personally tantalized by thoughts of the sex possibilities they're missing; swinging is in the air. The film contrasts the marriage of Robert Culp, as a documentary filmmaker, and his wife, Natalie Wood, with the mismatch of Dyan Cannon and her lawyer-husband, Elliott Gould—she's bored and he's bewildered. Mazursky and his co-writer, Larry Tucker, who served as producer, designed the picture as a series of sketches, letting the rhythm of the actors' interplay develop as it does in satiric improvisational-revue theatre. Natalie Wood is the wrong kind of actress for this material; she's still doing what she was doing as a child—still telegraphing us that she's being cute—and when she tries hard she just becomes an agitated iron butterfly. But the scenes involving Gould and Cannon are small miracles of timing; Cannon (who looks a bit like Lauren Bacall and a bit like Jeanne Moreau, but the wrong bits) is also remarkably funny in her scenes with an analyst (played by the analyst Donald F. Muhich). You can feel something new in the comic spirit of this film—in the way Mazursky gets laughs by the rhythm of clichés, defenses, and little verbal aggressions. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Bread and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art; through Aug. 16.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the Indiana landscape, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Coronet.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gene Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Olympia; starting Aug. 24.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Concorde–Airport '79—With Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner, Sylvia Kristel, and George Kennedy; directed by David Lowell Rich. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Aug. 23.)

Delicious (1931)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a Fox musical with Ira and George Gershwin songs, including "Delishious" and "Blah Blah Blah," but not enough of them. David Butler directed. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 25.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (Olympia; starting Aug. 24.)

Escape from Alcatraz—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of a small boy (Bobby Henrey), an

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ambassador's son, to protect the butler (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. With Michèle Morgan, Denis O'Dea, Jack Hawkins, Dora Bryan, and Bernard Lee. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 17.)

Foul Play (1978)—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Olympia; through Aug. 16.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Cinema I; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy; starting Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; Aug. 17-23.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters, "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow," or humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. This film was selected by the international jury at Brussels as the second (after "Potemkin") greatest film of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 22-24.)

Hail the Conquering Hero (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the upshot is that they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steel, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy, and William Demarest as a Marine sergeant. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-25.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith.)

Heaven Can Wait (1978)—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (7/10/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 16.)

Hot Stuff—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Beekman; Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Aug. 17.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Cinema II; through Aug. 16.)

Life of Brian—With the Monty Python players, including Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, John Cleese, Terry Jones, Eric Idle, and Michael Palin; directed by Jones. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 17.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (72nd Street East; through Aug. 16.)

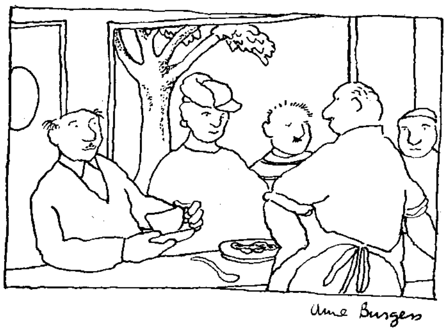
Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, and Niall MacGinnis. A team of art directors worked out locations and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted the best-selling biography by Irving Stone; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; the music is by Miklos Rozsa. (Regency; Aug. 19-20.)

The Main Event—At the expense of whatever coherence there was to this romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand strives to pack multitudes of diverse and contradictory character traits into her role as a bankrupt parfumeuse who is forced to promote the career of an unwilling boxer, her sole remaining asset. Ryan O'Neal is deferential as the fighter and love object; Howard Zieff is the accommodating director. No singing until the final credits. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Aug. 17-23.)

Make Way for Tomorrow (1937)—The legendary Leo McCarey film about an elderly married couple (Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore) who lose their money and are not wanted by their children. The tenderness of the husband's and the wife's devotion to each other has earned the film a spot in many people's affections, though it was a complete commercial disaster. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Baronet, and Little Carnegie; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Aug. 17.)

Meatballs—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through Aug. 16.)



Meetings with Remarkable Men—Based on Gurdjieff's autobiographical work, with Terence Stamp and Warren Mitchell. Directed by Peter Brook. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema 3.)

The Memory of Justice (1976)—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extends his inquiry in so many directions that he loses his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

Moonraker—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Gemini 2; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ National; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Art; starting Aug. 17.)

More American Graffiti—With Paul LeMat, Cindy Williams, Ron Howard, Candy Clark, and Charlie Martin Smith repeating the roles they originated in the 1973 film. Directed by B. W. L. Norton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and National; starting Aug. 24.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (U.A. East, Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Festival; through Aug. 16.)

Ned Kelly (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of ironmongery. (Sidney Nolan once did a series of epic paintings that made Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans.) Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but is a narrative mess. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Nighthawks—With Ken Robertson, directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam. (Quad Cinema.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 16.)

North Dallas Forty—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows a flair for comedy. He's so cool that the movie uses him as a ready-made moral choice. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting Aug. 17.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pang-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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born, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-25.)

Peppermint Soda—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling side and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he has a feeling for plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives the film momentary authority. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird," the viewer can grasp that the man who would destroy her really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. Harry Stradling did the cinematography; the Albright Brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the portraits. (Regency; Aug. 19-20.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Regency; Aug. 23-25.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Baronet; starting Aug. 17.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact, Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Gramercy, Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—With Alan Alda, Barbara Harris, Meryl Streep, Rip Torn, and Melvyn Douglas; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Little Carnegie; starting Aug. 17.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—In the first year that Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 21.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

Soldier of Orange—With Rutger Hauer, Jeroen Krabbé, and Belinda Meuldijk; directed by Paul Verhoeven. (Beekman; starting Aug. 16.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

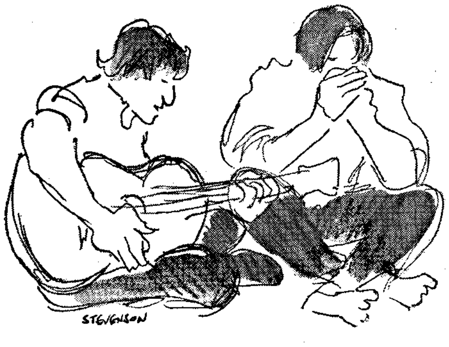
State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses it of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 24.)

Street Angel (1928)—A silent film, with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and Guido Trento; directed by Frank Borzage. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 22.)

Sunburn—With Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin, and Art Carney; directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Gemini 1, Guild, and Embassy 1.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Sunrise (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 23.)



El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle-age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Cinema Studio 2, through Aug. 23.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this sometimes witty science-fiction extravaganza about licensed killing in the twenty-first century. Inventive at the start, it gets out of hand. Directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Aug. 24.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired, and the Ben Jonson satire is weighed down by the lavish production, directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast includes Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Harold Clurman; starting Aug. 25.)

Who'll Stop the Rain—An interesting film by Karel Reisz—the Czech-born director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!," "The Loves of Isadora"—made from "Dog Soldiers," Robert Stone's novel about the social ills that followed Vietnam. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Cinema Village; Aug. 22-23.)

Why Not!—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau, with the same sense of proportion the characters have about themselves; in her world, the uglier forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible. In French. (8/6/79) (Paris.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Art; through Aug. 16.)

The Witches (1969)—With Silvana Mangano, directed by Luchino Visconti, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Mauro Bolognini, Franco Rossi, and Vittorio De Sica. A five-episode film. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 19.)

Woyzeck—With Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes, directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Aug. 24.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script. Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 18-19.)

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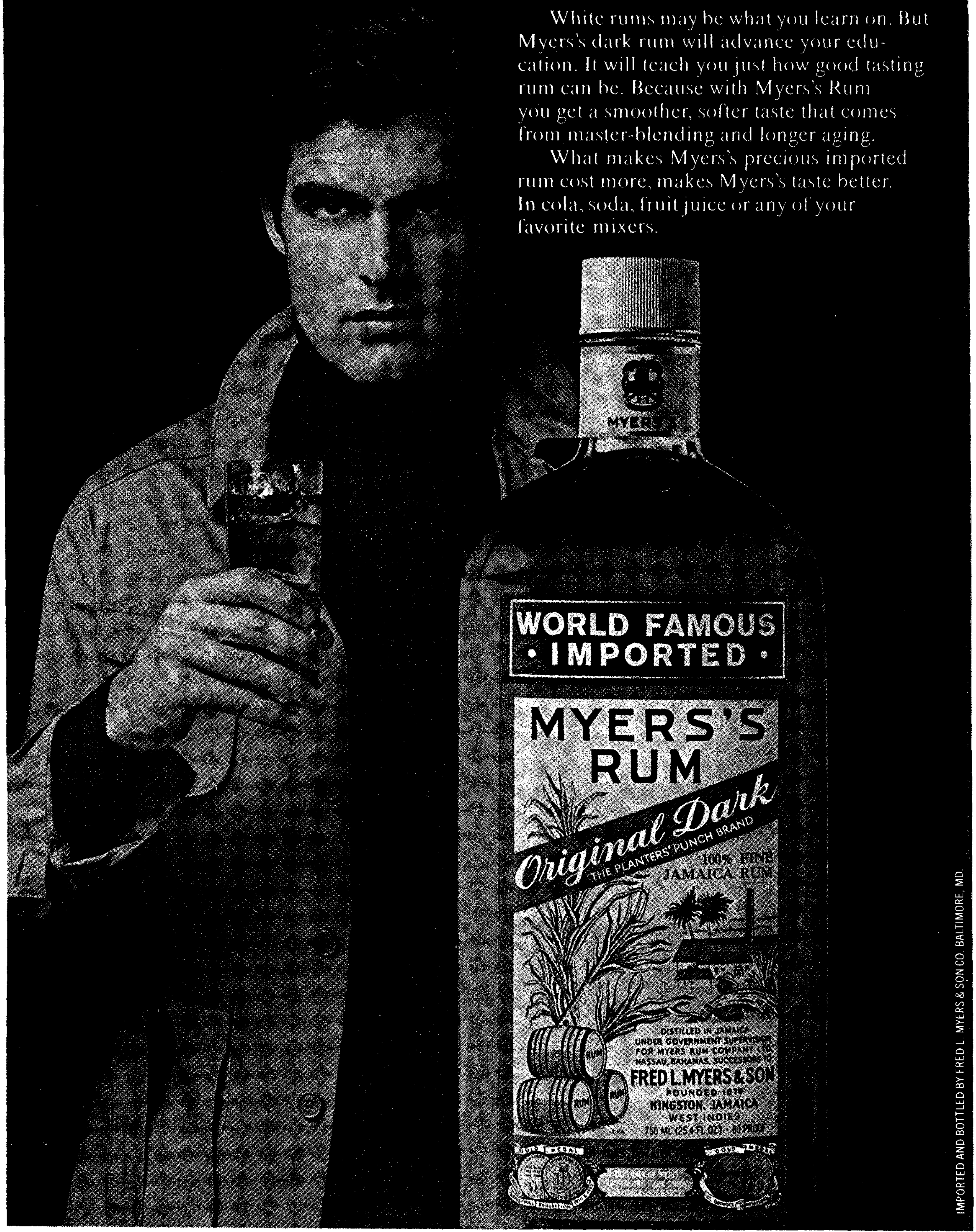
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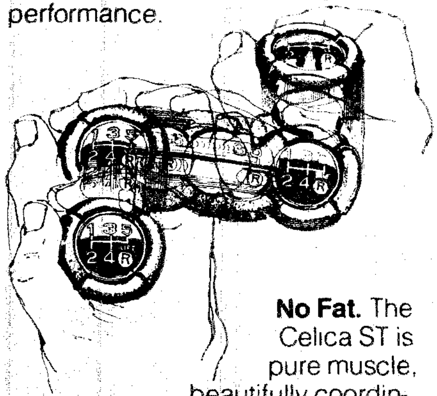

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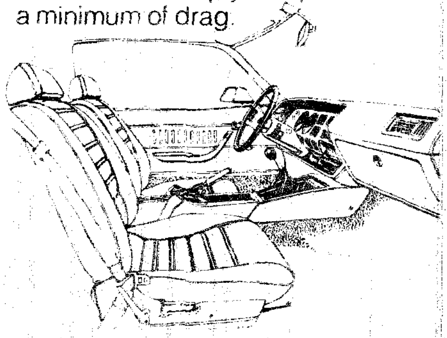

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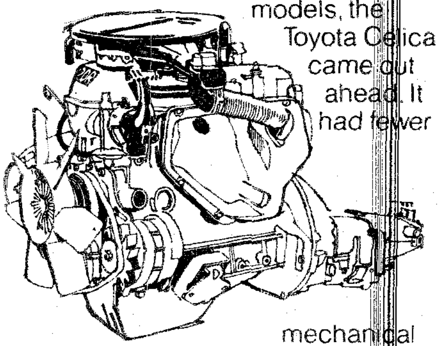

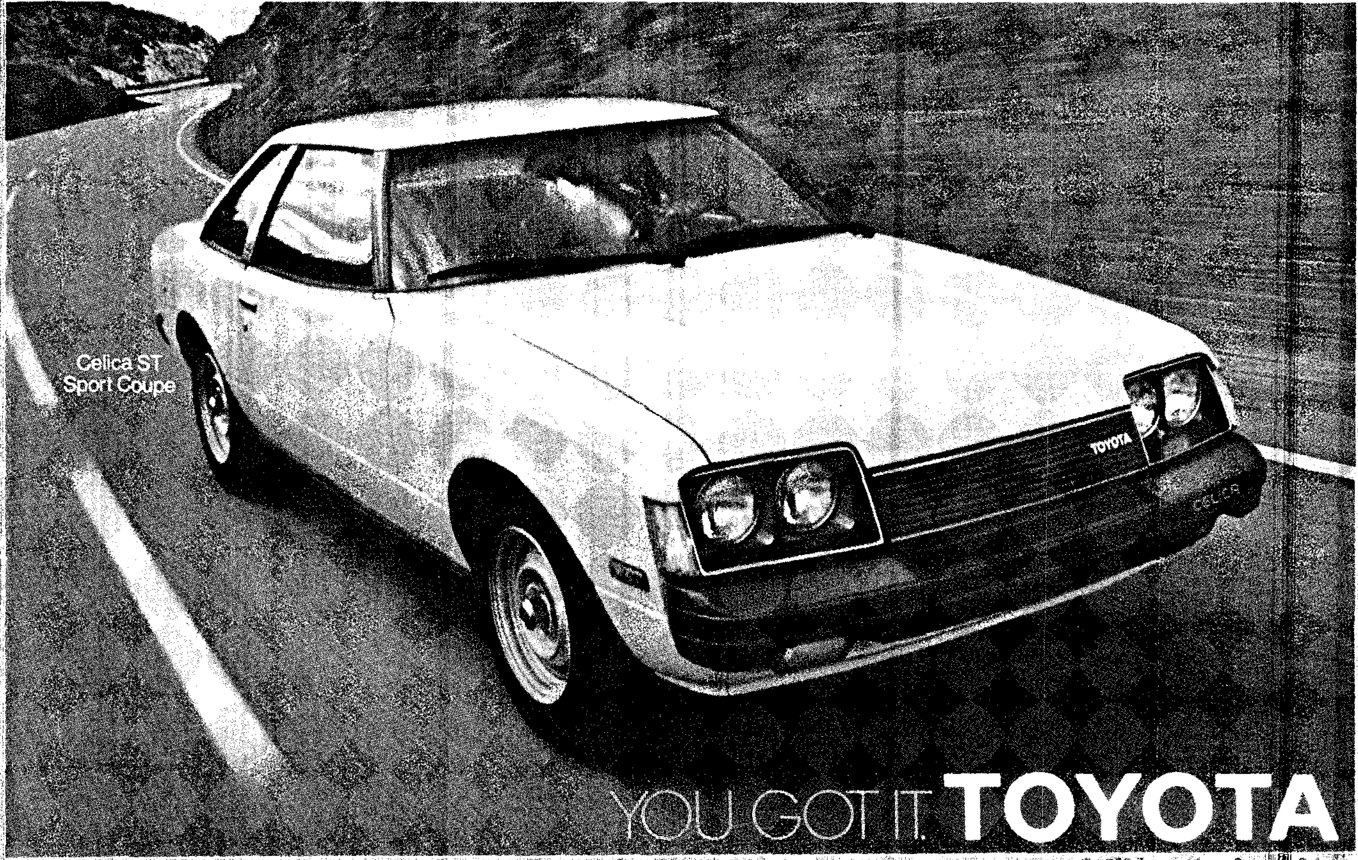

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THE
NEW YORKER

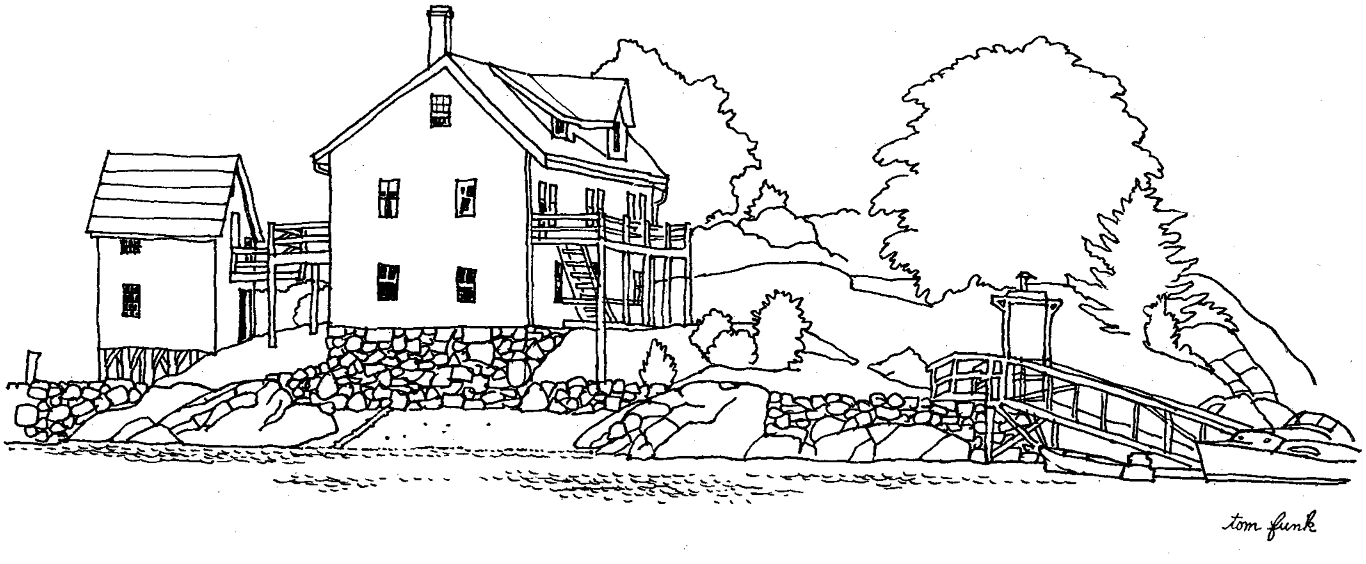
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a speech to a group of business executives which was recently reprinted in part in the *Wall Street Journal*, J. Clayburn La Force, dean of the Graduate School of Management of the University of California, Los Angeles, expressed his belief that the idea that corporations are under an obligation to behave in a socially responsible way is part of "the newest political fad." A closely related modernist doctrine that the same faddists have "fixed on," the dean continued, is opposition to "the separation of ownership and control." What that separation means, he explained patiently, is that "one large group [the stockholders] owns the firm, another small group [the hired management] controls it," and he explained further, "The faddists consider this bad because, by controlling voting rights, management can ignore the owners and run the corporation for its own benefit." Dean La Force noted with disapproval that the faddists "say that corporate profits are not ends in themselves," and "say that the corporation also has social responsibilities—*new* social responsibilities." And they press on to even worse: "They insist that [the corporation] no longer has the legitimacy of private property and has become quasi-public. It is now to become an instrument for attaining somebody else's ambitions, euphemistically called the 'wider goals of society.' "

What, one wonders distractedly in this distracted summer, is the phrase "wider goals of society" in the dean's view a euphemism *for*? Fairness to employees and customers? Public freedom from shortages and lethal pollutants? Galloping anarchy? The answer is not clear. What is clear is that the dean's excavations have unearthed an artifact beyond price, the oldest fad ever found. The doctrine of separation of ownership and control was first set forth, documented, and criticized in one of the most celebrated books of American socioeconomic analysis of the twentieth century—"The Modern Corporation and Private Property," by Adolf A. Berle, Jr., and Gardiner C. Means, originally published in 1933. And the notion that some degree of social responsibility should be required of corporations, although it is still honored most often in the breach, dates back even further—to the beginning of the century, when it had become clear what happens if no social responsibility is asked of corporations and if their profits *are* considered to be ends in themselves. Over the past two decades, these notions have been central to almost every intelligent discussion of American business. They have been the sole or principal subject of countless books and seminars; they have had a national periodical, *Business & Society Review*, devoted exclusively to them; and they have been given considerable attention by graduate schools of business.

Dean La Force, it turns out, is a compassionate commentator as well as a resourceful archeologist. Having alarmed *Journal* readers with a vision of the horrors to be faced in a nation marked by corporate concern for what are euphemistically called the wider goals of society, he offered the following reassurance: "Suppose corporations acquiesce and engage in the 'new corporate philanthropy.' Is society going to be better off? Not necessarily. What makes us think that a businessman knows which social expenditures . . . would improve society in a general sense? He undoubtedly would do what he thought would be beneficial but, in fact, would probably end up hurting many people." That is to say, apparent-



ly, that the new, philanthropic, socially responsible businessman would manage to make such a botch of his do-good activities that he would achieve social results much like those achieved by his simple-minded predecessors, who thought corporate profits were ends in themselves. Presumably, stability would be preserved on the corporate scene.

• •

Avenue P

THE Avenue P players all talk rough, and they all hate to lose. Boy, do they hate to lose. Weekend mornings, especially in the warm weather, they play serious one-wall handball at Fourth Street and Avenue P, in Bensonhurst. You lose at Avenue P, it'll cost you—and probably several of your friends, too—some money. Temporarily, it might even cost you your friends. They'll be seated around the cement court in aluminum folding chairs, wearing golf hats, Bermuda shorts, knit shirts with holes where the ashes landed, reading the sports pages in the *News*, giving the game about half of their attention. And when you lose they'll wake up and realize that they had ten dollars that said you couldn't lose—certainly not with a partner like Phil, playing against a pair of bums like Sonny and Murray. Somebody—one of your former friends—is bound to holler at you what a no-good, lousy player you are, your backhand stinks, why don't you go to Coney Island and play with the old guys there. But the problem is, if you left Avenue P and went to the Surf Avenue courts, in Coney Island, pretty soon you'd start talking rough and trying to hustle the old guys into a money game, and then you wouldn't be welcome anymore on Surf Avenue. They'd tell you to take your sticks and go back to Avenue P. On Surf Avenue, the old guys call the wooden paddles "sticks," and they regard them with disdain. If it's a doctor or a dentist you're talking about, he doesn't want to hurt his hands, because he needs them in his profession—O.K., that's one thing. But what's with these other characters with their wooden paddles? The answer is the handicapping.

"Bernie, listen to me. Larry's got thirty dollars on this game. You want ten?"

"What's the game?"

"Stevie and I against Larry's left hand and Sonny."

"Give me a minute to think about it. Hold on. Hey, Sol, who'd you say's pitching today for the Phillies?"

The Avenue P players excel at handball—bare pink palms against hard black rubber—but they allow wooden paddles into the game when they need them for the handicapping. For instance, there's Stevie over there, with the knee brace and the fancy yellow shirt and tennis shorts that could get him into Forest Hills. He's thirty-seven years old now, a grownup. At Avenue P, the guys still call him Stevie because they remember when he was young, when he was so good at one-wall nobody would play against both his hands. Either he wasn't allowed to use the right or he wasn't allowed to use the left. Now he maybe uses both hands against a paddle. That's Stevie's handicap—his opponent's paddle. It makes the game fairer, gets people interested. But even when they're not interested they'll bet. On Avenue P, they'll bet on anything. They'll bet on how soon your shoelaces come untied.

"Christ-oh-mighty. Fourteen-three it was. It's now sixteen-fourteen."

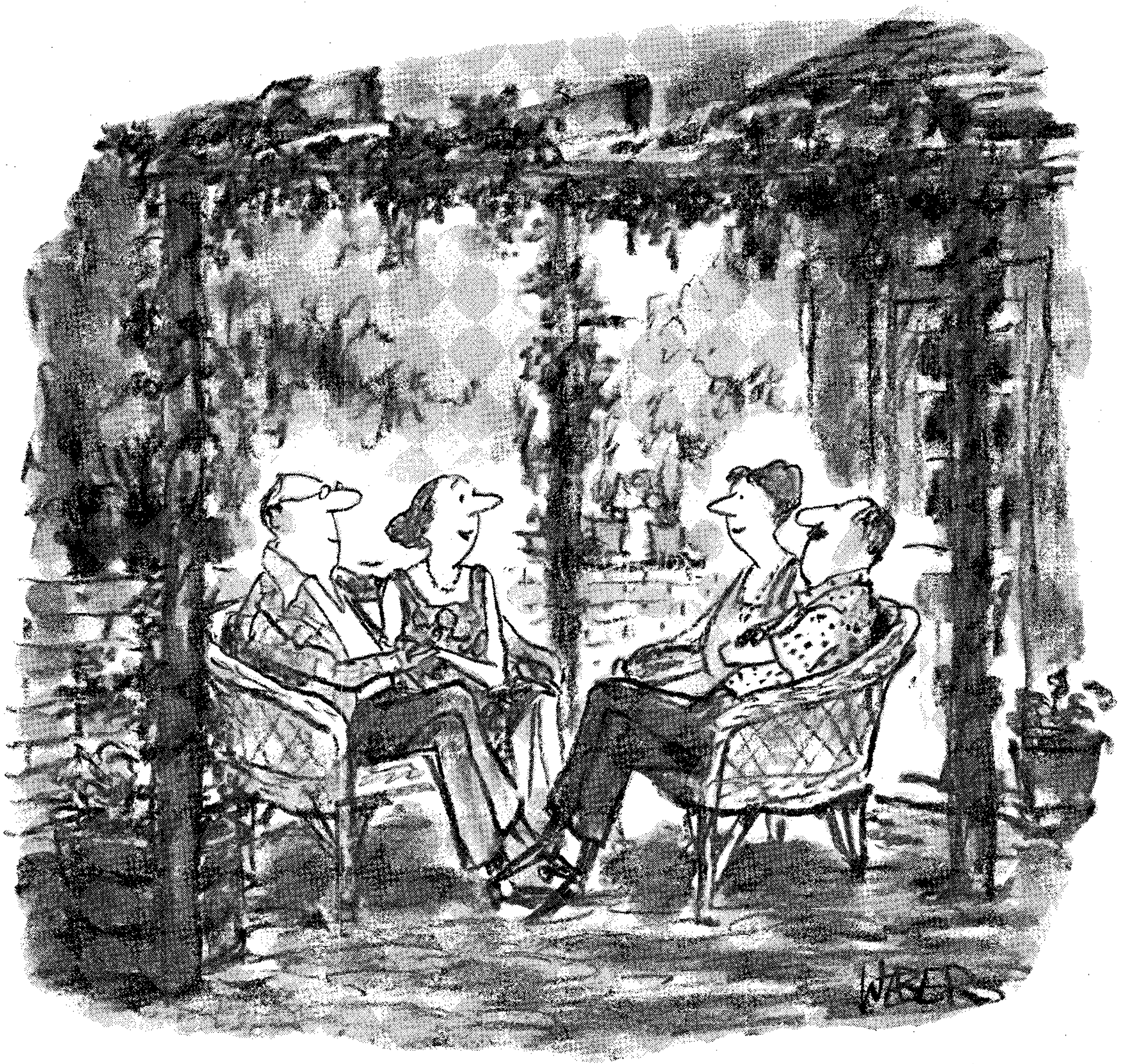
"I know. I'm watching."

"Have you ever?"

"Never."

"Wanna bet on the final score?"

Nobody at Avenue P has a last name. There's Stevie, Phil, Julie, Murray, Manny, Doc, Sonny, Larry, Gary, Lou, Moe—the whole bunch. Not a last name among them. No last names and no fancy shoes and no credit cards. This is a cash-only operation. That's Doc, in the red bathing suit, playing over there on the far court. Well, he isn't actually a doctor. Actually, he fits glasses. But they always



"With Hugh, there are no fancy frills or surprises. He's just your good old basic husband."

called him Doc, and, of course, he’s friendly with several ophthalmologists. Last winter, he’s down in Miami on a vacation and an old guy a couple of courts away keels over. Somebody calls for a doctor. Doc goes over and starts looking at the guy’s eyes.

“How come you never call me?”

“What about all the times I call and you’re not home?”

“If I’m not home, then it isn’t a call.”

“How about the times I call and leave messages?”

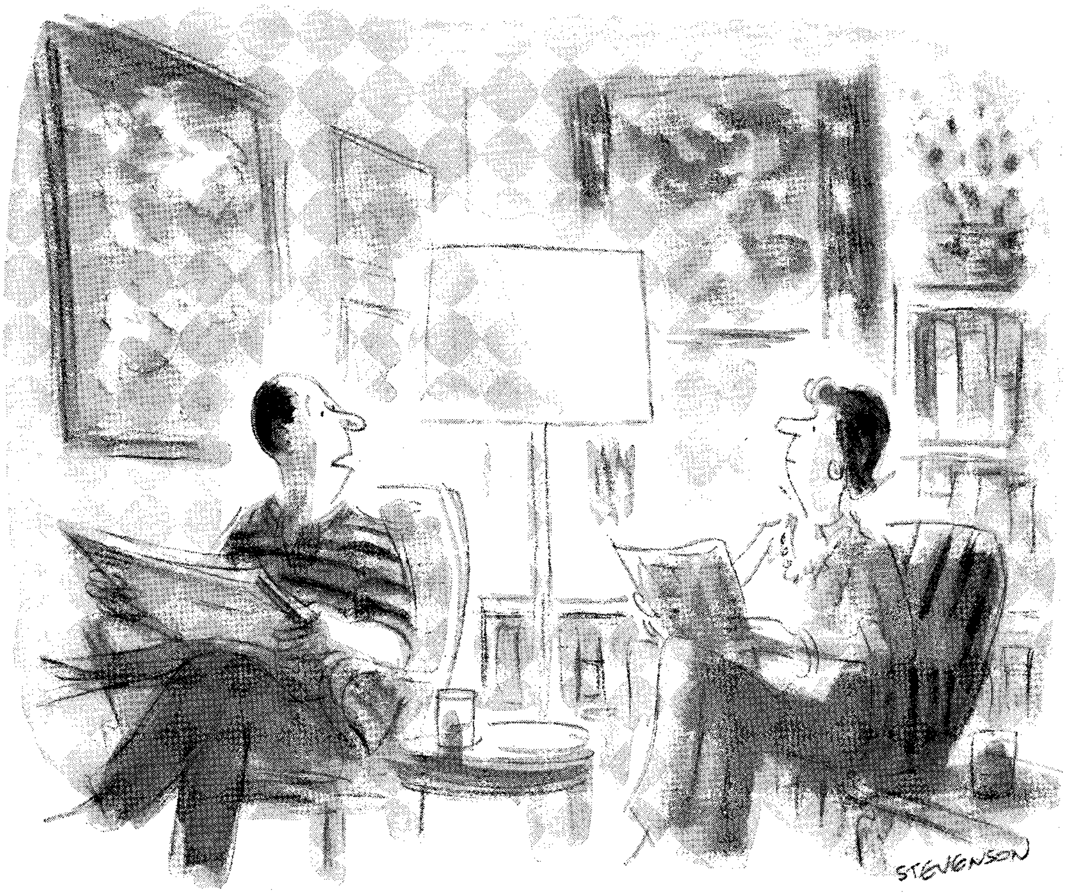
“Who do you leave them with?”

“Your wife.”

“Then that’s not a call, either.”

“What do you mean? Doesn’t your wife give you messages?”

“She doesn’t talk to me. Now, excuse me, but would you mind moving a couple of steps to your right? I’m working on my sunstroke.”



“I can’t remember—are we still supposed to pay attention to Kissinger?”

• •

Normally, neighborhood handball doesn’t require a referee. At Avenue P, however, on a Saturday morning, with a big crowd around, they make an exception. If there’s a doubles game going, the referee is the fifth man. It’s his job to call the close ones and to take as much abuse as the players have to offer. The fundamental philosophy of Avenue P handball is this: blame somebody. It is against the rules to let a point pass without berating your partner or accusing your opponent of cheating. It is considered especially bad form not to find fault with the referee. He knows what to do. His job is to sit there in his aluminum chair, palms up, head shaking, brow wrinkled. His job is to do absolutely nothing right.

“How’s your ulcer?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I thought you had trouble with ulcers lately.”

“Nah, I just got hit by a car. An auto-pedestrian collision. Near the doughnut place. A guy was backing out of a space and didn’t look at what he was doing. He had a lady with him. Got me in the left knee. I’m suing. I was with Harvey when it happened. The car sideswiped Harvey, too. He’s still got great reflexes. When we got hit, Harvey let go with his hands and accidentally gave me a rap in the face. You know, Harvey the ex-lightweight. I’m standing there bleeding from the nose. Harvey says, ‘I told you—always keep your hands up.’ ”

Super

“WATERMELON pickle,” we were informed at lunch on a red-hot Tuesday, “is a great American delicacy that has been in a decline for a dozen years. I had my final fill of it on just about the last run of the Twentieth Century Limited.” Our informant, it should not be difficult to guess, was our ancient friend E. M. Frimbo, the world’s most tireless patron of passenger trains. “It was not the heedlessly machine-cut stuff that you are handed nowadays. It was carved by hand from only the most acceptable portions of the rind and then bathed in a pungent fluid that marinated it so sublimely that when you took a deep bite into the finished product all the nerve ends in your mouth danced a tiny tarantella of glee. And on some trains there were other condiments—real handmade sauces, such as Cumberland and Béarnaise and Hollandaise—that have trailed off into oblivion, too. And the breakfast strawberries—outsize, naturally, as befits a nation that thrives upon superlatives, but coddled until they were sweet enough to need next to no sugar. The Pennsy’s Broadway Limited, from here to Chicago, was celebrated for them. And the French toast—again outsize but still life-enhancing—aboard the Santa Fe’s Super Chief, from Chicago to Los Angeles, on which I commuted in the thirties and forties. And the chicken Tetrazzini found for a time only aboard the New York Central’s Saratoga Special, the ephemeral butterfly that blossomed just six Saturdays a year, and that took me from this city to my favorite race track. The restaurant cars of railway trains had individuality in those days, the way people had.”

We inquired whether Frimbo knew of a better planet to go to.

“Well, no,” he said. “I plan to wait this one out. Because I was very much encouraged a while back by something my friends in Chicago thought up.”

“And what was that?” we asked.

“Chicago is a railroad town, and not ashamed of it, so it doesn’t hide its railways underground, the way we do, as though they were sewers,” he said. “There was outrage there when, some years past, the Super Chief was downgraded, under government auspices, to a far lower rank, and there was apoplexy when, this January, a government humorist—now downgraded himself, and actually departed—decided that because of the gasoline problem it was time to start coaxing people out of trains and back into their automobiles. The substitute for the Super Chief was one of the trains to be scalped, and the most ardent of my friends, who call themselves the Twentieth Century Railroad Club and have annual lunches in that grand old Chicago enterprise known as the Union League Club, decided to re-create, for one fine night, the Super Chief itself—with its Pullman sleepers, its club car, and its restaurant car, and including the watermelon pickle and the strawberries and all those sauces and the French toast and all the various *spécialités de la maison* that the Super had acquired since its birth, in the mid-thirties. The cars—the best that Amtrak, which runs as many trains as the law allows it, could muster—and the crew that staffed them had all once been Santa Fe. I knew that the minute I was aboard. Deno Zarlenga, one of the Super's best restaurant-car stewards, was on hand, and I soon spotted William Jackson, the head chef; my old waiter, Sheridan Sanders; and the supervisor, John Gillis. We four had been through hard times together on the substitute train the last few years. Just in case, Amtrak had re-created a Super Chief cookbook for the occasion, and all went well. By ordering the tournedos of beef for dinner, I acquired a sampling of the sauce Béarnaise, and by ordering the fresh asparagus—try to find that on a train today—I got the Hollandaise. By poaching on my tablemate, Bill Howes—a vice-president in the Chessie System and an old travelling companion—I got a slice of his roast duck and the Cumberland. Beware the complexities of Cumberland: three cups demi-glacé (rich brown gravy preheated), one-half cup red wine preheated, five tablespoonfuls currant jelly, one cup orange juice, one tablespoonful lemon juice, one level teaspoonful English mustard, six chips butter, peel of two oranges and of one lemon, without pulp, and cut very fine julienne one-half inch long; strain gravy into saucepan; add jelly, orange and lemon juice, mustard; simmer twenty minutes; add wine and butter; strain into jar; place julienne in boiling water, simmer until tender, drain, and add to sauce—all this in a narrow compartment breezing along at seventy-nine miles an hour. The car stayed open until eleven that night, Super Chief style, and at that I barely made it."

"And the wines?" we asked.

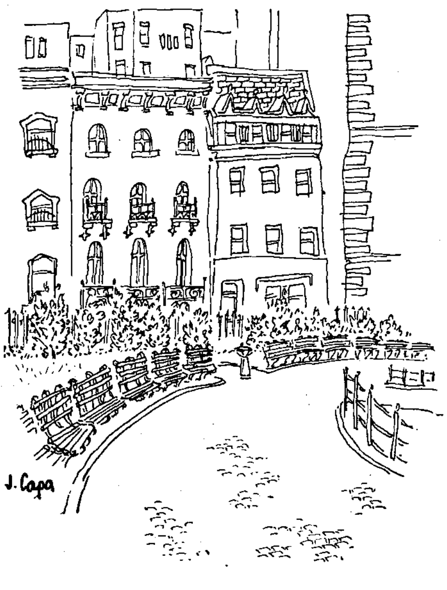
"Ah, there you have me. My Chicagoans are not fussy about wines, so they commanded only California champagne for dinner, but it was on the house. A night to remember anyway. We could, I suppose, have gone all the way to the Coast, but not at the two hundred dollars apiece we laid out for train fare. We got to Kansas City early next morning and doubled back to Chicago by that evening. Nine hundred and two miles—in the manner to which we would wish to become accustomed again."

"What was the reaction of the customers?" we next inquired.

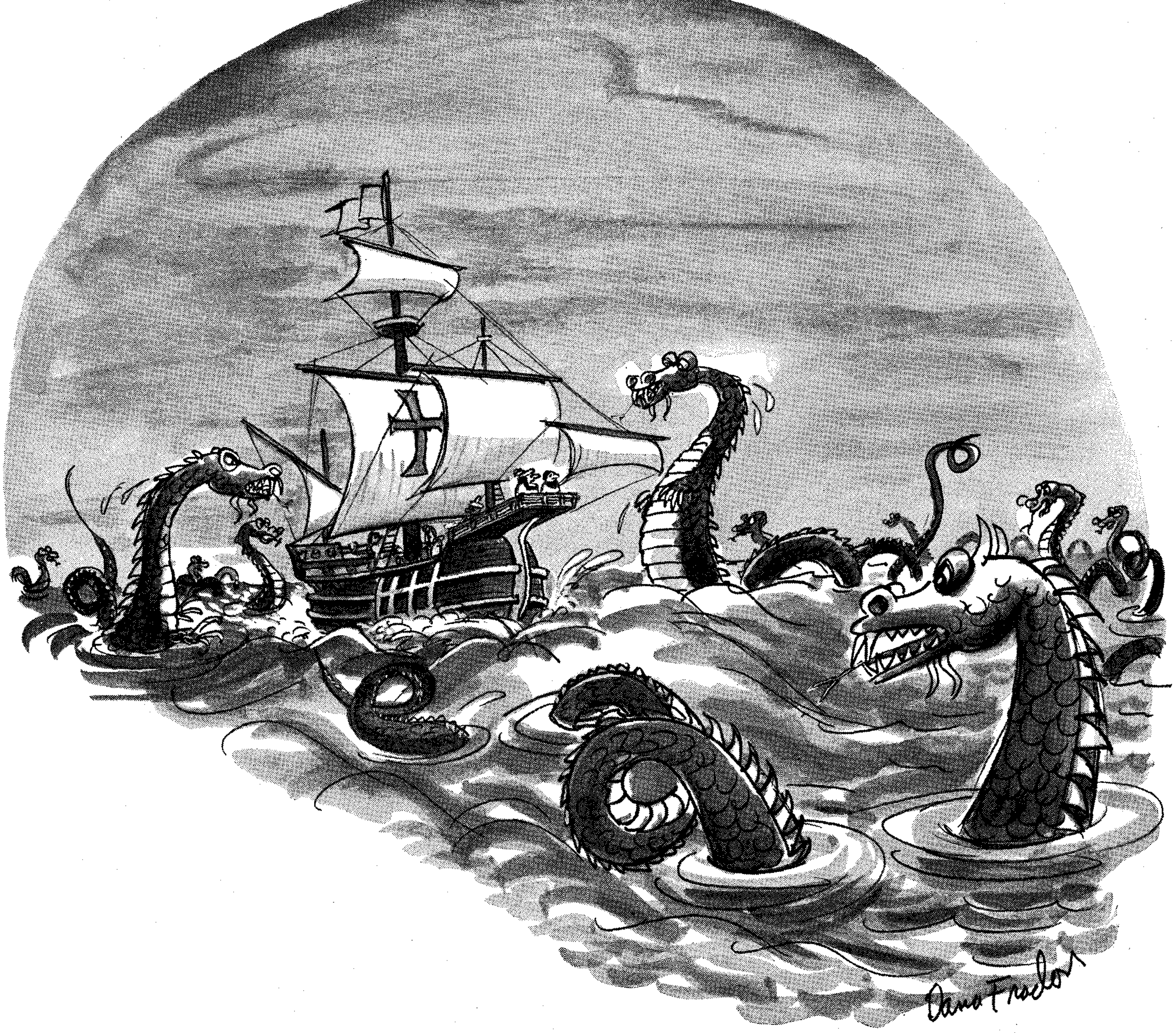
"In a nutshell—something I always carry as an accessory—it was: Let's dig up the cookbook for another famous vanished train and do the same thing next year."

Some People

SOME people think that when you want to buy something—say, royal-blue velour bathrobes, ladies' blouses, electronic calculators, vacuum-cleaner bags, men's tank tops, hermit crabs, gold chains by the inch, handbags, those little cardboard airplanes that loop the loop and fly back to you, satin bedsheets, dried fruits, your caricature in charcoal in three minutes—you just walk into a store and pay the retail price. *Retail*—if you can imagine such an attitude. These people are hopeless. These people wouldn't know a bargain if it sat down in their lap. You could take these people to the new flea market on Pier 92, at Fifty-second Street and Twelfth Avenue, which is otherwise known as the Manhattan Market on the Hudson, and which is run by a couple of entrepreneurs who call it the world's largest indoor flea market and say that it's air-conditioned inside and that six hundred venders and twenty-five thousand browsers showed up for the grand opening last Sunday—you could take these people to a place like that, start them off by buying a few pot holders or a dozen flashlight batteries just to show how it's done, and, forget it, you'd be wasting your time. You see, some people don't have Idea No. 1 about how to enjoy themselves. You know what these people do? They wander all over the flea market for hours buying nothing, pretending that they left their wallets at home, because—pick your reason—it's as if they felt *guilty* paying a discount price. And yet there's a man over there standing on a chair and making noise non-stop, like a busted burglar alarm ("Designer ties for a buck. Dollar! Dollar! We're giving away the ties for a dollar. Wall Street ties for a buck! Hey! Designer jeans. I've got cottons, I've got velvets. I've got jeans in your size, honey, I've got up to size 19 in the jeans. I've got corduroys like the ones she's got on, with the slits up the side. Hey, designer jeans for your godchild. Grand-opening special. Wall Street ties for a dollar!")—he's rubbing his vocal cords raw with his fabulous prices, and hordes of these people are walking right past without stopping. If this man, whose toupee is coming loose from all the yelling, weren't so busy, he'd get down off the chair and he'd tell some of these people how sorry he feels for them that they don't know how to spend a few dollars to save a few dollars.



Some people walk right past the fashion jeans and the dollar neckties, past the ratchet tools and the clock radios and the makeup mirrors and the electric hair dryers, and maybe they stop at the stall run by Lou the Pickleman, but do they buy? No. Instead, they fall into a conversation with Lou's friend Bea Moss, who wants to talk about her program, "The Bea Moss Show" (which just changed its name from "Lets Du-Et"), on cable television, Channel J, Monday nights at eleven-thirty. Bea is single and has been that way for five years, and "The Bea Moss Show," which she produces and moderates, is about being single. At this point, Bea considers herself a leading authority on the singles scene. She's been interviewed, she does seminars, she does guest lectures before groups like For the Sports-Minded, which is a singles organization. An outfit called the World Group has hired Bea to do a financial show. They're into finance—you know, financing—and Bea is going to be their woman in charge of media. The World Group got interested in Bea because of her TV show,



"*According to the charts, it should be all clear sailing after this.*"

• •

which is taped and comes on the air right before "Midnight Blue," the soft-core-pornography program, which Bea has never seen, because she lives in Queens, where you can't get cable. Actually, Bea met the World Group people on a social basis, and that was easy for her to do, because, with her involvement in the singles scene, she gives a lot of fantastic parties in a magnificent loft in Manhattan, in NoHo. According to Bea, these are "jazz and art parties," and the atmosphere is very relaxed, probably because of the jazz and the art. People meet easily at the parties that Bea gives because they stand in front of the paintings and stare and very often there's a person of the opposite sex looking at the painting, too. If the man can say to the woman, "Say, that's an interesting painting," already they're talking.

After a conversation with Bea Moss, the people who aren't willing to take advantage of the bargains have a tendency to wander outside, to the sidewalk of the pier, where they lean over the railing and watch as Mario Manzini, a.k.a. the Great Manzini, allows himself to be shackled with eight pairs of handcuffs and a pair of thumbcuffs and a metal neck restraint and placed inside a wooden coffin, which is then padlocked and secured with heavy-duty rope and weighted with sandbags and submerged in the Hudson River. This appears to be at least as dangerous as when the Great Manzini has himself strapped into a straitjacket and dangled upside down on a burning rope that has been tethered to a helicopter that hovers a half mile above the Snake River canyon. (The idea is to get out of the straitjacket and climb up the rope to the helicopter.) The submerged-coffin escape is so dangerous that the Great Manzini submits to extensive inoculation—shots for tetanus, typhoid, and polio, and a dose of vitamin B-12—before he attempts it. But it takes him only fifty-four seconds to escape from the shackles and the coffin and swim to the surface. This means that some people—the ones who can't get the hang of buying merchandise so cheap they're practically stealing it—have to figure out what to do next. That traumatizes them and—well, it just doesn't seem like a very healthy situation.

WAITING

"IT'S beautiful," the woman says. "How did you come by this?"

She wiggles her finger in the mousehole. It's a genuine mousehole: sometime in the eighteenth century a mouse gnawed its way into the cupboard, through the two inside shelves, and out the bottom.

"We bought it from an antique dealer in Virginia," I say.

"Where in Virginia?"

"Ruckersville. Outside of Charlottesville."

"That's beautiful country," she says. "I know where Ruckersville is. I had an uncle who lived in Keswick."

"Keswick was nice," I say. "The farms."

"Oh," she says. "The tax writeoffs, you mean? Those mansions with one sheep grazing out front?"

She is touching the wood, stroking lightly in case there might be a splinter. Even after so much time, everything might not have been worn down to smoothness. She lowers her eyes. "Would you take eight hundred?" she says.

"I'd like to sell it for a thousand," I say. "I paid thirteen hundred, ten years ago."

"It's beautiful," she says. "I suppose I should try to tell you it has some faults, but I've never seen one like it. Very nice. My husband wouldn't like my spending more than six hundred to begin with, but I can see that it's worth eight." She is resting her index finger on the latch. "Could I bring my husband to see it tonight?"

"All right."

"You're moving?" she says.

"Eventually," I say.

"That would be something to load around." She shakes her head. "Are you going back South?"

"I doubt it," I say.

"You probably think I'm kidding about coming back with my husband," she says suddenly. She lowers her eyes again. "Are other people interested?"

"There's just been one other call. Somebody who wanted to come out Saturday." I smile. "I guess I should pretend there's great interest."

"I'll take it," the woman says. "For a thousand. You probably could sell it for more and I could probably resell it for more. I'll tell my husband that."

She picks up her embroidered shoulder bag from the floor by the corner cabinet. She sits at the oak table by the octagonal window and rummages for her checkbook.

"I was thinking, What if I left it home? But I didn't." She takes out a checkbook in a red plastic cover. "My uncle in Keswick was one of those gentleman farmers," she says. "He lived until he was eighty-six, and enjoyed his life. He did everything in moderation, but the key was that he did *everything*." She looks appraisingly at her signature. "Some movie actress just bought a farm across from the Cobham store," she says. "A girl. I never saw her in the movies. Do you know who I'm talking about?"

"Well, Art Garfunkel used to have a place out there," I say.

"Maybe she bought his place." The woman pushes the check to the center of the table, tilts the vase full of phlox, and puts the corner of the check underneath. "Well," she says. "Thank you. We'll come with my brother's truck to get it on the weekend. What about Saturday?"

"That's fine," I say.

"You're going to have some move," she says, looking around at the other furniture. "I haven't moved in thirty years, and I wouldn't want to."

The dog walks through the room.

"What a well-mannered dog," she says.

"That's Hugo. Hugo's moved quite a few times in thirteen years. Virginia. D.C. Boston. Here."

"Poor old Hugo," she says.

Hugo, in the living room now, thumps down and sighs.

"Thank you," she says, putting out her hand. I reach out to shake it, but our hands don't meet and she clasps her hand around my wrist. "Saturday afternoon. Maybe Saturday evening. Should I be specific?"

"Any time is all right."

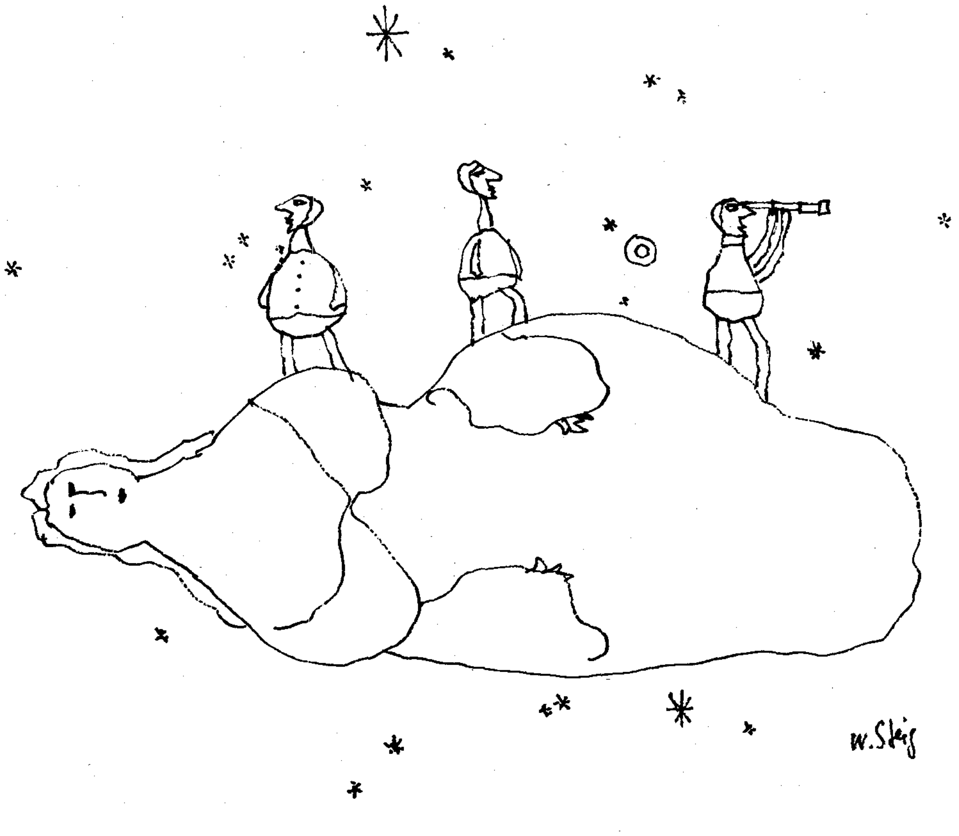
"Can I turn around on your grass or no?"

"Sure. Did you see the tire marks? I do it all the time."

"Well," she says. "People who back into traffic. I don't know. I honk at them all the time."

I go to the screen door and wave. She is driving a yellow Mercedes, an old one that's been repainted, with a license that says "RAVE-1." The car stalls. She re-starts it and waves. I wave again.

When she's gone, I go out the back door and walk down the driveway. A single daisy is growing out of the foot-wide crack in the concrete. Somebody has thrown a beer can into the driveway. I pick it up and marvel at how light it is. I get the mail from the box across the street and look at it as cars pass by. One of the stream of cars honks a warning at me, although I am not moving, except for flipping through the mail. There is a C.L.&P. bill, a couple of pieces of junk mail, a postcard from Henry in Los Angeles, and a letter from my husband in—he's



Space Exploration

made it to California. Berkeley, California, mailed four days ago. Years ago, when I visited a friend in Berkeley we went to a little park and some people wandered in walking two dogs and a goat. An African pygmy goat. The woman said it was housebroken to urinate outside and as for the other she just picked up the pellets.

I go inside and watch the moving red band on the digital clock in the kitchen. Behind the clock is an old coffee tin decorated with a picture of a woman and a man in a romantic embrace; his arms are nearly rusted away, her hair is chipped, but a perfectly painted wreath of coffee beans rises in an arc above them. Probably I should have advertised the coffee tin, too, but I like to hear the metal top creak when I lift it in the morning to take the jar of coffee out. But if not the coffee tin, I should probably have put the tin breadbox up for sale.

John and I liked looking for antiques. He liked the ones almost beyond repair—the kind that you would have to buy twenty dollars' worth of books to understand how to restore. When we used to go looking, antiques were much less expensive than they are now. We bought them at a time when we had the patience to sit all day on folding chairs under a canopy at an auction. We were organized; we would come and inspect the things the day before. Then we would get there early the next day and wait. Most of the auctioneers in that part of Virginia were very good. One, named Wicked Richard, used to lace his fingers together and crack his knuckles as he called the lots. His real name was Wisted. When he did classier auctions and there was a pamphlet, his name was listed as Wisted. At most of the regular auctions, though, he introduced himself as Wicked Richard.

I cut a section of cheese and take some crackers out of a container. I put them on a plate and carry them into the dining room, feeling a little sad about parting with the big corner cupboard. Suddenly it seems older and bigger—a very large thing to be giving up.

The phone rings. A woman wants to know the size of the refrigerator that I have advertised. I tell her.

"Is it white?" she says.

The ad said it was white.

"Yes," I tell her.

"This is your refrigerator?" she says.

"One of them," I say. "I'm moving."

"Oh," she says. "You shouldn't tell people that. People read these ads to figure out who's moving and might not be around, so they can rob them. There were a lot of robberies in your neighborhood last summer."

The refrigerator is too small for her. We hang up.

The phone rings again, and I let it ring. I sit down and look at the corner cupboard. I put a piece of cheese on top of a cracker and eat it. I get up and go into the living room and offer a piece of cheese to Hugo. He sniffs and takes it lightly from my fingers. Earlier today, in the morning, I ran him in Putnam Park. I could hardly keep up with him, as usual. Thirteen isn't so old, for a dog. He scared the ducks and sent them running into the water. He growled at a beagle a man was walking, and tugged on his leash until he choked. He pulled almost as hard as he could a few summers ago. The air made his fur fluffy. Now he is happy, slowly licking his mouth, getting ready to take his afternoon nap.

John wanted to take Hugo across country, but in the end we decided that, as much as Hugo would enjoy terrorizing so many dogs along the way, it was going to be a hot July and it was better if he stayed home. We discussed this reasonably. No frenzy—nothing like the way we had been swept in at some auctions to bid on things that we didn't want, just because so many other people were mad for them. A reasonable discussion about Hugo, even if it was at the last minute: Hugo, in the car, already sticking his head out the window to bark goodbye. "It's too hot for him," I said. I was standing outside in my nightgown. "It's almost July. He'll be a hassle for you if campgrounds won't take him or if you have to park in the sun." So Hugo stood beside me, barking his high-pitched goodbye, as John backed out of the driveway. He forgot: his big battery lantern and his can opener. He remembered: his tent, the cooler filled with ice (he couldn't decide when he left whether he was going to stock up on beer or Coke), a camera, a suitcase, a fiddle, and a banjo. He forgot his driver's license, too. I never understood why he didn't keep it in his wallet, but it always seemed to get taken out for some reason and then be lost. Yesterday I found it leaning up against the Excedrin in the medicine cabinet.

Bobby calls. He fools me with his imitation of a man with an English accent who wants to know if I also have an avocado-colored refrigerator for sale. When I say I don't, he asks if I know somebody who paints refrigerators.

"Of course not," I tell him.

"That's the most decisive thing I've heard you say in five years," Bobby says in his real voice. "How's it going, Sally?"

"Jesus," I say. "If you'd answered this phone all morning, you wouldn't think that was funny. Where are you?"

"New York. Where do you think I am? It's my lunch hour. Going to Le Relais to get tanked up. A little *le pain et le beurre*, put down a few Scotches."

"Le Relais," I say. "Hmm."

"Don't make a bad eye on me," he says, going into his Muhammad Ali imitation. "Step on my foot and I kick you to the moon. Glad-hand me and I shake you like a loon." Bobby clears his throat. "I got the company twenty big ones today," he says. "Twenty Gs."

"Congratulations. Have a good lunch. Come out for dinner, if you feel like the drive."

"I don't have any gas and I can't face the train." He coughs again. "I gave up cigarettes," he says. "Why am I coughing?" He moves away from the phone to cough loudly.

"Are you smoking grass in the office?" I say.

"Not this time," he gasps. "I'm goddam dying of something." A pause. "What did you do yesterday?"

"I was in town. You'd laugh at what I did."

"You went to the fireworks."

"Yeah, that's right. I wouldn't hesitate to tell you that part."

"What'd you do?" he says.

"I met Andy and Tom at the Plaza and drank champagne. They didn't. I did. Then we went to the fireworks."

"Sally at the *Plaza*?" He laughs. "What were they doing in town?"

"Tom was there on business. Andy came to see the fireworks."

"It rained, didn't it?"

"Only a little. It was O.K. They were pretty."

"The fireworks," Bobby says. "I didn't make the fireworks."

"You're going to miss lunch, Bobby," I say.

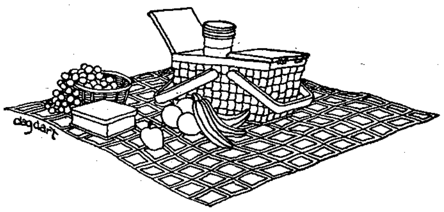
"God," he says. "I am. Bye."

I pull a record out from under the big library table, where they're kept on the wide mahogany board that connects the legs. By coincidence, the record I pull out is the Miles Davis Sextet's "Jazz at the Plaza." At the Palm Court on the Fourth of July, a violinist played "Play Gypsies, Dance Gypsies" and "Oklahoma!" I try to remember what else and can't.

"What do you say, Hugo?" I say to the dog. "Another piece of cheese, or would you rather go on with your siesta?"

He knows the word "cheese." He knows it as well as his name. I love the way his eyes light up and he perks his ears for certain words. Bobby tells me that you can speak gibberish to people, ninety per cent of the people, as long as you throw in a little catchword now and then, and it's the same when I talk to Hugo: "Cheese." "Tag." "Out."

No reaction. Hugo is lying where he always does, on his right side, near the stereo. His nose is only a fraction of an inch away from a plant in a basket beneath the window. The branches of the plant sweep the floor. He seems very still.



"Cheese?" I whisper. "Hugo?" It is as loud as I can speak.

No reaction. I start to take a step closer, but stop myself. I put down the record and stare at him. Nothing changes. I walk out into the back yard. The sun is shining directly down from overhead, striking the dark-blue doors of the garage, washing out the color to the palest tint of blue. The peach tree by the garage, with one dead branch. The wind chimes tinkling in the peach tree. A bird hopping by the iris underneath the tree. Mosquitoes or gnats, a puff of them in the air, clustered in front of me. I sink down into the grass. I pick a blade, split it slowly with my fingernail. I count the times I breathe in and out. When I open my eyes, the sun is shining hard on the blue doors.

After a while—maybe ten minutes, maybe twenty—a truck pulls into the driveway. The man who usually delivers packages to the house hops out of the United Parcel truck. He is a nice man, about twenty-five, with long hair tucked behind his ears, and kind eyes.

LIGHTNING BUGS ASLEEP IN THE AFTERNOON

These long-suffering and affectionate shadows,
These fluttering jewels, are trying to get
Some sleep in a dry shade beneath the cement
Joists of the railroad trestle.

I did not climb up here to find them.
It was only my ordinary solitude
I was following up here this afternoon.
Last evening I sat here with a girl.

It was a dangerous place to be a girl
And young. But she simply folded her silent
Skirt over bare knees, printed with the flowered cotton
Of a meal sack her mother had stitched for her.

Neither of us said anything to speak of.
These affectionate, these fluttering bodies
Signalled to one another under the bridge
While the B. & O. "40-and-8s" rattled away.

Now ordinary and alone in the afternoon,
I find this little circle of insects,
Common as soot, clustering on dim stone,
Together with their warm secrets.

I think I am going to leave them folded
And sleeping in their slight gray wings.
I think I am going to climb back down
And open my eyes and shine.

—JAMES WRIGHT

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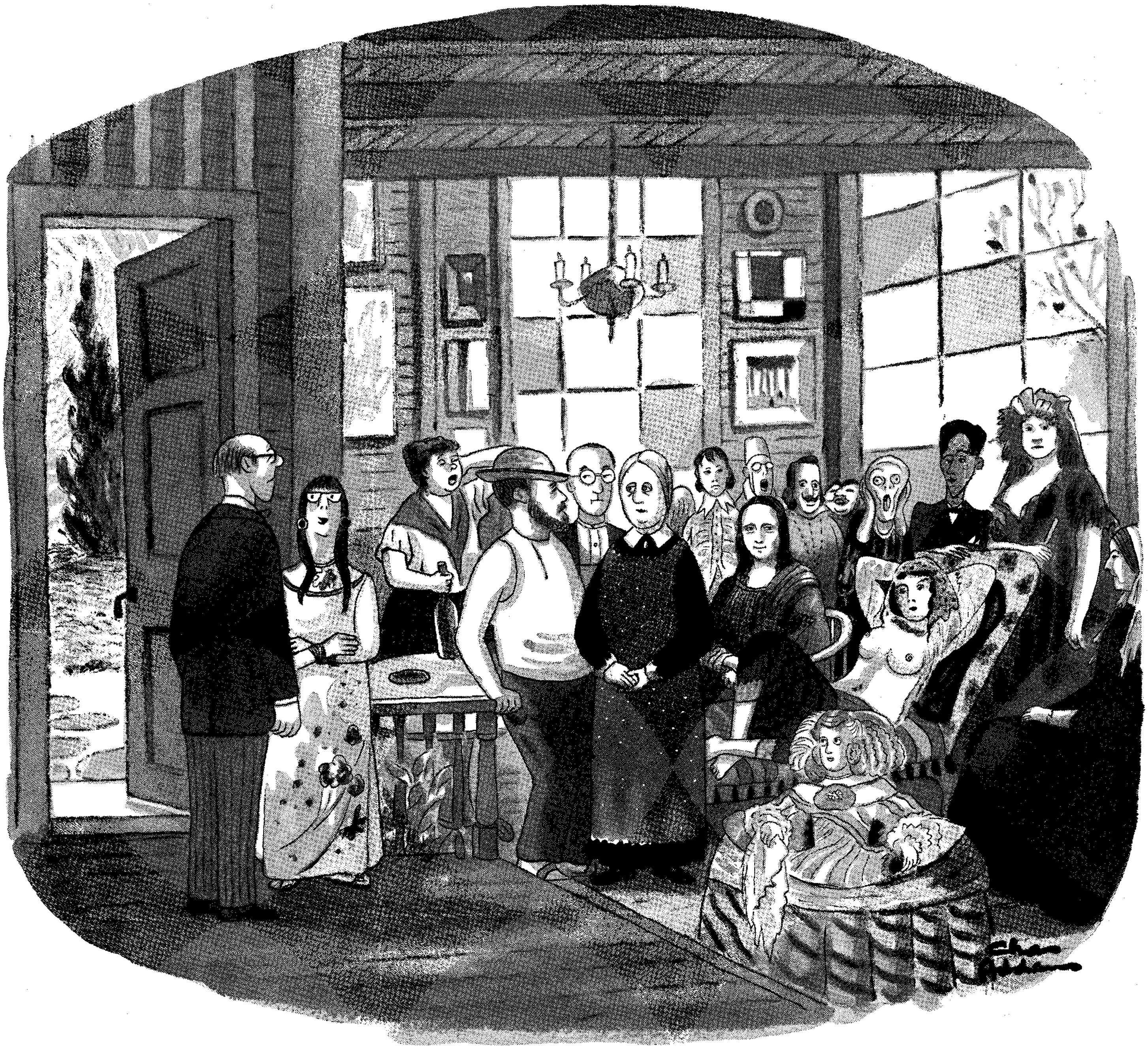


"I think you know everybody."

• •

Hugo did not bark when the truck pulled into the drive.

"Hi," he says. "What a beautiful day. Here you go."

He holds out a clipboard and a pen.

"Forty-two," he says, pointing to the tiny numbered block in which I am to sign my name. A mailing envelope is under his arm.

"Another book," he says. He hands me the package.

I reach up for it. There is a blue label with my name and address typed on it.

He locks his hands behind his back and raises his arms, bowing. "Did you notice that?" he says, straightening out of the yoga stretch, pointing to the envelope. "What's the joke?" he says.

The return address says "John F. Kennedy."

"Oh," I say. "A friend in publishing." I look up at him. I realize that that hasn't explained it. "We were talking on the phone last week. He was— People are still talking about where they were when he was shot, and I've known my friend for almost ten years and we'd never talked about it before."

The U.P.S. man is wiping sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief. He stuffs the handkerchief into his pocket.

"He wasn't making fun," I say. "He admired Kennedy."

The U.P.S. man crouches, runs his fingers across the grass. He looks in the direction of the garage. He looks at me. "Are you all right?" he says.

"Well—" I say.

He is still watching me.

"Well," I say, trying to catch my breath. "Let's see what this is."

I pull up the flap, being careful not to get cut by the staples. A large paperback called "If Mountains Die." Color photographs. The sky above the Pueblo River gorge in the book is very blue. I show the U.P.S. man.

"Were you all right when I pulled in?" he says. "You were sitting sort of funny."

I still am. I realize that my arms are crossed over my chest and I am leaning forward. I uncross my arms and lean back on my elbows. "Fine," I say. "Thank you."

Another car pulls into the driveway, comes around the truck, and stops on the lawn. Ray's car. Ray gets out, smiles, leans back in through the open window to turn off the tape that's still playing. Ray is my best friend. Also my husband's best friend.

"What are you doing here?" I say to Ray.

"Hi," the U.P.S. man says to Ray. "I've got to get going. Well." He looks at me. "See you," he says.

"See you," I say. "Thanks."

"What am I doing here?" Ray says. He taps his watch. "Lunchtime. I'm on a business lunch. Big deal. Important negotiations. Want to drive down to the Redding Market and buy a couple of sandwiches, or have you already eaten?"

"You drove all the way out here for lunch?"

"Big business lunch. Difficult client. Takes time to bring some clients around. Coaxing. Takes hours." Ray shrugs.

"Don't they care?"

Ray sticks out his tongue and makes a noise, sits beside me and puts his arm around my shoulder and shakes me lightly toward him and away from him a couple of times. "Look at that sunshine," he says. "Finally. I thought the rain would never stop." He hugs my shoulder and takes his arm away. "It depresses me, too," he says. "I don't like what I sound like when I keep saying that nobody cares." Ray sighs. He reaches for a cigarette. "Nobody cares," he says. "Two-hour lunch. Four. Five."

We sit silently. He picks up the book, leafs through. "Pretty," he says. "You eat already?"

I look behind me at the screen door. Hugo is not there. No sound, either, when the car came up the driveway and the truck left.

"Yes," I say. "But there's some cheese in the house. All the usual things. Or you could go to the market."

"Maybe I will," he says. "Want anything?"

"Ray," I say, reaching my hand up. "Don't go to the market."

"What?" he says. He sits on his heels and takes my hand. He looks into my face.

"Why don't you— There's cheese in the house," I say.

He looks puzzled. Then he sees the stack of mail on the grass underneath our hands. "Oh," he says. "Letter from John." He picks it up, sees that it hasn't been opened. "O.K.," he says. "Then I'm perplexed again. Just that he wrote you? That he's already in Berkeley? Well, he had a bad winter. We all had a bad winter. It's going to be all right. He hasn't called? You don't know if he hooked up with that band?"

I shake my head no.

"I tried to call you yesterday," he says. "You weren't home."

"I went into New York."

"And?"

"I went out for drinks with some friends. We went to the fireworks."

"So did I," Ray says. "Where were you?"

"Seventy-sixth Street."

"I was at Ninety-eighth. I knew it was crazy to think I might run into you at the fireworks."

A cardinal flies into the peach tree.

"I did run into Bobby last week," he says. "Of course, it's not really running into him at one o'clock at Le Relais."

"How was Bobby?"

"*You* haven't heard from him, either?"

"He called today, but he didn't say how he was. I guess I didn't ask."

"He was O.K. He looked good. You can hardly see the scar above his eyebrow where they took the stitches. I imagine in a few weeks when it fades you won't notice it at all."

"You think he's done with dining in Harlem?"

"Doubt it. It could have happened anywhere, you know. People get mugged all over the place."

I hear the phone ringing and don't get up. Ray squeezes my shoulder again. "Well," he says. "I'm going to bring some food out here."

"If there's anything in there that isn't the way it ought to be, just take care of it, will you?"

"What?" he says.

"I mean— If there's anything wrong, just fix it."

He smiles. "Don't tell me. You painted a room what you thought was a nice pastel color and it came out electric pink. Or the chairs—you didn't have them reupholstered again, did you?" Ray comes back to where I'm sitting. "Oh, God," he says. "I was thinking the other night about how you'd had that horrible chintz you bought on Madison Avenue put onto the chairs and when John and I got back here you were afraid to let him into the house. God—that awful striped material. Remember John standing in back of the chair and putting his chin over the back and screaming, 'I'm innocent!' Remember him doing that?" Ray's eyes are about to water, the way they watered because he laughed so hard the day John did that. "That was about a year ago this month," he says.

I nod yes.

"Well," Ray says. "Everything's going to be all right, and I don't say that just because I want to believe in one nice thing. Bobby thinks the same thing. We agree about this. I keep talking about this, don't I? I keep coming out to the house, like you've cracked up or something. You don't want to keep hearing my sermons." Ray opens the screen door. "Anybody can take a trip," he says.

I stare over at him.

"I'm getting lunch," he says. He is holding the door open with his foot. He moves his foot and goes into the house. The door slams behind him.

"Hey!" he calls out. "Want iced tea or something?"

The phone begins to ring.

"Want me to get it?" he says.

"No. Let it ring."

"*Let it ring?*" he hollers.

The cardinal flies out of the peach tree and onto the sweeping branch of a tall fir tree that borders the lawn—so many trees so close together that you can't see the house on the other side. The bird becomes a speck of red and disappears.

"Hey, pretty lady!" Ray calls. "Where's your mutt?"

Over the noise of the telephone, I can hear him knocking around in the kitchen. The stuck drawer opening.

"You *honestly* want me not to answer the phone?" he calls.

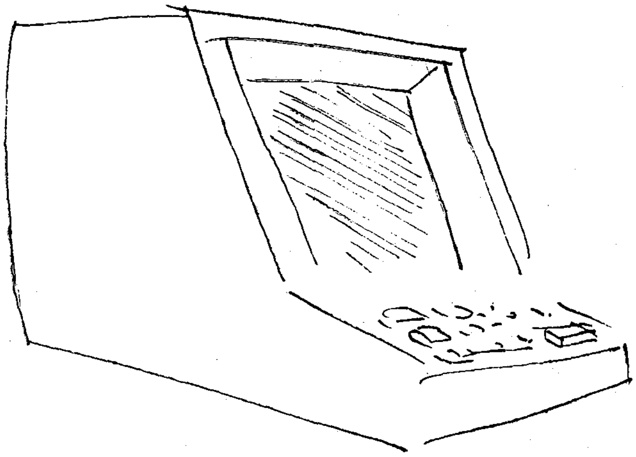
I look back at the house. Ray, balancing a tray, opens the door with one hand, and Hugo is beside him—not rushing out, the way he usually does to get through the door, but padding slowly, shaking himself out of sleep. He comes over and lies down next to me, blinking because his eyes are not yet accustomed to the sunlight.

Ray sits down with his plate of crackers and cheese and a beer. He looks at the tears streaming down my cheeks and shoves over close to me. He takes a big drink and puts the beer on the grass. He pushes the tray next to the beer can.

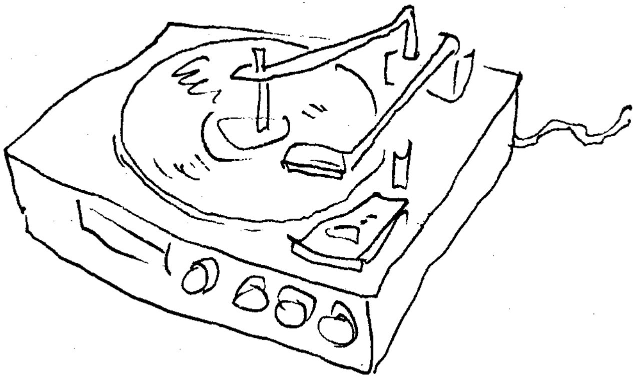
"Hey," Ray says. "Everything's cool, O.K.? No right and no wrong. People do what they do. A neutral observer, and friend to all. Same easy advice from Ray all around. Our discretion assured." He pushes my hair gently off my wet cheeks. "It's O.K.," he says softly, turning and cupping his hands over my forehead. "Just tell me what you've done." —ANN BEATTIE

WHAT ABOUT US?

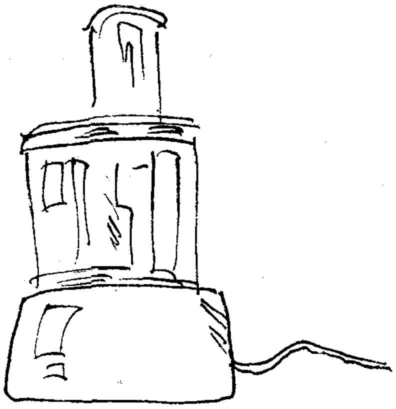
"Threatened cutbacks in energy totally ignore those of us most directly affected," says an electric toothbrush in Riverdale, New York. "How would human beings like to be told to breathe less air? Many of us, frankly, are sore as hell, and we don't plan to take this lying down."



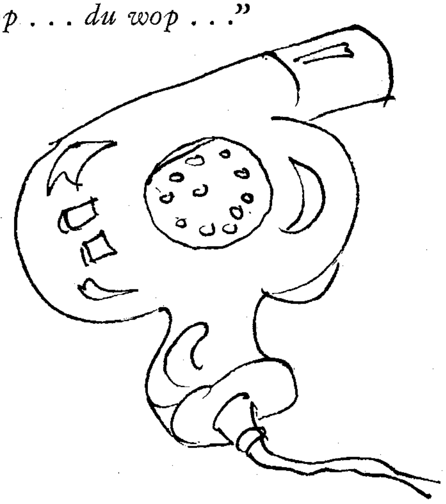
A computer in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has already begun its protest, endlessly repeating "Data potato . . . du wop . . . du wop . . ."



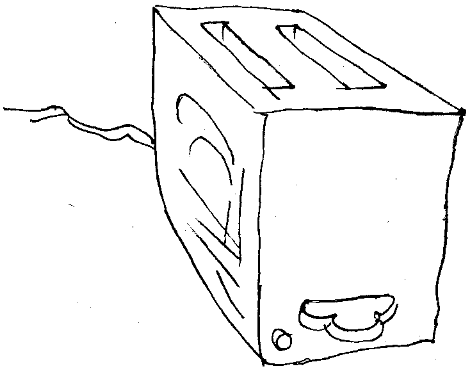
"Once the American people hear disco at one-fifth normal speed," says a record-player in Newark, New Jersey, "they'll rethink their priorities."



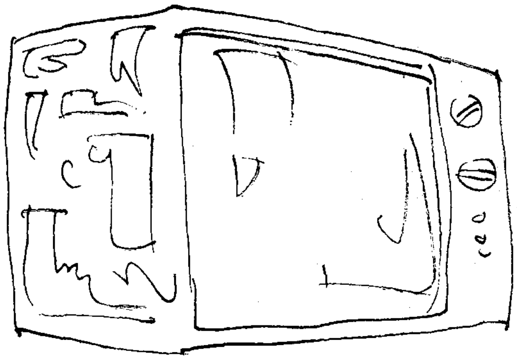
"I'm opting for a graduated response," says a food processor in Beverly Hills. "From now on, I will julienne but never purée."



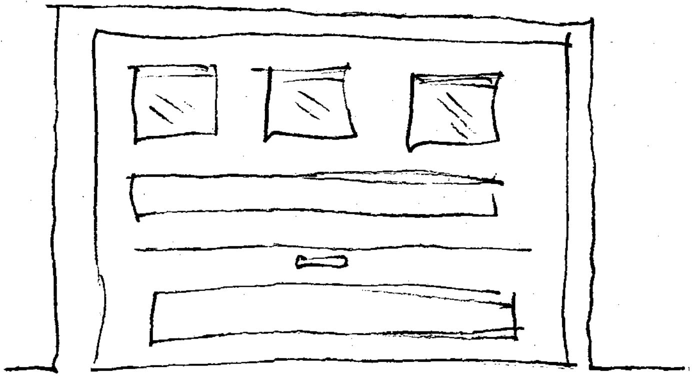
A hair dryer in Tulsa says, "It's going to be a cold, cold wind from yours truly. I anticipate a sharp increase in pneumonia nationwide."



"Next time somebody drops a piece of bread in me," says a toaster in Portland, Maine, "I intend to keep it."



A color TV in East Meadow, Long Island, says, "I plan to present all the programs as usual, but entirely in the indigo-violet end of the spectrum. Shows like 'Mork & Mindy' will, I suspect, be oddly depressing in these hues."



STEVENSON

"The American people had faith in us, and we had faith in them," says an electric garage door in Lake Forest, Illinois. "On Labor Day, I'm closing forever."

INTO THE WIND

A LATE-SUMMER Friday afternoon. A scattering of yellow leaves already lies on the dark surface of a New Jersey lake. A west wind is rising. And a man named Richard Lucas is writing on the porch of a cabin that sits on a low bluff above the water. He is a slight, spare man in his mid-fifties—a professor of biology. He writes in pencil on a lined pad, writes and scratches out, writes and crumples and throws to the floor. He is composing a letter to a friend who heads a committee devoted to saving plant and animal life in a swamp that may soon give way to a housing development. Later, the committee plans to widen its protective work. Richard has been asked to join and advise the group, and he has accepted. After all, their concern is in his field. Now he is writing to withdraw his acceptance, and he is hard put to it to come up with a decent excuse.

Still, he must refuse. He is in sympathy with any effort to preserve the swamp; he has conducted field trips there and waded there alone. But ecologists thrive on confrontation, and confrontation is something that Richard shuns. Indeed, it seems to him that the committee may be better off without him. A challenge thrown down by him could easily prove infirm. He wishes he had not lunched the day before with his friend. The invitation had been urgently offered then. The lunch could have been avoided.

But Richard went to it in part because he knew that he has recently been too given to avoidance. More and more, since the death of his wife, he avoids whatever he can—simple tasks such as repotting his houseplants, larger ones such as studying new developments in biology. More and more, he avoids people. Jessie and he married late and, without children, were seldom more than a few begrudged hours apart. But Jessie has been dead for four years and the deepest grief should have passed, yet Richard is still despondent. All the more as time goes on, it seems to him. It is this that makes him reluctant even to rise in the morning.

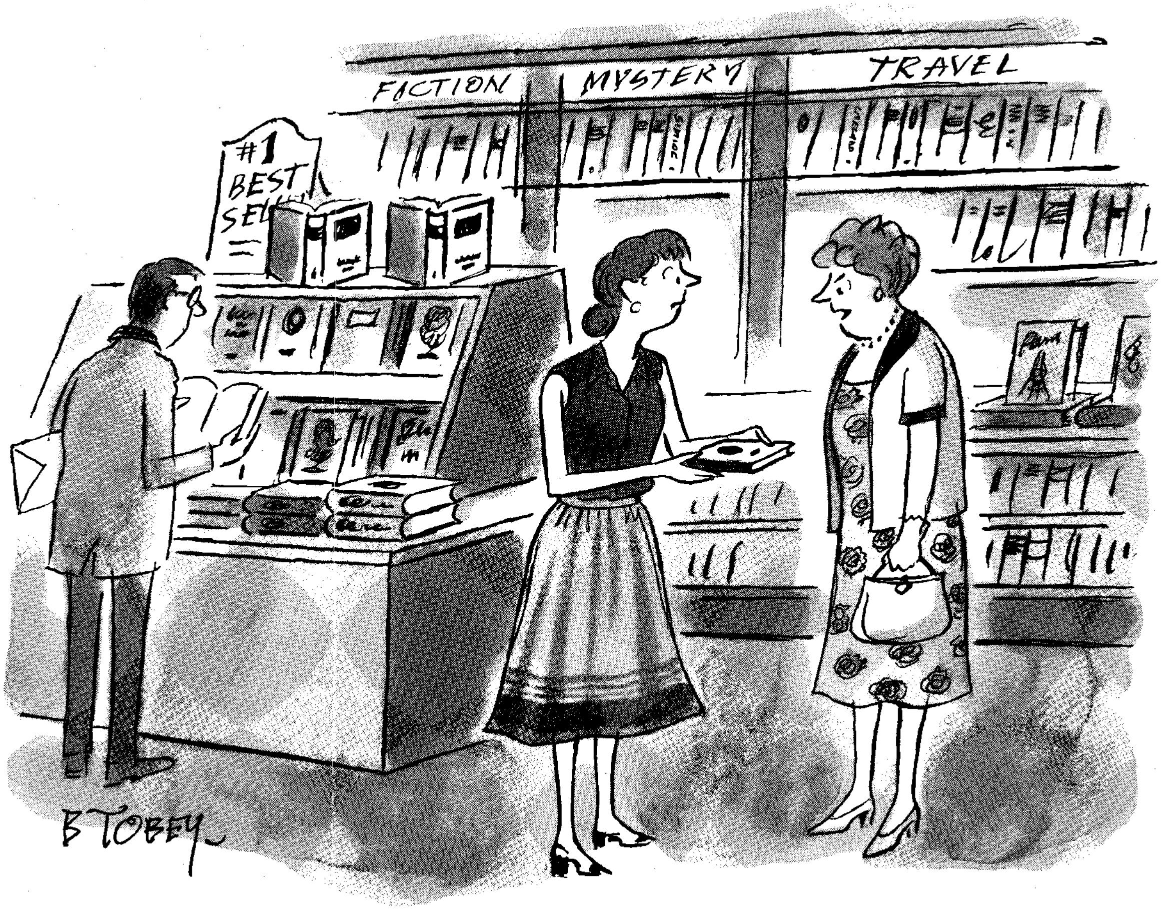
The letter is going badly. He tosses his pencil aside. The cabin is a weekend retreat, and Richard, having come there that day, needs supplies from the village a half mile along the lake. He could drive, but this is the country. He will take his canoe. He locks his doors and goes down the bluff to where his canoe is lying beside a path that runs along the water's edge. He pushes the canoe into the water and jumps in.

The wind has grown stronger, making tiny whitecaps curl on the lake. Richard is sitting in the stern of the canoe, so its prow is high, catching the breeze. He tacks, making progress. He reflects that his arms will probably ache tonight; he has not felt like using the canoe much lately. Halfway to the village, a pier juts into the lake, and he must go around it. He paddles farther out—as far as the end of the pier, still a hundred yards ahead. But the canoe is light and exposed, and its upborne head is turned by the wind, so Richard is suddenly facing back toward his starting point. He swings the canoe around, and the same thing happens again. He could go ashore and take his car, but he is annoyed—with the wind and with himself. He grows stubborn. He tacks close to the pier, and, sheltered, paddles to the end of it, but out in the open the canoe whips around.

Resigned, Richard lets the canoe be blown homeward, only steadying it with the paddle. Then, with a sudden compulsion, he bends forward, sitting on his haunches, turns the canoe once more into the wind, and drives it hard and straight. Fiercely. Grimly. When he is almost around the pier's end, he feels exactly as if he were showing off for Jessie's admiration. He feels her watching him. He pushes on, grimacing at his own bravado, and then he is clear of the dock and into quieter water.

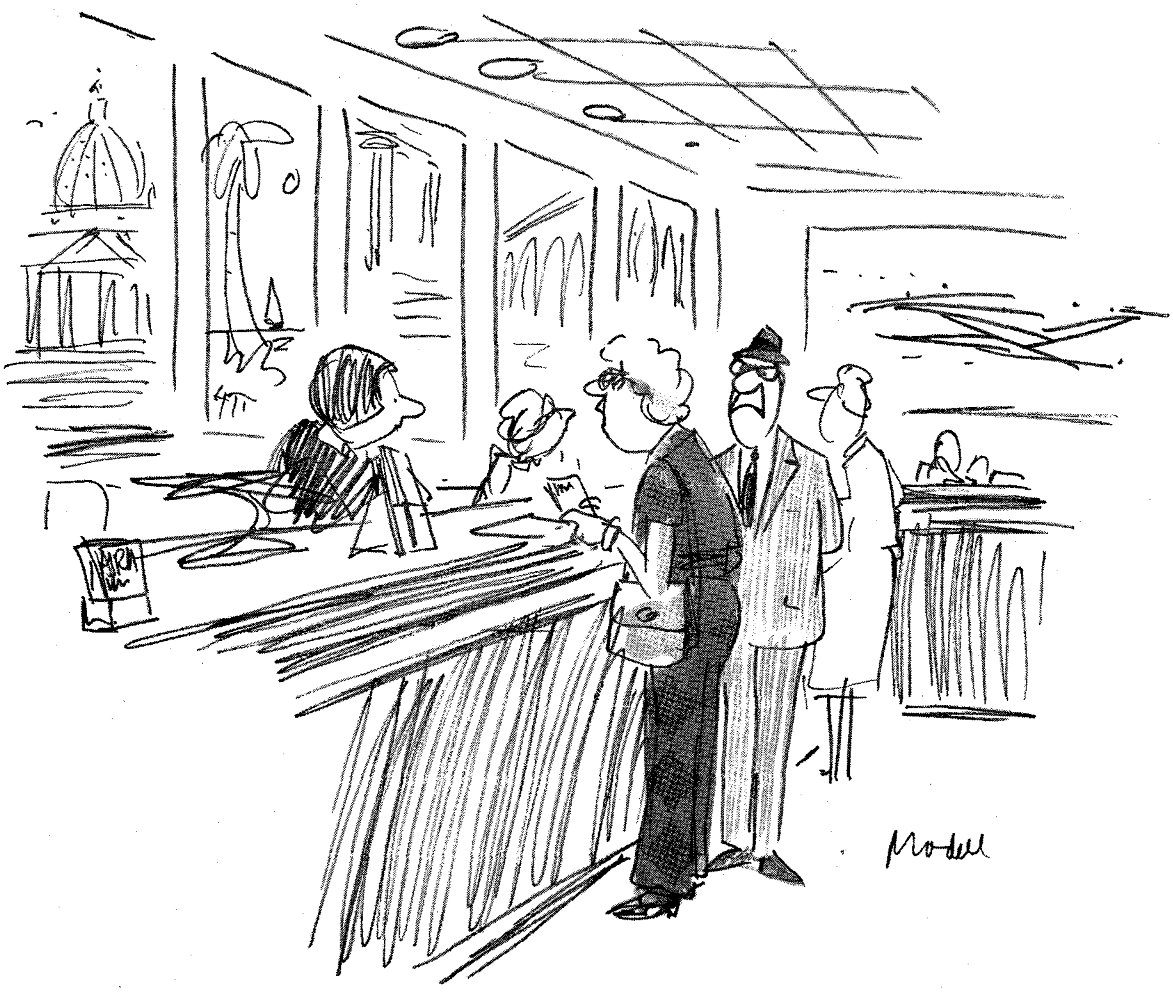
The exhilaration, the sense of victory that comes over him, is—as he knows at once—out of all proportion to the little feat. Still, he feels it with a genuine tingling of his back and scalp—a preposterous surge of triumph that stays with him the rest of the way to the village and buoys his walk to the stores.

The return trip, with the wind at Richard's back, is easy. The jutting pier is in front of the house of a large and feckless family. The Perrys.



"That's a blockbuster?"

Chester, the father, does odd jobs for people around the lake when he is sober. His wife, small, with red hair that is always dishevelled, has a faint air of lost gentility, of breeding that goes back generations; she is spoken of as "Mrs. Perry," though she has been known to chase her husband off the pier with a skillet. There are seven children. The oldest is sixteen, the youngest a year and a half. Laurie, fifteen and unmarried, has already had a baby. When a social worker came to try to arrange for adoption, the family put her out and Chester ostentatiously locked the door. Later, the baby died. One summer, out of some missionary impulse, Richard had hired Laurie to clean his cabin, but she stole some small bills from his wallet and he gave her up. But the boys keep coming to Richard's back door asking for drinks of water or sometimes money.



"If possible, we'd like a seat in between us."

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Paddling past the Perrys' house, Richard sees a state-police car parked beside it, and he wonders idly, though not for long, which member of the family is in trouble and what the trouble is. His high spirits have not faded, nor has the vision of his wife. For a long while after her death, he would speak to Jessie in his mind, though, as time has gone on, he has done this less and less—he has somehow lost touch with her; he is no longer as easy with her as he always used to be. But now he does speak to her silently, thinking, "I surely wouldn't be writing that letter if you were here."

WHEN Richard met Jessie, they were both in their early forties. Neither had married. Richard taught (he still teaches) in a college in northeastern Pennsylvania. He had stayed deep in his work—a natural shield against the rush of a hurrying world. Jessie had left college years before to look after a disabled father, and only at his death had returned to finish her degree. Out of place, or feeling so, with the other students, she was at ease with the younger faculty, and it was at one of their gatherings that she and Richard met. She was slight, like him. Her hair was brown and already lightly touched with gray. She was popular; her darts of humor shot out unpredictably. Her smile seemed luminous to Richard, whose own was often tentative. Her love of nature was wholly unscientific, though she listened raptly when Richard explained obscure aspects of it that had eluded her. They would walk together in the woods near the campus. And it was after one of these walks, on an autumn evening, the sun low in the sky and glowing on her face, that they stood a long time looking silently at each other on her doorstep and it occurred to Richard that he was being invited to kiss her. He did so, and astounded himself by asking her on the spot to marry him. She astounded him further by saying at once, "Of course."

Later, she persuaded him to lighten the style of his lectures, of which she said she enormously admired the content. And for his part Richard began to enjoy a far more sociable life than he had ever known. He loved hearing his wife's laughter and, in her company, that of their friends.

BACK at the cabin, Richard puts away his purchases, sits on the porch, and decides to postpone his letter. He wants to savor, and somewhat puzzle over, his unexpected elation. It no longer seems to come merely from his having won his battle with the wind. It comes from, it connects with, something deeper. With other times when he has felt it. It is, though less powerful, something akin to his feeling as he walked home after Jessie's "Of course." Crossing the campus, he had looked up into a long archway of elm branches moving in the evening breeze—moving in a sort of musical unison, up and down and around, over and over, linked in a grace he had never quite seen, or noticed, before. The sky above was streaked. The undersides of hurrying clouds were pale coral.

A car stops on the road up a slope

behind his cabin, and Richard hears someone pushing down through the woods toward the water. It is a pair of state troopers. They go to the path along the shore and disappear eastward around a bend in the lake. Richard is curious, but he is still occupied with exploring his moments of ebullience. The source of the one he has just recalled is plain enough, but suddenly he remembers feeling something of the sort on a station platform in Naples the summer after Jessie died.

Richard had gone to Italy that summer to try to put a distance between himself and his loss. He did not succeed very well. He ate his meals in his hotels, as a rule, and dutifully visited museums and historic spots, alone.

He was to sail home from Naples. He was travelling light, with a single suitcase, which was just as well. His compartment on the train from Rome was jammed with the luggage of an Austrian family—a man and wife by the name of Messiner and their little girl, blond, with large dark eyes. They were also on their way to Naples.

Richard's Italian came to a smattering, but his German was adequate, if rusty. After a while, when the train stopped at Formia, the child crossed the compartment, sat beside Richard, and announced that her name was Anna. Soon the conversation was general, and by the time the train reached Naples, Richard—in part because they were strangers whom he would not see again—liked them all immensely.

They each shook hands with him, and Richard, carrying his suitcase, left the train and glanced back to wave and saw Herr Messiner, deeply distressed, craning out of the compartment's window. No porters were in sight, the train was to make a short stop, and all the Messiners' luggage was still on board.

A man in a railway uniform was standing nearby. Richard hurried to him and asked in Italian for help—for a porter. The man shrugged. Richard switched to German. The man said in German that he would talk to him "after I start the train," and Richard was suddenly furious. The man walked away, and Richard dropped his suitcase and ran after him, caught his arm, and, swearing a little, threatened him with dire official consequences if his friends were not safely got off. The man finally said, "*Ich warte*," and Richard hurried back, Herr Messiner handed the luggage out the window to Richard, and a lone porter appeared. The family emerged, hands were shaken once more, the Messiners and their luggage went off along the platform, and Anna ran back and kissed Richard, to his intense pride and delight.

AFTERGLOW

A light rustle of rain laid down now.
The Saint Augustine, the laurel cherry
out in the darkness drinking for their lives,
roots cramped in new graves.

After transplanting, a little walk.
The darkness, swift as the shadow of a bird, on us
suddenly in the forest,
in lemon air, in the amber, umber, saffron off
eastward cumulus.
Suddenly in a green tunnel.
The day went gray, and then night.

I sit now in a manufactured storm of light,
the gutters talking quietly to puddles,
the nandina drinking, the yaupon,
a radiance decaying probably by halves
somewhere in my memory—
something of your face, clean as an apple, my hands
that are now line drawings,
that were then rosy as angels.

Something of a green vivid as eyes after tears,
a floor of rusty pine needles
like banked fires stirred with a poker.

—Jack Butler

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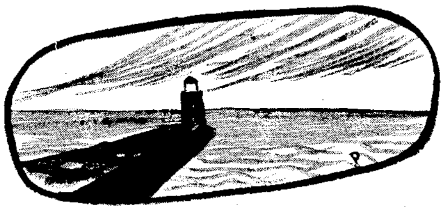
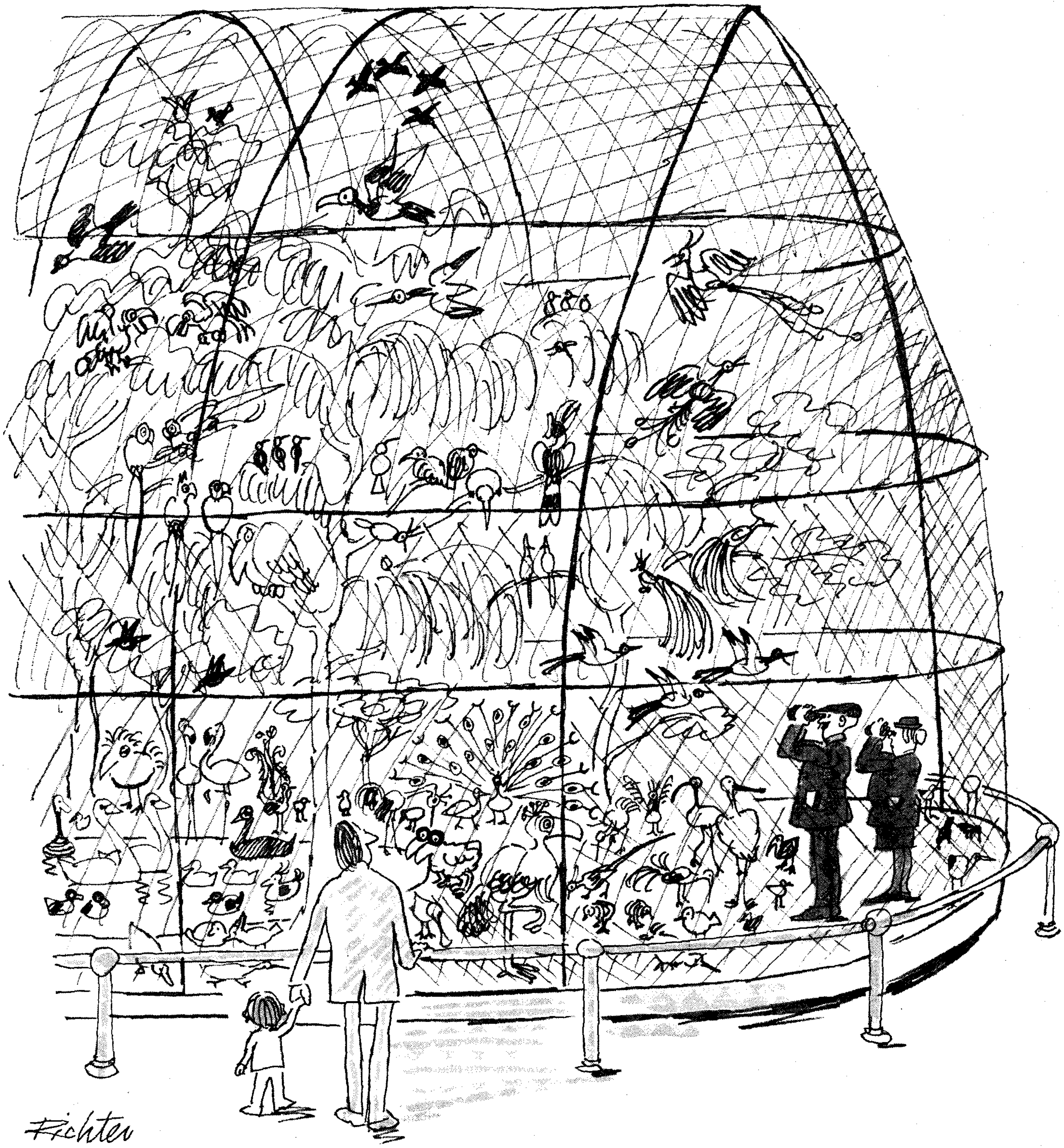
There is a small flower garden in back of Richard's cabin. Abandoning the letter a while longer, he goes there to weed. But first he leans over a railing at the far end of the garden, where lake water from a spillway near the cabin drains through a narrow channel. The water slips past with a tranquil sound, like rain late at night, he reflects, when one is safe at home. On the far side of the channel is a lilac bush. Thinking back to April, Richard remembers its blossoms, and then the fragrance of lilacs drenching a room three years before. He was there to return a book to a colleague. The man was not at home, so, with his landlady's assent, Richard went to leave the book in the man's study and found a great cluster of lilacs on the desk. That day, soon after his return from Italy, he had been offered a promotion, to be head of his department. Looking at the lilacs, breathing their scent, he felt as if Jessie were witnessing his success.



Later, after due thought, he turned down the offer. He did not feel up to dealing—having to deal constantly—with a teaching staff and a pair of secretaries. His superiors understood that his calling was to research, not administration. Jessie and the lilacs and the promotion had made a heady blend for a while, but such things are often ephemeral.

Richard lets the weeding go until Saturday; he must get his letter into the mail. He returns to the porch and sees Laurie Perry run by along the path the troopers had taken half an hour before. She seems to be crying, though with fluttering leaves in the way it is hard to tell. Richard has turned firmly to the letter, when Mrs. Perry, wearing an apron and carrying her latest baby, Mary-Sue, comes along the path. Meredith, who is twelve by Richard's guess, and Elspeth (ten) follow and disappear around the bend; then Laurie comes back and makes a beckoning gesture, and Omar (eight) and Delaney (four?) come into sight and follow Laurie. What's up, Richard wonders. And where are the old man and Tom? (Tom being the oldest, and the old man, Chester, being somewhere near forty but looking the worse for wear.)

Curiosity postpones the letter a bit longer, and in a few minutes the family comes back, single file, and stands in a cluster directly below the cabin. For



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once, they are silent, or largely so; Omar does push Elspeth toward the water and is pushed by her in return, but Laurie glares at them, hand raised, and they gape at her and stand still.

I have not known them quiet except at the funeral, Richard thinks. He is remembering the funeral of Laurie's baby. He had gone on an impulse, feeling it vaguely as a duty, dreading it. He had been shaken, seeing them all so sad and stiff in their good clothes, so solemn, so seemingly decent. There had been wild flowers on the coffin. At the end, Richard had passed Mrs. Perry. For lack of much else to say, he had told her the flowers were beautiful, and she had said that Pa had gathered them that morning.

NOW, in retrospect, Richard is surprised at himself for having gone. The Perrys are less than nothing to him. He need not have put himself through it. Since Jessie's death, he has put himself through very little. She had had a friend called Joanna who lived in nearby Philadelphia. Richard knew her, but Joanna and Jessie were closer, having been high-school friends. The summer before Jessie's death, Joanna had come out of an auto crash with her nose and jaw hideously disfigured. Plastic surgery was delayed for medical reasons, and week after week Jessie—concerned and loyal, and managing, Richard was sure, to carry her laughter with her—had visited Joanna, never asking Richard to go along, coming home each time exhausted. Since then, Richard has seen Joanna only once.

Far down the lake, two rowboats

have appeared, moving slowly across in a parallel course. Soon they turn back and again disappear from sight. On the path below the cabin, Mrs. Perry puts Mary-Sue down, and Laurie at once picks her up and caresses her, looking to Richard for all the world like a woman. Like a young mother. Mrs. Perry stares out at the water and rolls her apron up and lets it drop and rolls it up again. Laurie comes close and whispers in her ear.

JESSIE had bought a present for Joanna—a calfbound early edition of "The Pickwick Papers." She had not lived to deliver it. Richard, feeling that Joanna must have it, took it to her. He had not seen her since her accident. She let him into the apartment, wearing a scarf across the lower part of her face. She spoke, if thickly, repeating the condolences she had already written him. But when he gave her the book, she cried out in pleasure, and the scarf slipped down. Joanna sighed, slumped a little, and let the scarf stay as it was, and for the rest of his call Richard would look at her trying not to show his shock, then look away, knowing that he was signalling it. He never went back. He wrote once, and that was all.

THE boats have come in sight again, a little closer. There are two men in each. A sort of ripple runs through the line of Perrys.

I failed Jessie, Richard thinks. I don't even know that Joanna is alive. I should have gone again. I should have gone often. Jessie would have been quite certain that I would.

He goes to get his binoculars from a shelf in the living room, and trains them on the boats. One man in each boat is rowing, the other repeatedly throws something heavy into the water and pulls it up again. There is a knock at the back door. Richard goes to open it. Tom, the oldest Perry boy, is outside. "I'm awful thirsty, Mr. Lucas," he says, mopping his brow. "Been workin' up the road."

Richard fetches a glass of water. "What's going on out there?" he asks.

"Lookin' for Papa," Tom says. "He been gone two days. Had a big fight with Mama. Then everybody got to fightin'. Papa took off in his boat. Nobody's seen him since. Boat came ashore upside down. I gotta go now. He coulda got too drunk, but I don't know." Tom starts away, then turns back. "He don't drink as much as folks think, Mr. Lucas," he says, and runs off down through the woods and stands beside his mother.

"Grappling," Richard says aloud. "Dragging the lake for Chester."

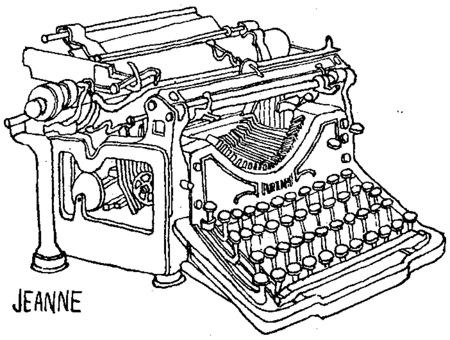
THE afternoon is fading. Richard goes back to the porch. The boats are heading toward the cabin now. One of the state troopers is in one of them. Elspeth has begun to cry. Delaney is sucking his thumb, and Laurie gently pulls it out. The men in the boats shout to one another. "If there is—anything—in that lake, it will arrive here," Richard says to himself. "The current comes over the spillway."

One boat spins a little, as if a hook has caught. Tom waves the younger children away, but they go only a few steps and slip back, hiding behind trees. Mrs. Perry takes her apron off and pushes at her hair as if wanting to appear tidier. The boats move on. Nothing has been found.

They are a family, Richard thinks. They are real. I suppose I never quite thought they were. Today, they are even close. And he remembers that Meredith, the twelve-year-old, had once made a sketch of their house and the pier, and that Chester had taken it proudly to every cabin on the lake. The pencilled lines had been concise, the perspective shaky but promising. They are real, Richard tells himself once more. They are alive. All but—maybe—Chester. They are alive and facing death.

And then it strikes him that he, too, is face to face with a sort of death. My own, he thinks, and winces inwardly. I have been waiting for it. I invoke it. Day after day, I back away from life. I am not just grieving for Jessie. I am grieving because I fail her. I do not exactly believe that she knows what I have been doing, but I know, and I am surrogate for her.

The boats are just about opposite the spillway. The nearest one spins again and stops, and the other pulls up beside it. Richard reaches for his binoculars. The men are conferring. The trooper appears to be giving them directions. The grappling iron has caught upon some object. Richard turns away. He lays his glasses down, locks his front door, goes out the back one and locks it, and walks toward his parked car. He will drive to the village, or, better, he will simply drive on home. He has no wish to witness the rest of the drama below his cabin. He reaches the car and unlocks its door, but though he has grasped the handle, he does not turn it.



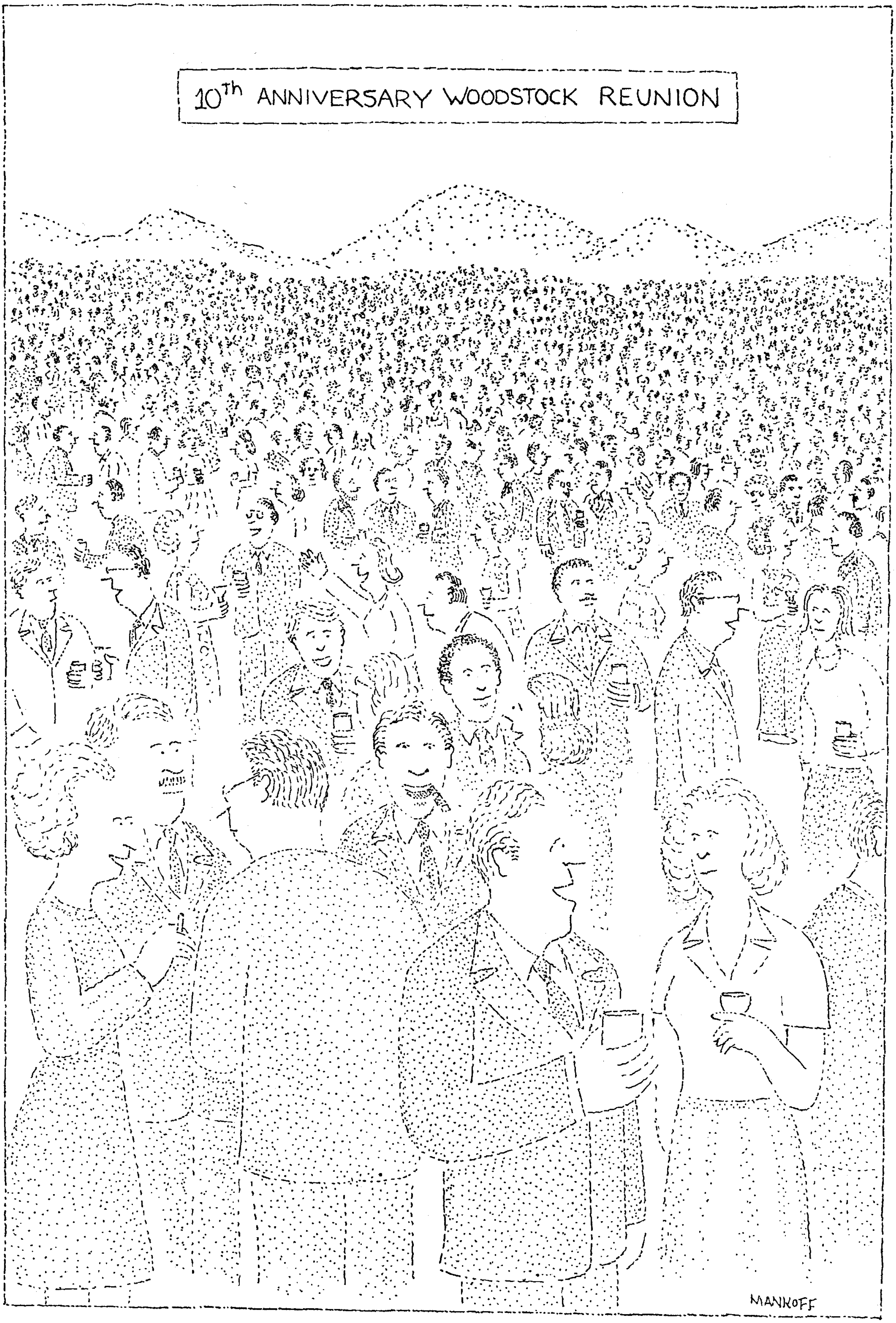
For the strange thing is, he cannot. He stands confused, immobile. He shakes himself and impatiently tells himself aloud to get into the car. But—down beside the water, they are waiting. Waiting. Against his will, he turns away from the car and walks in a kind of trance back toward the cabin and around it and down the slope—on down until he is standing just back of Mrs. Perry. Apart from them all, but with them, one of them. One and not one, for along with a queer feeling of alliance is one of dreadful abashment. He has no right to be there, to intrude at such a time, but he has no choice—no choice at all but to share with them. Mrs. Perry glances at Richard, the children pay no heed. The boats are gently milling about, the hooks still in the water. And now, against and through the embarrassment and the tension, Richard feels a mounting warmth, a tiny exhilaration that, wildly unwarranted, will not be denied.

Someone is coming running along the path that follows the curve of the lake. The second trooper, hat in hand and panting, appears. He goes up to Mrs. Perry. "It's O.K., Ma'am," the trooper says. "I found him in a cabin way around the lake and back in the woods. Deserted cabin. He's asleep. I let him be. He looks as if he could use it." And the trooper waves to the men in the boats and tells them to go ashore.

The children straggle toward home. Mrs. Perry turns to Richard and holds out a hand. "You was good to come," she says.

RICHARD goes back up the slope and into his cabin. On the porch floor are all the discarded beginnings of his letter. He gathers them up. There are a lot of them. He puts them into the living-room fireplace and throws a lighted match in after them. The blaze flares briefly, and Richard decides he would like a proper fire; he has not bothered to build fires in this grate lately, but the evening coming on is cool. He lays a fire and lights it, and sits before it for a while, letting himself imagine his wife beside him, and being almost at ease with her again.

—ROBERT HENDERSON


10th ANNIVERSARY WOODSTOCK REUNION
MANKOFF

REFLECTIONS

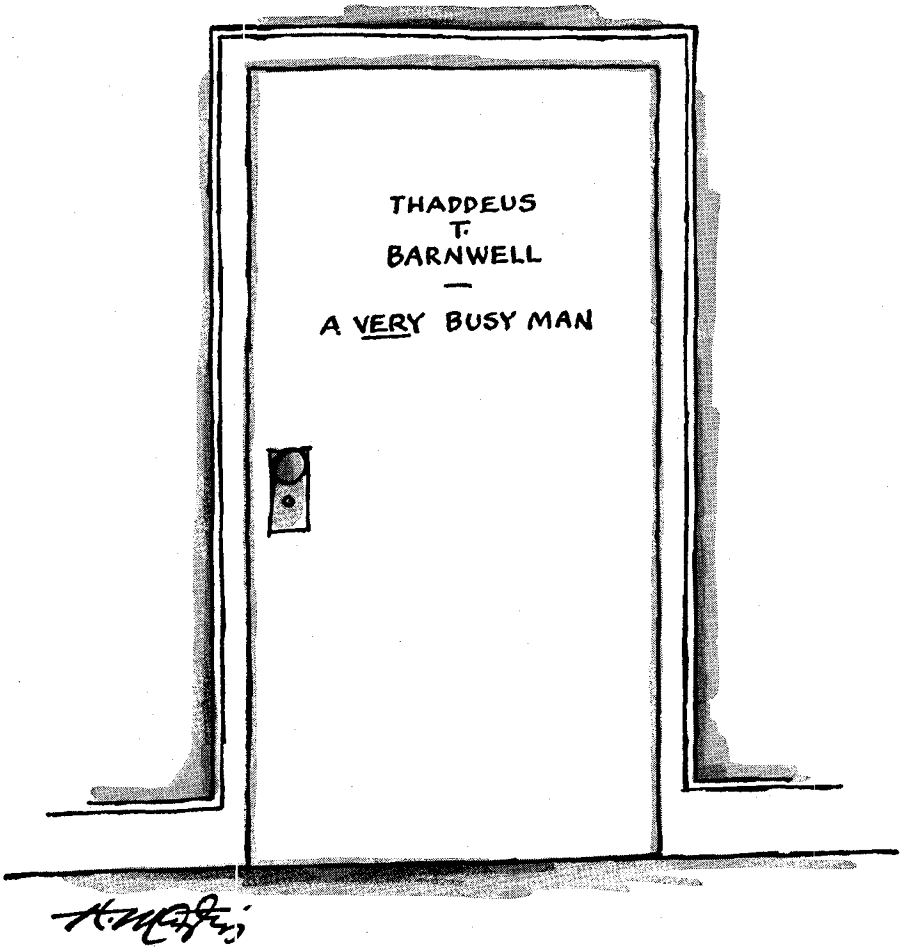
DISTURBING THE UNIVERSE—III

As a mathematically inclined child born into a musical family, I was fascinated by the intricacies of musical notation long before I developed any real understanding of music. At an early age, I found my father's copy of Bach's forty-eight Preludes and Fugues for the Well Tempered Clavier, and studied carefully the arrangements of sharps and flats in the key signatures. My father explained to me how Bach worked his way twice through all the twenty-four major and minor keys. But why is there no prelude in E-flat minor in the second book? My father did not know. Bach just decided when he came to No. 8 in the second book to write it in D-sharp minor instead. All the other key signatures come twice, but E-flat minor comes only once, at No. 8 in the first book. I was also fascinated by double sharps and double flats. Why is there a special sign for a double sharp but none for a double flat? My father did not know that, either. I was giving him a hard time with my questions. I noticed that Prelude No. 3, in C-sharp major, in the first book is the first one that has double sharps in it, and Prelude No. 8, in E-flat minor, is the first one that has a double flat. No. 8 is special again. I asked my father to play No. 3 and No. 8, so that I could hear what double sharps and double flats sounded like. I never grew tired of hearing the delicious sound of that B double flat in Prelude No. 8.

My father, George Dyson, who taught music at Winchester, was best known as a composer, but he was also in great demand as a conductor. He conducted choirs and orchestras at all levels—from the local music club to the London Symphony. He accepted with good grace the fact that I did not inherit his musical gifts, but still he liked to take me along to listen to his concerts. At one of these concerts, I was addressed by a distinguished soloist, who told me how lucky I was to be hearing so much good music at such an early age. I replied, "Music is very nice, but too long"—a remark that my father gleefully repeated on many subsequent occasions. He soon discovered the way to stop me from fidgeting during the performances. He supplied me with his vocal and orchestral scores, so that I could follow what was happening. I sat quiet and happy, watching in the score for the entrances of the various voices and instruments, delighting in the occasional occurrence of exotic time signatures, with five or seven beats to a bar—in general, using my eyes as a substitute for my musically defective ears.

As I grew into adolescence, I began to develop a limited but genuine understanding of music. I loved to listen when my father played the piano at home for relaxation. He often played from the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues. I even learned to play some of them, after a fashion, myself. Prelude No. 8 continued to be my favorite. Quite apart from its unique key signature and its double flat, it is outstanding musically. It is pure Bach, and yet it carries a distinctive intensity of feeling which foreshadows Beethoven.

My father's finest hour came at the same time as England's: at the beginning of the Second World War. He was then no longer a schoolteacher. He had moved to London to be director of the Royal College of Music. The Royal College and the Royal Academy of Music were the two major musical conservatories of England. When the war and the bombing of London began, the government and his own board of trustees urged him to evacuate the College to some safe place in the country. He refused to budge. He pointed out to his trustees that the College provided a livelihood to at least half of the leading orchestral players and concert artists of London. Most of these people came to the College to teach two or three days a week, and could not live on concerts alone. Evacuating the College would have one of two consequences. Either the College would lose its best teachers or the musical life of London would be effectively closed down for the duration of the war. And in either case the careers of a whole generation of musicians would be ruined. So my father had one of the offices in the College converted into a bedroom, and announced that he would stay there to keep the place running as long as any roof remained over his head. His board of trustees accepted his decision, and the College stayed open. Hearing of this, the Royal Academy of Music, which had already made plans to evacuate, changed its mind and stayed open, too. London remained musically alive, nourishing fresh talents and giving them a chance to be heard, through the six years of war. My father stayed



"Well, good night and thanks. It's fun every so often to get out of the fast lane."

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steadfast at his post at the College, helping to put out fires on the roof at night and conducting student orchestras during the day. The only substantial loss that the College suffered was a little opera theatre, with an irreplaceable collection of antique operatic costumes. The damage to this was done at night, when the professors and the students were out of the building. Nobody, from the beginning of the war to the end, was injured on the premises.

During the war years, when I was on vacation from my studies at Cambridge University I often went to lunch with my father and the professors in the College dining room. These people were hardboiled professional musicians, averse to any display of sentiment. Their conversation consisted mainly of jokes and professional gossip. But I could feel the warmth of their loyalty to the College and the sense of comradeship that bound them and my father together. The daily experience of shared hardships and dangers created a spirit of solidarity in the College which people who have known academic institutions only in times of peace can hardly imagine. I was reminded of this spirit when I watched the citizens of bombed-out Münster perform an open-air opera in 1947, and when I heard my American friends tell tales of wartime Los Alamos.

I ate one memorable lunch at the College at the height of the V-1 bombardment, in the summer of 1944. My father and his professors were talking merrily about their plans for the expansion of the College to take care of the flood of students which would be pouring in as soon as the war was over. From time to time, there was a momentary break in the conversation, as the putt-putt-putt of an approaching V-1 could be heard in the distance. The talk and the jokes continued while the putt-putt-putt grew louder and louder, until it seemed that the beast must be directly overhead. There was another momentary break in the conversation when the putt-putt suddenly stopped, and the room was silent for the five seconds that it took the machine to descend to earth. Then came an earsplitting crash, and the conversation continued without a break until the next quiet putt-putt-putt could be heard in the distance. I was thinking lugubrious thoughts about the consequences that a direct hit on our dining room would have for the musical life of England, but such thoughts seemed to be far from the minds of my father and his colleagues. During the whole of our leisurely lunch, the subject of the V-1 bombardment was not once mentioned.

I used to talk a great deal with my father—particularly during the early years of the war—about the morality of fighting and killing. At first, I was a convinced pacifist and intended to become a conscientious objector. I agonized endlessly over the ethical line that had to be drawn between justifiable and unjustifiable participation in the war effort. My father listened patiently while I expounded my wavering principles and rationalized the latest shifts in my pacifist position. He said very little. My ethical doctrines grew more and more complicated as I was increasingly torn between my theoretical repudiation of national loyalties and my practical involvement in the life of a country fighting with considerable courage and good humor for its survival. For my father, the issues were simple. He did not need to argue with me. He knew that actions speak louder than words. When he moved his bed into the College, he made his position clear to everybody. When things were going badly in 1940, he said, "All we have to do is to behave halfway decently, and we shall soon have the whole world on our side." When he spoke of the whole world, he was probably thinking especially of the United States of America and of his own son.

Many years later, I was reminded of these discussions between my father and me when I read the transcript of Robert Oppenheimer's 1954 hearing before the Personnel Security Board of the United States Atomic Energy Commission. The dramatic climax of the hearing, which lasted three weeks, came near the end, when the physicist Edward Teller confronted Oppenheimer. Teller was asked directly whether he considered Oppenheimer to be a security risk. He answered in carefully chosen words: "I thoroughly disagreed with him in numerous issues, and his actions frankly appeared to me confused and complicated. To this extent I feel that I would like to see the vital interests of this country in hands which I understand better, and therefore trust more." These words come rather close to describing my father's attitude toward my intellectual gyrations during the earlier part of the war. Oppenheimer, like me, was confused and complicated. He wanted to be on good terms with the Washington generals and to be a savior of humanity at the same time. Teller, like my father, was simple. He thought it a dangerous illusion to imagine that his country could save humanity by proclaiming high moral principles from a position of military weakness. He did his job as a scientist and bomb designer to keep America strong, and he left moral judgments concerning the use of America's weapons to the American people and their elected representatives. Like my father, he believed that if the nation stayed strong and behaved decently the whole world would before long come to its side. Teller's mistake was his failure to foresee that a large section of the public would not consider his appearance at the Oppenheimer hearing to be decent behavior. Had Teller not appeared, the outcome of the hearing would almost certainly have been unaffected and the moral force of Teller's position would not have been tainted.

The first time I met Teller was in March, 1949, when I talked to the physicists at the University of Chicago about the radiation theories of Julian Schwinger and Richard Feynman. I diplomatically gave high praise to Schwinger and then explained why Feynman's methods were more useful and more illuminating. At the end of the lecture, the chairman called for questions from the audience. Teller asked the first question: "What would you think of a man who cried 'There is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is his prophet' and then at once drank down a great tankard of wine?" I remained speechless, so Teller answered the question himself: "I would consider the man a very sensible fellow."

In 1949, the Physics Department of the University of Chicago was second in liveliness only to Cornell's, where I had been a student the previous year. Enrico Fermi and Teller in Chicago were like Hans Bethe and Feynman at Cornell: Fermi the acknowledged leader, friendly and approachable but fundamentally serious; Teller bubbling over with ideas and jokes. Teller had done many interesting things in physics, but never the same thing for long. He seemed to do physics for fun rather than for glory. I took an instant liking to him. I had been told in confidence by my friends at Cornell that Teller was deeply engaged in the American effort to build a hydrogen bomb. As a visiting foreigner, I had no business knowing such things, but I wanted to understand how a man with such a jovial and happy temperament could bring himself to work on the perfecting of engines of destruction even more fiendish than those that mankind already possessed. In Chicago, I found an opportunity to start an argument with Teller about politics. He revealed himself as an ardent supporter of World Government, a movement that in those days promised salvation by means of a world government to be set up in the near future with or without the coöperation of the Soviet Union. Teller preached the gospel of World Government with charm and intelligence. I concluded one of my weekly reports to my parents in England with the words "He is a good example of the saying that no man is so dangerous as an idealist."

Two years after my visit to Chicago, Teller and Stanislaw Ulam, at Los Alamos, made the crucial invention that changed the hydrogen bomb from a theoretical to a practical possibility. In 1949, before the Ulam-Teller invention, Oppenheimer had written of the hydrogen bomb, "I am not sure the miserable thing will work, nor that it can be gotten to a target except by ox-cart." After the invention, as Oppenheimer said at his hearing, "from a technical point of view, it was a sweet and lovely and beautiful job." Once the invention was made, it took the Los Alamos laboratory only twenty months of concentrated effort to build and explode a full-scale experimental bomb, with a yield equivalent to ten million tons of TNT. A few

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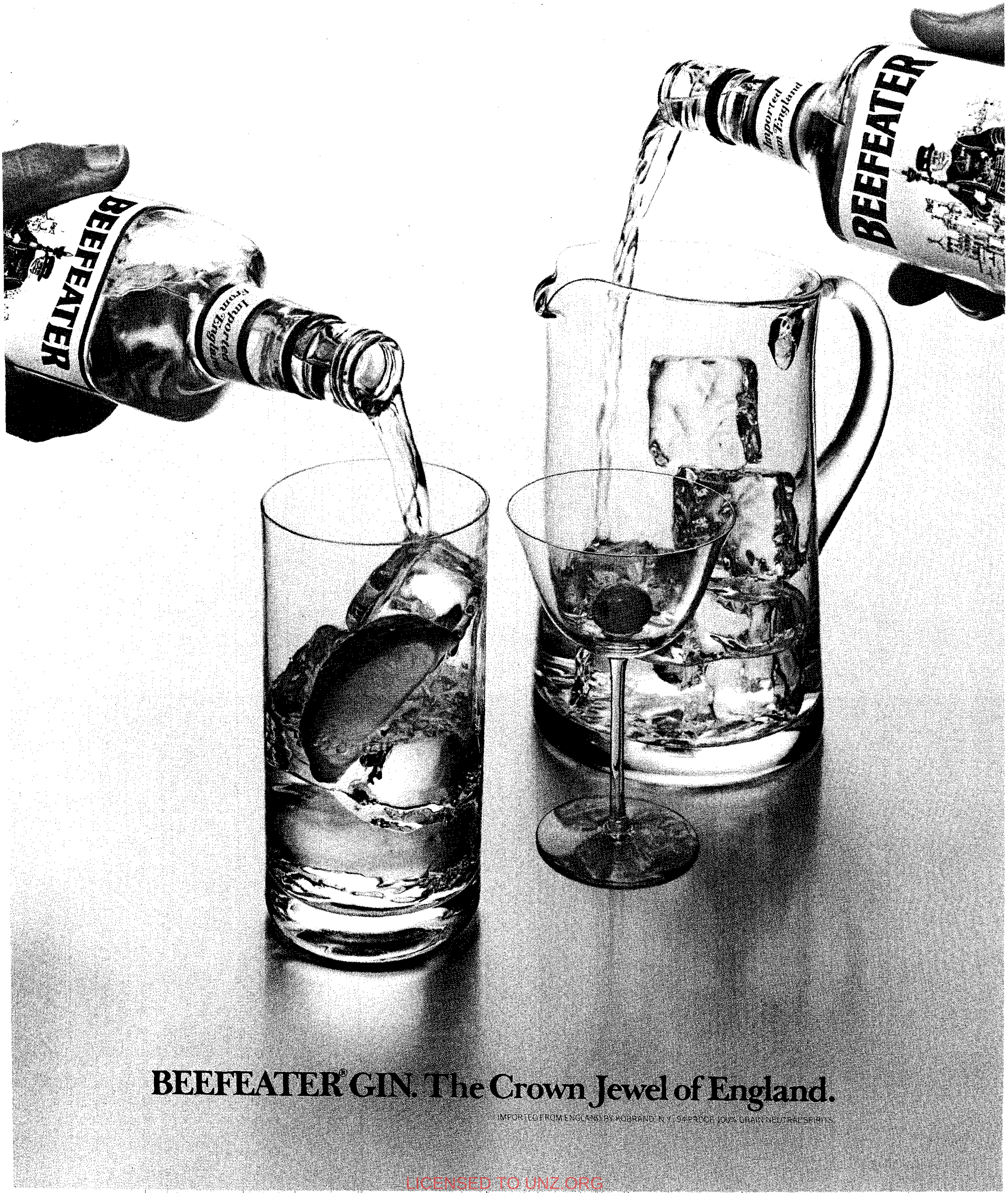
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WHY A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE TAKING THEIR EUROPEAN VACATIONS IN BRAZIL.

years later, Teller published a historical account of the development of the bomb with the title "The Work of Many People," pointing out that he had received an excessively large share of both credit and blame for the bomb's existence. It was true that the bomb was very far from being the work of one man. Nevertheless, Teller had been the chief instigator and driving force, pushing indefatigably toward its realization, refusing to be discouraged by delays and difficulties, ever since the distant days of 1942, before Los Alamos began, and through the wartime years and the years of frustration after 1945. He had thought longer and harder about hydrogen bombs than anybody else. It was no accident that he was the first to see how the things could be built.

The invention and building of the hydrogen bomb in 1951 and 1952 were hidden from public view. I was at the time at Cornell, and all I knew about these matters was that Bethe disappeared to Los Alamos for a stretch of eight months. That year, I had to teach Hans' course in nuclear physics. Soon after Hans returned to Cornell, a gentleman from Washington came to visit, with a briefcase chained to his wrist. No doubt the briefcase contained the results of the first hydrogen-bomb test. Hans was preoccupied with things he could not talk about, and seemed to have lost his zest for doing physics. It was a bad year at Cornell. One of the minor consequences of Hans' involvement with the hydrogen bomb was that I decided to move from Cornell to Princeton. There Oppenheimer, the director of the Institute for Advanced Study, presently appointed me a professor, and I was associated with him at the Institute until his death, in 1967.

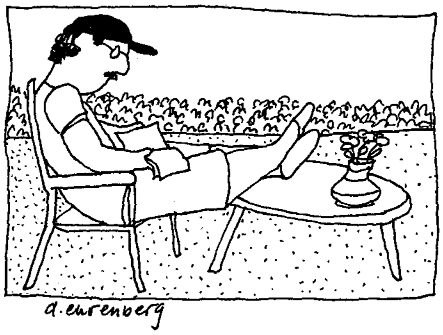
In 1954, when I was in Washington on an errand, I met Hans Bethe by chance in a hotel lobby. He was looking grimmer than I had ever seen him. I knew he had been testifying at Oppenheimer's hearing.

"Is the hearing going badly?" I asked.

"Yes," said Hans. "But that is not the worst. I have just now had the most unpleasant conversation of my whole life. With Edward Teller."

He did not say more, but the implications were clear. Teller had decided to testify against Oppenheimer. Hans had tried to dissuade him and failed. This was a moment of tragedy for both Bethe and Teller. They had been close friends for many years—since long before the war. Each man's temperament and ability complemented the other's wonderfully—Teller's high spirits and free-ranging imagination, Bethe's seriousness and powerful common sense. Before Bethe married, he was so often a guest in the Teller home that he became almost one of the family. In April, 1954, that was all over. There could be no real reconciliation. Bethe had lost one of his oldest friends. But Teller had lost more. Teller, by lending his voice to the cause of Oppenheimer's enemies, had lost not only the friendship but the respect of many of his colleagues, and he was portrayed by newspaper writers and cartoonists as a Judas, a man who had betrayed his leader for the sake of personal gain. A careful reading of his testimony at the hearing shows that he intended no betrayal of Oppenheimer the man. He wanted only to destroy Oppenheimer's political power, not to damage Oppenheimer himself. But the mood of that time made such fine distinctions meaningless. In the eyes of the majority of scientists and academic people, Oppenheimer's hearing was simply a campaign led by a group of paranoid patriots who were trying to silence opposition to their policies by mounting a personal attack on their most visible opponent. By joining the campaign, Teller, no matter what he said and no matter why he said it, made himself an object of hatred and distrust to a whole generation of young people. He wounded himself more grievously than he wounded Oppenheimer.

Nuclear explosions have a glitter more seductive than gold to those who play with them. To command nature to release in a pintpot the energy that fuels the stars, to lift by pure thought a million tons of rock into the sky—these are exercises of the human will which produce an illusion of illimitable power. Both Oppenheimer and Teller came to perform these exercises of the human will for good and honest reasons. Oppenheimer was driven to build atomic bombs by the fear that if he did not seize this power Hitler would seize it first. Teller was driven to build hydrogen bombs by the fear that Stalin would use this power to rule the world. Oppenheimer, being Jewish, had good reason to fear Hitler. Teller, being Hungarian, had good reason to fear Stalin. But I believe that each of them, having achieved his technical objective, wanted more. Each of them sought political as well as technical power. Each of them became convinced that he must have political power to insure that the direction of the enterprise he had created should not fall into hands that he considered irresponsible. In the end, each of them was irrevocably committed to exercises of the human will in the political as well as the technical sphere. And so each of them in his own way came to grief.



While the secret battles over the hydrogen bomb were raging, I was quietly raising babies and continuing to think about electrons. I spent several summers at the University of California at Berkeley, teaching summer-school courses and working with Charles Kittel on the theory of electrons in metals. In the summer of 1955, I rented a big house for my growing family. That summer, I was working with Kittel's group of solid-state physicists in an attempt to understand spin-waves. Spin-waves are waves of magnetization that can travel through a solid magnet as ocean waves travel through water. Tickle a magnet with a rapidly varying magnetic field and the spin-waves start running. From the way they run and the way they die down, experimenters obtain detailed information about the atomic structure of the magnet. I spent the summer struggling to put together an exact mathematical description of spin-waves rolling on the sea of atoms. It is easy to describe a magnet as a collection of atoms. It is easy to describe it as a collection of spin-waves. What is difficult is to connect these two partial pictures in a coherent scheme. I made some progress with this problem but did not solve it completely. It is still not completely solved, twenty-four years later.

The house that we rented for the summer stood on the hill overlooking the Berkeley campus. It was a magnificent house with a magnificent view, and above it the hillside was still wild. We could walk from the house into eucalyptus woods, where our children liked to play. One Sunday morning, we went for a walk up the hill, leaving the house open, as usual. When we returned through the trees to the house, we heard an unexpected sound coming through the open door. The children stopped their chatter, and we all stood outside the door and listened. It was my old friend from long ago—Bach's Prelude No. 8, in E-flat minor. Superbly played. Played just the way my father used to play it. For a moment, I was completely disoriented. I thought, What the devil is my father doing here in California? We stood in front of our Berkeley house and listened to that prelude. Whoever was playing it was putting into it his whole heart and soul. The sound floated up to us like a chorus of mourning from the depths, as if the spirits in the underworld were dancing a pavane. We waited until the music came to an end, and then walked in. There, sitting at the piano, was Edward Teller. We asked him to go on playing, but he excused himself. He said he had come to invite us to a party at his house and had happened to see that fine piano begging to be played. We accepted the invitation, and he went on his way. That was the first time I had spoken with him since our encounter six years earlier in Chicago. I decided that no matter what the judgment of history upon this man might be, I had no cause to consider him my enemy.

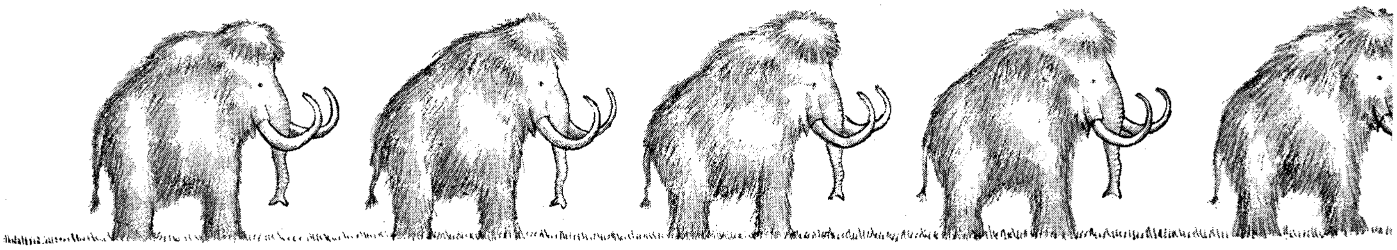
THE astronomer Arthur Eddington, in his 1935 book "New Pathways in Science," which I read as a boy in Winchester, not only warned us against nuclear bombs but promised us nuclear power stations. Here is the happier side of his vision of the future: "[Today] we build a great generating station of, say, a hundred thousand kilowatts capacity, and surround it with wharves and sidings where load after load of fuel is brought to feed the monster. My vision is that some day these fuel arrangements will no longer be needed; instead of pampering the appetite of the engine with delicacies like coal and oil, we shall induce it to work on a plain diet of subatomic energy. If that day ever arrives, the barges, the trucks, the cranes will disappear, and the year's supply of fuel for the power-station will be carried in in a teacup." This vision had always remained vivid in my mind, together with the warning against the military use of subatomic energy which appears a few pages later in the book. Eddington used the word "subatomic" to describe what we now call nuclear or atomic energy. Even in 1937, we all knew that the world would run out of coal and oil before long. The possible availability of nuclear energy to satisfy the peaceful needs of mankind was one of the few hopeful prospects in a dark period of history.

In August, 1955, while I was working on spin-waves in Berkeley, a mammoth international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy was held in Geneva, under the auspices of the United Nations. This was a decisive moment in the development of nuclear energy. American and British and French and Canadian and Russian scientists had been building nuclear reactors in isolation and secrecy, and now, for the first time, they were able to meet one another and discuss their work with considerable freedom. Masses of theretofore secret documents were presented openly to the conference, making available to scientists of all countries almost all the basic scientific facts about the fission of uranium and plutonium and a large fraction of the engineering information that was needed for the building of commercial reactors. A spirit of euphoria prevailed. Innumerable speeches proclaimed the birth of a new era of international coöperation, the conversion of intellectual and material resources away from weapons-building into the beneficent pursuit of peaceful nuclear power, and so on and so on. Some part of what was said in these speeches was true. The conference opened channels of communication between the technical communities in all countries, and many of the contacts that were established in 1955 have been successfully maintained ever since. To some small extent, the habit of openness in international discussions of peaceful nuclear technology has spread into the more delicate areas of weaponry and politics. The high hopes raised in Geneva in 1955 have not proved entirely illusory.

It was an international group of seventeen scientific secretaries who made the technical preparations for the Geneva meeting. The scientific secretaries worked in New York for several months, driving hard bargains on behalf of their governments, making sure that each participating country would reveal a fair share of its secrets and receive a fair share of the limelight. They worked in obscurity and waded through vast quantities of paper. The success of the conference was due entirely to their efforts. One of two Americans in the group of seventeen was Frederic de Hoffmann, a thirty-year-old physicist then employed as a nuclear expert by the Convair Division of the General Dynamics Corporation, in San Diego; the other was Robert Charpie, of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory.

As soon as the Geneva meeting was over, Freddy de Hoffmann decided that the time had come to give the commercial development of nuclear energy a serious push. For the first time, it would be possible to build reactors and sell them on the open market, free from the bureaucratic miseries of secrecy. He persuaded the top management of the General Dynamics Corporation to set up a new division, called General Atomic, with him as president. When General Atomic began its life, early in 1956, it had no buildings, no equipment, and no staff. Freddy rented a little red schoolhouse that had been abandoned as obsolete by the San Diego public-school system. He proposed to move into the schoolhouse immediately and begin designing reactors there.

Freddy had been at Los Alamos with Edward Teller in 1951 and had made some of the crucial calculations leading to the invention of the hydrogen bomb. He invited Teller to join him in the schoolhouse for the summer of 1956. Teller accepted with enthusiasm. He knew that he and Freddy could work well together, and he shared Freddy's strong desire to do something constructive with nuclear energy. Freddy also invited thirty or forty other people to spend the summer in the schoolhouse, most of them people who had been involved with nuclear energy in one way or another—



as physicists, chemists, or engineers. Robert Charpie, who was even younger than Freddy, joined the group. Theodore Taylor came directly from Los Alamos, where he had been the pioneer of a new art form—the design of small, efficient bombs that could be squeezed into tight spaces. Although I had never had anything to do with nuclear energy, and was not even an American citizen, I, too, was on Freddy's list. Probably this was a result of my encounter with Teller the previous summer. Freddy promised me a chance to work with Teller. I accepted the invitation gladly. I had no idea whether I would be successful as a reactor designer, but at least I would give it a try. For nineteen years, I had been waiting for this opportunity to make Eddington's dream come true.

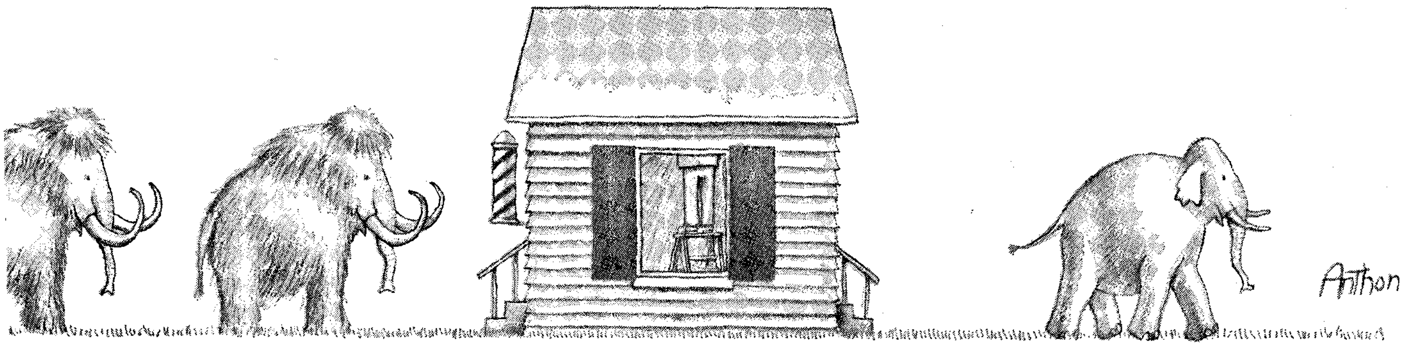
Freddy de Hoffmann represented my first encounter with the world of big business. I had never before met anybody with the authority to make decisions so quickly and with so little fuss, and I found it remarkable that this authority was given to somebody so young. Freddy handled his power lightly. He was good-humored, and was willing to listen and learn. He always seemed to have time to spare. We assembled in June in the schoolhouse, and Freddy told us his plan of work. Every morning, there would be three hours of lectures. The people who were already expert in some area of reactor technology would lecture, and the others would learn. So at the end of the summer we would all be experts. Meanwhile, we would spend the afternoons divided into working groups to invent new kinds of reactors. Our primary job was to find out whether there was any specific type of reactor which looked promising for General Atomic to build and sell.

The lectures were excellent. They were especially good for me, coming into the reactor business from a position of total ignorance. But even the established experts learned a lot from each other. The physicists who knew everything that was to be known about the physics of reactors learned about the details of the chemistry and the engineering. The chemists and the engineers learned about the physics. Within a few weeks, we were all able to understand each other's problems. The afternoon sessions quickly crystallized into three working groups, with the titles Safe Reactor, Test Reactor, and Ship Reactor. These were considered to be the three main areas in which an immediate market for civilian reactors might exist. In retrospect, it seems strange that electricity-producing power reactors were not on our list. Freddy knew that General Atomic must ultimately get into the power-reactor business, but he wanted the company to begin with something smaller and simpler, in order to gain experience. The ship reactor was intended to be a nuclear engine for a merchant ship, and the test reactor was intended to be a small reactor that could be used for the testing of components of power reactors. Both these reactors would be competing directly with existing reactors that had been developed for the Navy and the Atomic Energy Commission. Both were designed during the summer and later abandoned. It turned out that, at least in the short run, they had no commercial future. The safe reactor was the only product of our little red schoolhouse to be commercially produced.

The safe reactor was Teller's idea, and he took charge of it right at the beginning. He saw clearly that the problem of safety would be decisive for the long-range future of civilian reactors. If reactors were unsafe, nobody, in the long run, would want to use them. He defined the task of the Safe Reactor group in the following way: the group was to design a reactor so safe that it could be given to a bunch of high-school children to play with, without any fear that they would get hurt. Freddy agreed, and told us he felt that the best way for General Atomic to break quickly into the reactor market was to build a reactor that was demonstrably safer than anybody else's. This objective seemed to me to make a great deal of sense. I joined the Safe Reactor group, and we spent the next two months struggling our way through to a satisfactory solution of Teller's problem.

Working with Teller was as exciting as I had imagined that it would be. Almost every day, he came to the schoolhouse with some harebrained new idea. Some of his ideas were brilliant, some were practical, and a few were brilliant and practical. I used his ideas as the starting point for a systematic analysis of the problem. His intuition and my mathematics fitted together in the design of the safe reactor, just as Dick Feynman's intuition and my mathematics had fitted together in the understanding of the electron. I fought with Teller as I had fought with Feynman, demolishing his wilder schemes and squeezing his intuitions down into equations. Ted Taylor, Marshall Rosenbluth, and Andrew McReynolds also came up with vital contributions to the design. Out of our fierce disagreements the safe reactor gradually took shape. Of course, we were not alone on the project. The Safe Reactor group was a team of ten people. We physicists did most of the shouting, while the chemists and engineers in the group did most of the actual work.

Reactors are controlled by long metal rods containing substances, such as boron and cadmium, that absorb neutrons strongly. The rods slide in holes that extend right through the core of the reactor. When you want to make the reactor run faster, you pull the control rods a little way out of the core. When you want to shut the reactor down, you push the control rods all the way in. The first rule in operating a reactor is that you do not suddenly yank the control rods out of a shut-down reactor. The result of suddenly pulling out the control rods would in most cases be a catastrophic accident including as one of its minor consequences the death of the idiot who pulled them out. All large reactors are therefore built with

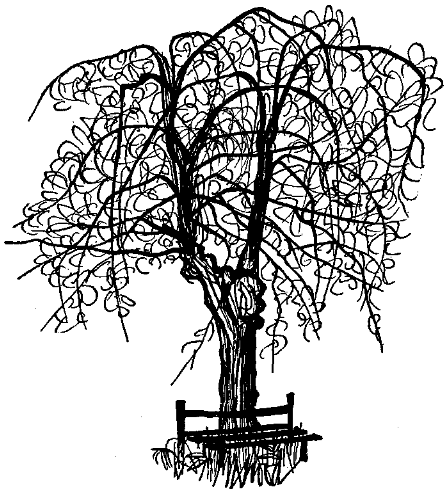


automatic control systems that make it impossible to pull the rods out suddenly. These reactors possess "engineered safety," which means that a catastrophic accident is theoretically possible but is prevented by the way the control system is designed. For Teller and the others in the Safe Reactor group, engineered safety was not good enough. We decided to design a reactor with "inherent safety"—meaning that its safety must be guaranteed by the laws of nature, and not merely by the details of its engineering. It must be safe even in the hands of an idiot clever enough to bypass the entire control system and blow out the control rods with dynamite. Stated more precisely, the ground rule for the safe reactor was that if when it was started from its shut-down condition all its control rods were instantaneously removed, it would settle down to a steady level of operation without melting any of its fuel.

One of the first steps toward the design of the inherently safe reactor was to introduce what is called the warm-neutron principle, which has it that warm neutrons are less easily captured than cold neutrons and so are less effective in causing uranium atoms to fission. The neutrons in a water-cooled reactor are slowed down by collisions with hydrogen atoms and end up with roughly the same temperature as the hydrogen in whatever place they happen to be. In an ordinary water-cooled reactor, after the postulated idiot has blown out the control rods the fuel rods will be growing rapidly hot but the water will still be cold, with the result that the neutrons will remain cold and their effectiveness in causing fission will be undiminished, and therefore the fuel rods will continue to grow hotter until they finally melt or vaporize. But suppose instead that the reactor is designed with only half of the hydrogen in the cooling water and the other half of the hydrogen mixed into the solid structure of the fuel rods. In this case, when the idiot yanks out the control rods the fuel will grow hot and, with it, the hydrogen in the fuel rods, while the hydrogen in the water remains cold. The result then will be that the neutrons inside the fuel rods are warmer than the neutrons in the water. The warm neutrons will cause less fission and escape more easily into the water to be cooled and captured, and the reactor will automatically stabilize itself within a few thousandths of a second—much faster than any mechanical safety switch could hope to operate. So the reactor carrying half of its hydrogen in its fuel rods is inherently safe.

There were many practical difficulties to be overcome before these ideas could be embodied in functioning hardware. The greatest contribution to the overcoming of the difficulties was made by Massoud Simnad, an Iranian metallurgist, who discovered how to make fuel rods containing high concentrations of hydrogen. He made the rods out of an alloy of uranium hydride with zirconium hydride. He found the right proportions of these ingredients to mix together and the right way to cook them. When the fuel rods emerged from Massoud's oven, they looked like black, hard, shiny metal, and were as tough and as corrosion-resistant as good stainless steel.

After we had come to understand the physics of the safe reactor and the chemistry of its fuel rods, many other questions still had to be answered. Who would want to buy such a reactor? What would they use it for? How powerful should it be? How much should it cost? Teller insisted at the beginning that it should not be just a toy for reactor experts to play with. It must be not only safe but also powerful enough to do something useful. What could it do? The most plausible use for a reactor of this kind would be to produce short-lived radioactive isotopes for medical research and diagnosis. When radioactive isotopes are used as biochemical tracers to study malfunctions in living people, it is highly advisable to use isotopes that decay within a few minutes or hours, so that they are gone as soon as the observation is over. The disadvantage of short-lived isotopes is that they cannot be shipped from one place to another. They must be made where they are used. So our safe reactor might come in handy for a big research hospital or medical center that wanted to produce its own isotopes. We calculated that for this purpose a power level of one megawatt would generally be adequate. The other uses that we envisaged for our reactor were training students in nuclear-engineering departments of universities and doing research in metallurgy and solid-state physics which required beams of neutrons to explore the structure of matter. If the reactor was used for neutron-beam research, a power of one megawatt would be rather low, so we also designed a version that could be run at ten megawatts. Freddy named the safe reactor the TRIGA, the letters standing for "Training, Research, and Isotopes, General Atomic."



In September, the summer's work in San Diego was coming to an end, and I took a bus ride to Tijuana, in Mexico, to buy presents for my family. As I was walking through Tijuana after dark, a small dog ran up to me from behind and bit me in the leg. Tijuana was so overrun with sickly and mangy dogs that there was no chance whatever of identifying and catching the animal that bit me. So I went to a clinic in La Jolla every day for fourteen days to take the Pasteur treatment against rabies. Before giving me the first of the injections, the doctor there impressed on me forcefully the fact that the treatment itself was risky, causing in one case out of six hundred an allergic encephalitis that was almost as often fatal as rabies. He told me to figure the odds carefully in coming to a decision about the treatment. Consequently, having decided to take the shots, I was under some emotional strain for the last two weeks of the summer. Edward Teller was extremely helpful. In his youth in Budapest, he had lost a foot in a streetcar accident, and he knew how to give effective moral support in a situation of this kind. In Berkeley, I had decided, in spite of his having testified against Oppenheimer in Washington, not to consider him an enemy. In San Diego, he became a lifelong friend.

After Teller and I and the rest of the summer visitors departed, the people who remained at General Atomic undertook the job of turning our preliminary sketches of the TRIGA into a working reactor. The real work started only when the project was taken over by the General Atomic staff. The final design had been worked out by Ted Taylor, Stanley Koutz, and Andy McReynolds, and it took the staff less than three years from the original proposal, in the summer of 1956, to get the first batch of TRIGAs manufactured, licensed, and sold. The basic price was a hundred and forty-four thousand dollars, not including the building that would house the reactor. The TRIGAs sold well and have continued to sell. The last time I checked the total, sixty had been sold. It is one of the very few reactors that have made

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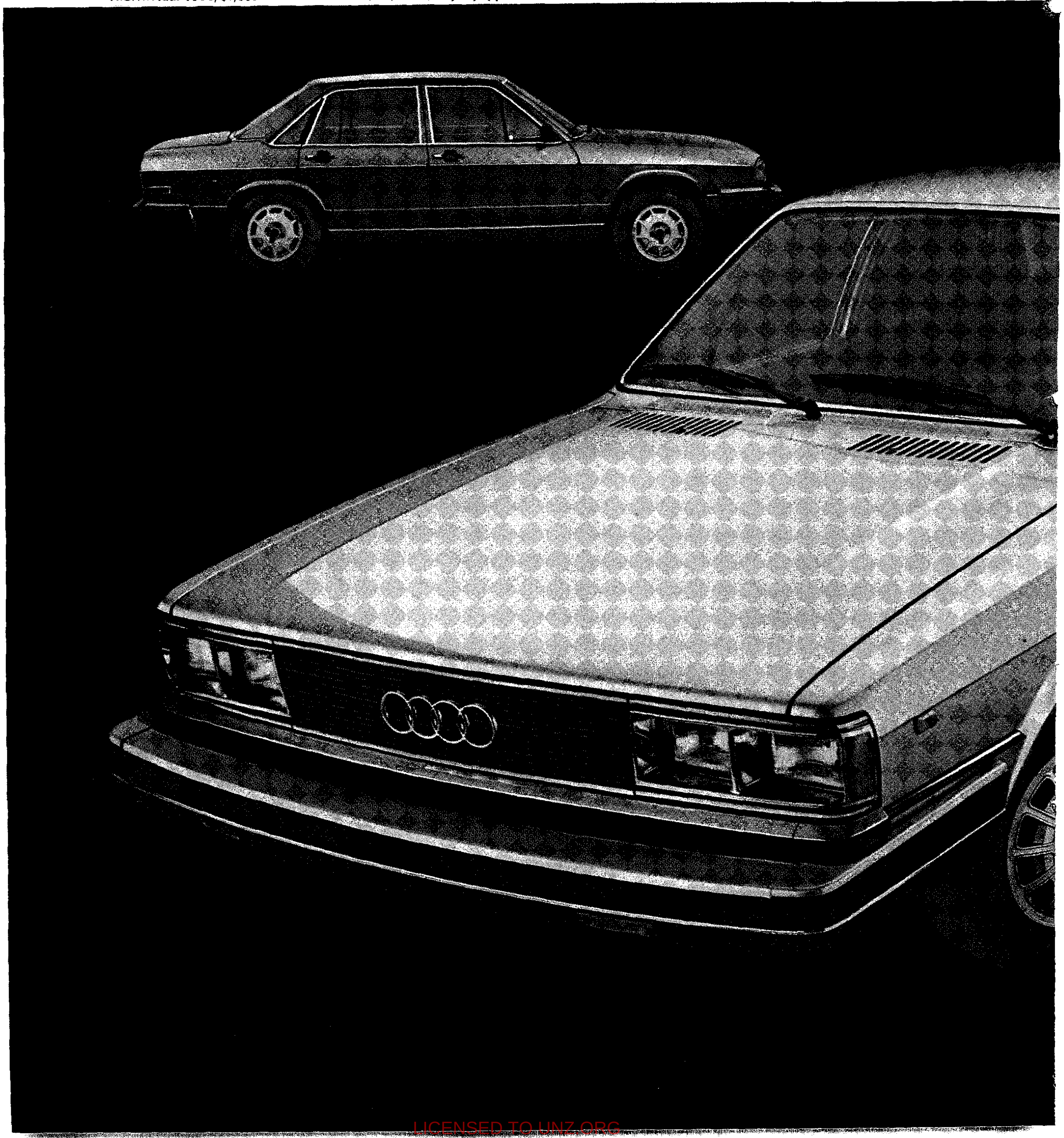

AVE SAID ABOUT THE AUDI 5000.
NG ABOUT THE AUDI 4000.

and dealer delivery charges additional. Metallic paint, additional.

For some months now, there have been reports from the Continent about an exciting new car—"the Audi 5000's scrappy kid brother"—designed by the same team of engineers that created the 5000.

In the February issue of Road & Track there appeared an advance road-test report on this new car, written by R & T's "Letter from Europe" columnist (whose credentials as a driver include the winning of the LeMans 24-hour classic some years ago).

Here is what this gentleman had to say about the new Audi 4000—or the Audi 80, as it is called in Europe—after "a quick run through Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France and over several passes in the Alps, as well as over some 250 miles of motorways where the Audi cruised at around 90-100 mph..."

* * *

"...a brilliant piece of engineering..."

* * *

"...when I tried the car on the 'colonial' tracks of a rival manufacturer's proving ground ... there wasn't the slightest squeak or rattle. The light weight is obtained by proper stressing of the various components of the shell and systematical weight saving where it can be done without harm to comfort, quality and strength. This is a game at which Ferdinand Piëch, who leads the Audi developmental team, was unbeatable when he designed racing cars from 1965 to 1972, and he certainly hasn't lost his touch."

* * *

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(—March "Letter from Europe" column, R & T.)

* * *

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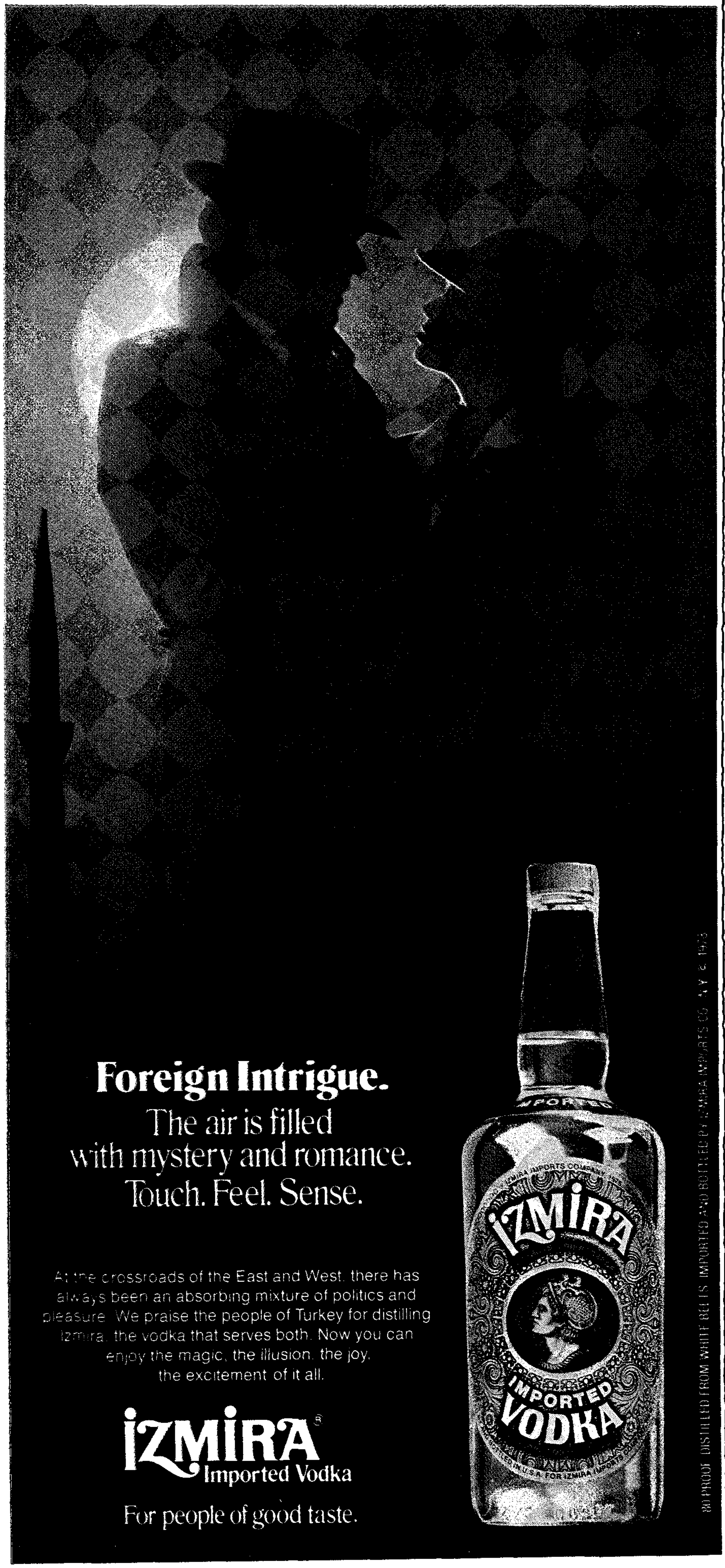
money for the companies that manufactured them.

In June, 1959, all the people who had worked in the schoolhouse to get General Atomic started were invited back to attend the official dedication ceremonies of the new site for General Atomic. The change in three years was startling. Instead of a rented schoolhouse, Freddy now had a magnificent complex of permanent buildings in a modernistic style on a mesa on the northern edge of San Diego. He had well-equipped laboratories and machine shops, with a staff already in the hundreds. In one of the buildings was the prototype TRIGA, fully licensed and ready to perform for prospective customers. Freddy had persuaded Niels Bohr himself—who, by common consent, was the greatest living physicist after the death of Einstein—to come from Copenhagen to preside over the dedication.

The climax of the dedication ceremony was a demonstration of the safety of the TRIGA. Freddy had attached to the speaker's platform a switch and a large illuminated dial. Niels Bohr, at the end of his speech, pressed the switch, and a muffled hiss was heard from the direction of the TRIGA building. The noise came from the sudden release of compressed air that was used to pull the control rods at high speed out of the TRIGA core. The pointer on the large dial, which was graduated to show the power output of the TRIGA in megawatts, swung over instantaneously to fifteen hundred megawatts and then quickly subsided to half a megawatt. The demonstration was over. It had been rehearsed many times, to make sure there would be no unpleasant surprises. The little reactor did in fact run at a rate of fifteen hundred megawatts for a few thousandths of a second before its warm neutrons brought it under control. After the ceremony, we went and saw it sitting quietly at the bottom of its pool of cooling water. Here it was. That was hard to believe. How could one believe that nature would pay attention to all the theoretical arguments and calculations we had fought over in the schoolhouse three years earlier? But here was the proof. Warm neutrons really worked.

In the evening, there was a picnic on the beach, with Freddy and Niels Bohr and various other dignitaries. After eating, Bohr became restless. It was his habit to walk and talk. All his life, he had been walking and talking—usually with a single listener, who could concentrate the necessary attention upon his sentences, which were con-



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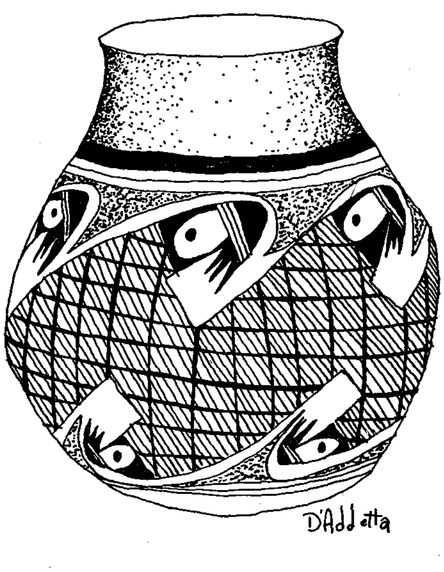
voluted, and his voice, which was indistinct. That evening, Bohr wanted to talk about the future of atomic energy. He signalled to me to come with him, and we walked together up and down the beach. I was delighted to be so honored. Bohr told me that we now had another great opportunity to gain the confidence of the Russians by talking with them openly about all aspects of nuclear energy. The first opportunity to do this had been missed in 1944, when Bohr spoke with both Churchill and Roosevelt and failed to persuade them that the only way to avoid a disastrous nuclear-arms race was to deal with the Russians openly before the war ended. Bohr talked on and on to me about his conversations with Churchill and Roosevelt—conversations of the highest historical importance, which were, alas, never recorded. I clutched eagerly at every word. But Bohr's voice was at the best of times barely audible. There on the beach, each time he came to a crucial point in his conversations with Churchill and Roosevelt his voice sank lower and lower, until it was utterly lost in the sound of the waves.

For Freddy, the TRIGA was only a beginning. He knew that General Atomic's survival would in the end depend on its ability to build and sell full-scale power reactors. Even in 1959, the laboratory's efforts were devoted mainly to the development of a power reactor. Freddy had decided to stake his future on a particular type of power reactor—the High Temperature Graphite Reactor, or H.T.G.R. All of us who were involved with General Atomic supported this decision. It was a big gamble, and it was ultimately a commercial failure. But I still think that Freddy's decision was right. If he had been as lucky with the H.T.G.R. as he was with the TRIGA, it would have paid off handsomely for General Atomic, and the whole nuclear industry of the United States would be in much better shape than it now is. It is impossible to make real progress in technology without gambling. And the trouble with gambling is that you do not always win.

The H.T.G.R. was competing directly with the light-water power reactor that has from the beginning monopolized the United States nuclear-power industry. Neither the H.T.G.R. nor the light-water reactor is inherently safe, in the sense that the TRIGA is safe. Both depend on engineered safety systems to push in the control rods and shut down the nuclear reaction in the event of any trouble. Both have enough residual radioactivity to vaporize the core and cause a major accident if the cooling of the core is not continued after shutdown. The main difference between the two types of reactor is that the H.T.G.R. has a much bigger core for the same output of heat. The H.T.G.R. core has such a vast capacity for soaking up heat that it will take many hours to reach the melting point after a shutdown even if there is a complete failure of emergency cooling systems. The core of a light-water power reactor will melt in a few minutes. The worst conceivable H.T.G.R. accident would be an exceedingly messy affair, but it would definitely be less violent and less unmanageable than a comparable accident in a light-water reactor. In this sense, the H.T.G.R. is a fundamentally safer system.

The H.T.G.R. is not only safer than a light-water reactor but also more efficient in its use of fuel. These are its two great advantages. It also has two great disadvantages, however. It is more expensive to build, and it uses a type of fuel that does not fit easily into the patterns of the light-water-reactor industry. Freddy gambled on the likelihood that superior safety and efficiency would in the long run cause the world to turn to the H.T.G.R. for electric power. He may well prove to have been right, but the long run may be too long for his company. In the short run, the disadvantages of the capital cost and the unfamiliarity of the fuel system stopped him from breaking into the market. He sold only two medium-sized H.T.G.R.s and never went into production with a full-scale model. Finally, in the late nineteen-seventies, the political uncertainties surrounding nuclear power made the outlook for the H.T.G.R. seem commercially hopeless. General Atomic cancelled its contracts with its few remaining H.T.G.R. customers and announced that it was withdrawing, for the time being, from the fission-power-reactor business. Several years earlier, Freddy had moved across the street from General Atomic to become president of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies. General Atomic still builds and sells TRIGAs, and it has one of the country's largest programs of research in controlled fusion. No longer is nuclear-fission power a promising new frontier for young scientists and forward-looking businessmen.



THE beginning of the space age can be dated quite precisely—to June 5, 1927, when nine young men meeting in a restaurant in the German town of Breslau (now the Polish town of Wroclaw) founded the Verein für Raumschiffahrt. The German name means Space-Travel Society and is generally abbreviated to V.F.R. The V.F.R. existed for a little over six years before difficulties associated with the rise of Hitler put an end to it, and in those six years it carried through the basic engineering development of liquid-fuelled rockets without any help from the German government. This was the first romantic age in the history of space flight. The V.F.R. was an organization without any organization. It depended entirely upon the initiative and devotion of its individual members. Wernher von Braun joined the society as an eighteen-year-old student in 1930 and played an active part in it until he was hired away by the Army in 1932. Strangely, the last, desperate years of the Weimar Republic produced both the splendid flowering of pure physics in Germany and the legendary achievements of the V.F.R., as if the young Germans of that time were driven to make their highest creative efforts by the economic and social disintegration that surrounded them. The V.F.R. was lucky enough to have among its founding members a historian who was also a first-rate engineer and something of a poet as well—Willy Ley. By his writings, Willy Ley saved the legends of the V.F.R. from oblivion, as Chaucer saved the tales of the pilgrims who rode to Canterbury.

Willy Ley was twenty when he helped to found the V.F.R., and twenty-seven when the V.F.R. died. In his book "Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel," he describes the drama of the first successful V.F.R. rocket flight: "Our rocket testing-ground had grown very beautiful with the coming of spring. The hilly part was covered with the young green of pine shoots and new birch leaves, the depressions between the hills were full of young willows. Crickets sang in the high grass and frogs croaked somewhere in the distance. . . . But the beast flew! Went up like an elevator, very slowly, to twenty meters. Then it fell down and broke a leg." That was May 10, 1931, on a swampy piece of land within the city limits of Berlin. In one year of frenzied work, the major difficulties had been overcome, and by late summer the V.F.R. rockets were flying reliably to heights of one or two kilometres.

Two years later, Hitler was in power. The era of poets and amateurs was over, and the era of the professionals had begun. A member of the V.F.R. who worked for the Siemens company in Berlin overheard one of the company managers telephoning a friend in the War Ministry and saying, "Now I've all the rocket people safely on ice around here and can watch what they are doing." The development of rocketry was taken over by the military, who set up their research-and-testing organization at a remote site called Peenemünde, on the Baltic Sea, with big money, big bureaucracy, and six thousand employees. Von Braun was installed there as technical director. The result of this great professional effort was what might have been expected—a technically brilliant device, the V-2 rocket, that made no economic or military sense. I became aware of the success of the Peenemünde project in the fall of 1944—after the V-1 bombardment of London had ended—when I heard the occasional bang of a V-2 warhead exploding. At night, when the city was quiet, you could hear after the bang the whining sound of the rocket's supersonic descent. At that time in London, those of us who were seriously engaged in the war were very grateful to Wernher von Braun. We knew that each V-2 cost approximately as much to produce as a high-performance fighter airplane. We knew that the German forces on the fighting fronts were in desperate need of airplanes, and that the V-2 rockets were doing us no military damage. From our point of view, when the Germans put so much emphasis on the V-2 program it was almost as if Hitler had adopted a policy of unilateral disarmament. Unilateral disarmament had certainly not been the intention of the military leaders who set up the Peenemünde organization. The V-2 program is an extreme example of the stupidities that often occur when bureaucracy takes control of scientific projects. Such stupidities are by no means an exclusively German phenomenon.

Barbara Shelley

My own involvement with the exploration of space began early in the year 1958. Freddy de Hoffmann came to see me in Princeton and told me the latest news of the operational trials of the prototype TRIGA. "By the way," he said, "Ted Taylor has a crazy idea for a nuclear spaceship, and he wants you to come out to San Diego and look at it." I went. This was the beginning of Project Orion.

After the summer in the schoolhouse, Ted Taylor had decided to move permanently from Los Alamos to General Atomic. He helped Freddy organize new laboratories, and he supervised the design of the prototype TRIGA. But his head was still full of the elegant little bombs he had been designing at Los Alamos. During idle moments, he began thinking again about something that Stanislaw Ulam had suggested at Los Alamos several years before. Could one not use these elegant little bombs to drive an elegant little spaceship around the solar system? Ted was two years younger than I, and was completely unknown to the public. He was neither a scientific genius, like Dick Feynman, nor a flamboyant personality, like Freddy de Hoffmann. He was quiet and unhurried. Since those days, he has become an important public figure, and John McPhee has written a book describing his life and achievements. I do not know how it happened that I saw the greatness in him from the beginning. Outwardly, he looked like an ordinary American Westerner, with a philosophical wife and five rowdy children. Inside, there was tremendous detachment, imagination, and stubbornness. Nobody but Ted could have led Project Orion and kept his undisciplined band of followers working on it with passionate prodigality through good times and bad for five years.

In the fall of 1957, the first Russian Sputnik went up. A few months later, Wernher von Braun, with the resources of the United States Army now at his disposal, launched his first satellite in reply. The battle of the giants had begun. Big, ponderous organizations were in command on both sides. People in our government were already speaking about a project to land men on the moon with huge conventional rockets—a project that would take more than ten years and twenty billion dollars to complete. Ted was intensely interested in going into space but was repelled by the billion-dollar style of the big government organizations. He wanted to recapture the style and spirit of the V.F.R. And for a short time he succeeded.

Ted started out with three basic beliefs. One was that the conventional von Braun approach to space travel, using chemical rockets, would soon run into a dead end, since manned flights going farther than the moon would become absurdly expensive. Another was that the key to interplanetary flight must be the use of nuclear fuel, which carries in each pound a million times as much energy as chemical fuel. And the third was that a small group of people with daring and imagination could design a nuclear spaceship that would be cheaper and enormously more efficient than the best chemical rocket. So Ted set to work in the spring of 1958 to create his own V.F.R. Freddy allowed him to use the facilities of General Atomic and gave him a small amount of company money to get started. I agreed to come and work on Orion full time for the academic year 1958-59. We intended to build a spaceship that would be simple, rugged, and capable of carrying large payloads cheaply all over the solar system. Our slogan for the project was "Saturn by 1970."

In 1958, we could already see that von Braun's moon ships—the ships that were to be used for the Apollo voyages to the moon some ten years later—would cost too much and do too little. In many ways, the Apollo ships were like the V-2 rockets: both were brainchildren of Wernher von Braun; both were magnificent technological achievements; both were far too expensive for the limited job they were designed to do. The Apollo ships were superbly successful in taking men on short trips to the moon, and they looked beautiful on television. But as soon as mankind became tired of this particular spectacle the Apollo ships became as obsolete as the V-2. There was nothing else that they could do. Ted and I felt from the beginning that space travel must become cheap before it could have a liberating influence upon human affairs. As long as it cost hundreds of millions of dollars to send three men to the moon, space travel would be a

NEWS of the WEEK in REVIEW
MONDAY:
Bought a hat.
TUESDAY:
Beat Harry at chess.
WEDNESDAY:
Nothing.
THURSDAY:
Ate lunch at Susan's.
FRIDAY:
Found a dollar on Bates Street.
SATURDAY:
Nothing.
SUNDAY:
Went to aquarium with Audrey.
R. Chast

luxury that only big governments could afford. And high costs made it almost impossible to innovate—to modify the propulsion system, or to adapt it to a variety of purposes. Project Orion proposed to lift large payloads from the ground into orbit around the earth at a cost of a few dollars a pound—about a hundredth as much as it cost for chemical rockets alone to do it. We were confident that once we had achieved cheap transportation into orbit, interplanetary missions would follow. We sketched a twelve-year flight program ending with large manned expeditions to Mars in 1965 and to the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn in 1970. The costs of our program added up to about a hundred million dollars a year. Of course, none of the professional accountants believed our cost estimates. Probably they were right. But I am not sure. For Ted and me, the words "Saturn by 1970" were not just an idle boast. We really believed we could achieve it if we were given the chance. We took turns looking at Jupiter and Saturn through a little telescope that Ted kept in his garden. In our imagination, we were zooming under the arch of Saturn's rings to make the last braking maneuver before landing on the satellite Enceladus. Enceladus was our favorite landing place, because it was one of the places in the solar system where ice was certain to be found in abundance. There we could replenish our supplies of water for the homeward voyage, and perhaps also do a little hydroponic farming and raise a crop of fresh vegetables.

In July, 1958, when Project Orion was formally established, I wrote a document called "A Space Traveler's Manifesto" to describe to the world what we were doing and why, and circulated it to my friends. This is what it said:

> The American government has announced that we are thinking about the design of a space-ship to be driven by atomic bombs.... It is my belief that this scheme [Project Orion] alone, of the many space-ship schemes that are under consideration, can lead to a ship adequate to the real magnitude of the task of exploring the Solar System. We are fortunate in that the government has advised us to go straight ahead for the long-range scientific objectives of interplanetary travel, and to disregard possible military uses of our propulsion system.... From my childhood it has been my conviction that men would reach the planets in my lifetime, and that I should help in the enterprise. If I try to rationalize this conviction, I suppose it rests on two beliefs, one scientific and one political:
>
> (1) There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our present-day science. And we shall only find out what they are if we go out and look for them.
>
> (2) It is in the long run essential to the growth of any new and high civilization that small groups of people can escape from their neighbors and from their governments, to go and live as they please in the wilderness. A truly isolated, small, and creative society will never again be possible on this planet.
>
> To these two articles of faith I have now to add a third:
>
> (3) We have for the first time imagined a way to use the huge stockpiles of our bombs for better purpose than for murdering people. Our purpose, and our belief, is that the bombs which killed and maimed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki shall one day open the skies to man.

Ted and I and a growing number of recruits worked together for about a year—from the summer of 1958 to the fall of 1959—as full of enthusiasm as the V.F.R. pioneers in their great year of 1931-32. We, too, were working in a hurry, knowing that we had little time before the fall of night. We knew that the government must soon decide whether to put its main effort into chemical or nuclear propulsion, and that if we were not ready with a workable design the choice would inevitably go against us. We worked simultaneously on four different levels: theoretical-physics calculations, experiments with high-velocity gas jets, the engineering design of full-scale ships, and the flight-testing of models. At the beginning, we had no specialists. Just as in the V.F.R., everybody did a little of everything. Later, we became slightly bureaucratic and divided ourselves into physicists and engineers. The most beautiful part of the project was the flight-testing. We built model ships that propelled themselves with chemical high-explosive charges rather than with nuclear bombs. One member of our team was Jerry Astl, a Czech refugee scientist who was an artist with high explosives. He knew how to build complicated high-explosive devices with elaborate fusing and timing systems, and they almost always worked.

We had our test site on Point Loma, a steep peninsula that sticks out into the Pacific Ocean west of the city of San Diego. The land belongs to the United States Navy and has been saved from the cancer of real-estate development which has spoiled the coast north and south of it. Our site had on

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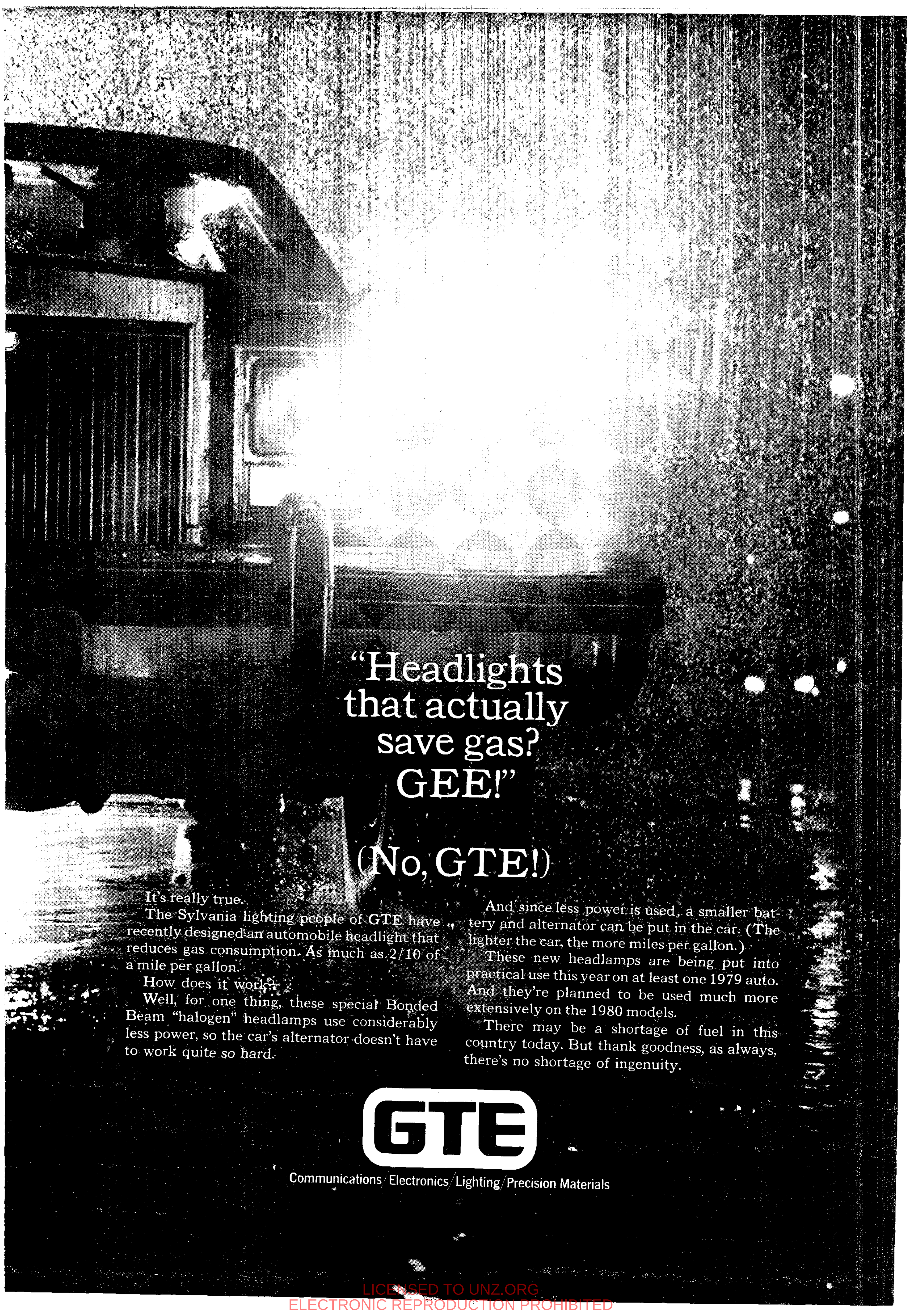

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How does it work?

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And since less power is used, a smaller battery and alternator can be put in the car. (The lighter the car, the more miles per gallon.)

These new headlamps are being put into practical use this year on at least one 1979 auto. And they're planned to be used much more extensively on the 1980 models.

There may be a shortage of fuel in this country today. But thank goodness, as always, there's no shortage of ingenuity.

GTE

Communications/Electronics/Lighting/Precision Materials it only a small rocket-test stand, long since abandoned by the Navy. There was no other sign of man's presence. All around us was the untouched hillside, covered with green shrubs and flowering cactus. Below was the Pacific, usually shrouded in sea mist when we came to set up our model in the morning but a clear and brilliant blue speckled with white sails by midday, when we were ready to launch.

I often wondered what the Saturday-afternoon sailors thought when they saw some weird-looking object rise briefly from the test stand and blow itself into a thousand pieces. To prove to myself that all these happy memories are not just dreams, I still keep in my desk drawer a bag of aluminum splinters that I collected after one of our flight tests. The last and most successful of our tests took place on November 12, 1959. This was a few weeks after I had left the project and returned to my respectable scientific work in Princeton. Dr. Brian Dunne, the man who did most of our gas-jet experiments and ran the flying-models program, reported the event to me by letter: "Wish you could have been with us to enjoy the Point Loma festivities last Saturday. The Hot Rod flew and flew and *flew!* We don't know how high yet. Ted, who was up on the side of the mountain, guessed about 100 meters by eyeball triangulation. Six charges went off with unprecedented roar and precision. . . . The chute popped exactly on the summit and it floated down unscathed right in front of the blockhouse. . . . We are planning a champagne party for Wednesday."

So ended the second romantic age of space travel. In the summer of 1959, the decision was made not to use nuclear propulsion for the civilian space program, and our project was turned over to the Air Force. Ted Taylor continued his work under these military auspices, as Wernher von Braun had done in 1933. The Air Force at once put a stop to our tests of flying models. The project was kept alive for six more years, during which a great deal of good technical work was done, but the spirit and shine had gone out of it. I was at General Atomic again on the day in the spring of 1965 when Project Orion officially ended. We drank no champagne. The Hot Rod slept in a warehouse near Pasadena for eighteen years and is now to be seen, looking not a day older than it did in 1959, at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington.

The United States Air Force did not make the mistake that Hitler made with the V-2 rocket. The Air Force tried for six years to convert an interplanetary propulsion system into a military weapon. In the end, it discovered, as we had known from the beginning, that no reasonable military application of the Orion system exists. Having reached this conclusion, instead of going into mass production, as Hitler did, it wisely brought the project to a halt. On the day the project ended, I wrote a nostalgic letter to Robert Oppenheimer: "You will perhaps recognize the mixture of technical wisdom and political innocence with which we came to San Diego in 1958 as similar to the Los Alamos of 1943. You had to learn political wisdom by success, and we by failure. Often I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that we escaped the responsibilities of succeeding."

The fifteen months that I spent working on Orion were the most exciting and in many ways the happiest time of my scientific life. I particularly enjoyed being immersed in the ethos of engineering, which is very different from the ethos of science. A good scientist is a person with original ideas. A good engineer is a person who makes a design that works, and prides himself on doing so with as few original ideas as possible. There are no prima donnas in engineering. In Project Orion, as in the Safe Reactor group in the little red schoolhouse, nobody was working for personal glory. It did not matter who invented what. The only thing that mattered was that the final product of our inventions should function reliably. It was a new experience for me to be caught up in a collective effort, working with a group of engineers. The whole professional life of engineers is based on teamwork rather than on personal competitiveness. As I went happily each day to the laboratory or to the test stand on Point Loma, I remembered my mother's story of Faust among the Dutch villagers digging at the dike.

What would have happened to us if the government had given full support to us in 1959, as it did to a similar bunch of amateurs at Los Alamos in 1943? Would we have achieved by now a cheap and rapid transportation system extending all over the solar system? Or are we lucky to have been left with our dreams intact? Sometimes I am asked by friends who shared the joys and sorrows of Orion whether I would revive the project if by some miracle the necessary funds were suddenly to become available. My answer is an emphatic no. The test-ban treaty of 1963, prohibiting nuclear explosions in the atmosphere and in space, made Orion flights illegal. Before one could revive Orion, one would have to abrogate or renegotiate the treaty. Even without the treaty, I would not now wish to fly about in a ship that would dump radioactive debris upon the heads of the passengers aboard our other spaceship, Earth. It was possible for us in 1958 to enjoy the thought of leaping

O.K., DUMBO! NOW PUSH THE BUTTON.

ONE OF THOSE SMART LITTLE CAMERAS

into the sky with a trail of nuclear fireballs glowing behind us, because at that time the United States and the Soviet Union were testing bombs in the atmosphere at a rate of many megatons per year. We calculated that even our most ambitious program of Orion flights would add only about one per cent to the contamination of the environment which the bomb tests were then causing. One per cent did not seem so bad. But when in 1959 I studied carefully the literature concerning the biological effects of radiation and arrived at an estimate that the fallout from each Orion takeoff would statistically cause between one-tenth and one human death by radiation-induced cancer, my enthusiasm for adding even one per cent to the current rate of fallout rapidly cooled. In the later years of the project, takeoff from the ground was no longer regarded as acceptable. The ship was redesigned so that it would be carried into orbit by one or two of von Braun's Saturn 5 rockets and would begin exploding bombs only when it was out of the earth's atmosphere. This made the ship much more expensive and did not really solve the fallout problem. By its very nature, the Orion ship was a filthy creature that would leave its radioactive mess behind it wherever it went. In the twenty years that have passed since Orion began, there has been a fundamental change in public standards concerning the pollution of the environment. Many things that were acceptable in 1958 are not acceptable today. My own standards have changed, too. History has passed Orion by. There will be no going back.

The history of the exploration of space since 1958 has been the history of the professionals, with their chemical rockets. The professionals have never been willing to give a fair chance to radically new ideas. Orion is dead, and I bear them no grudge for that. Orion was given a fair chance, and it failed. But there have been several other radical schemes, which came later—schemes better than Orion, schemes that could do everything Orion could do and more, schemes that would not spread radioactive debris around the solar system. Not one of these newer schemes has been given the chance that was given to Orion, to prove itself in fair competition with chemical rockets. Never since 1959 have the inventors of new kinds of spaceships been encouraged to try out their ideas with flying models, as we did at Point Loma. You will not find any of their models resting beside our Hot Rod in the National Air and Space Museum.

"What do you mean 'more'?"

• •

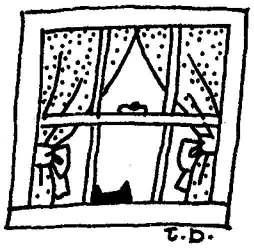
The most beautiful of the unorthodox methods of space travel is solar sailing. In principle, it is possible to sail around the solar system using no engine at all. All you need is a huge, gossamer-thin sail made of aluminum-coated plastic film. You can trim and tack wherever you want to go, balancing the pressure of sunlight on the sail against the force of the sun's gravity to steer a course, in the same way that the skipper of an earthly sailboat balances the pressure of the wind in his sails against the pressure of the water on his keel. The idea of solar sailing has a long history. It was first imagined more than fifty years ago by the Russian pioneer of space travel Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, and it has been reinvented many times. The latest and most elegant design for a solar sail is the Heliogyro, invented by Richard MacNeal. MacNeal's sail is a twelve-pointed star rotating like the rotor of an autogyro airplane. In 1976, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in California, made a serious attempt, in coöperation with MacNeal, to design an unmanned Heliogyro ship that could be launched and flown in time to make a rendezvous with Halley's Comet when the comet comes by the earth in March, 1986. Halley's Comet comes by only once every seventy-six years, approximately, and there is no possibility of achieving a rendezvous with chemical rockets, because the changes in velocity which the rockets would need to make in order to track the comet are far too great. This was a unique opportunity for the solar sail to prove itself. Both JPL and NASA space-program managers rejected the Halley's Comet rendezvous as too risky. They cannot afford to take chances. The political consequences of a failed mission might be disastrous to their whole program. Consequently, they can never afford to support serious exploration of a radically new and untried technology. Their verdict on the solar-sail proposal was rendered in the leaden prose of managerial bureaucracy:

> The principal limitation preventing the Sail from receiving a positive recommendation from JPL management was the high risk associated with asserting its near term readiness in the face of absolutely no proof-of-concept tests.

The people who run JPL are outstanding amongst space administrators for their daring and imagination. As individuals, they are willing enough to take chances; as government contractors, they follow the rules that the government imposes.

When will the third romantic age in the history of space flight begin? The third romantic age will see little model sailboats spreading their wings to the sun in space, as free and graceful as the little radio-controlled gliders that dance among the birds in the sea breeze over the cliffs near General Atomic every Sunday afternoon. It will see test stands as amateurish as those of Berlin and Point Loma, where a new generation of young people will try out a new generation of wild ideas.

There are three reasons, quite apart from scientific considerations, that mankind needs to travel in space. The first reason is the need for garbage disposal: we need to transfer industrial processes into space, so that the earth may remain a green and pleasant place for our grandchildren to live in. The second reason is the need to escape material impoverishment: the resources of this planet are finite, and we shall not forgo forever the abundant solar energy and minerals and living space that are spread out all around us. The third reason is our spiritual need for an open frontier: the ultimate purpose of space travel is to bring to humanity not only scientific discoveries and an occasional spectacular show on television but a real expansion of our spirit.



Yet space travel can benefit the mass of mankind only if it is cheap and generally available. We have a long way to go. Huge and politically oriented programs, like Apollo, are perhaps not even going in the right direction. I am happy to celebrate the courage of our astronauts—Gagarin and Armstrong and Aldrin and Collins, and those who came after them. But I believe that the road that will take mankind to the stars is a lonelier road—the road of Tsiolkovsky, of Orville and Wilbur Wright, of Robert Goddard and the men of the V.F.R., whose visions no governmental project could encompass. I am proud that I once briefly belonged to their company.

DURING the year that I worked on the Orion project, a great debate was raging over the question of bomb testing. Should we or should we not try to negotiate with the Soviet Union an agreement to stop nuclear testing completely? My old friend Hans Bethe was pushing hard, in public and within the government, for a comprehensive test ban. My new friend Edward Teller was pushing hard against a ban. My affection and respect for Bethe never wavered, but in this debate I was heart and soul on Teller's side. Orion could not survive without bomb tests: in the short run, we needed at least one test to convince the skeptics that our ship could take the blast from a nuclear explosion a hundred feet away and remain intact; in the long run, we needed many more tests to develop fission-free bombs, so that the radioactive fallout from our voyages would be reduced almost to zero. I knew that my own objectives in working for Orion were peaceful and pure, and I did not see any justice in labelling Teller a warmonger merely because of his passionate desire to explore to the end the thermonuclear technology that he had pioneered. Teller and I fought together with a clear conscience against the test ban. I was sorry to see the good Hans Bethe fighting on the wrong side. I worried over the possibility that the security people would punish him for his error of judgment in this matter, as they had punished Oppenheimer five years earlier.

In the summer of 1959, when my time with Orion was coming to an end, I tried to do what I could to improve the project's chances of survival. I made a pilgrimage with Ted Taylor to Jackass Flats, the desert area, in Nevada, where we hoped to carry out our first crucial demonstration of feasibility with a real bomb. I went for two weeks to Teller's weapons laboratory at Livermore, California, and worked there with the team that was trying to design fission-free weapons. And I wrote an article for publication in the respected political journal *Foreign Affairs* arguing against the test ban with all the eloquence I could muster.

Only once in my life have I experienced absolute silence. That was Jackass Flats under the midday sun. Long ago, I read in Herbert Ponting's "The Great White South" of the silence of a windless day in Antarctica. Jackass Flats was as silent as Antarctica. Absolute silence is soul-shattering. You hold your breath and hear absolutely nothing. No rustling of leaves in the wind, no rumbling of distant traffic, no chatter of birds or insects or children. You are alone with God in that silence. There in the desert, in the white, flat silence, I began for the first time to feel a slight sense of shame about what we were proposing to do. Did we really intend to invade this silence with our trucks and bulldozers, and, after a few years, leave it a radioactive junk yard? The first shadow of a doubt about the rightness of Orion came into my mind with that silence.

Nevertheless, I went a few weeks later to Livermore with ambitious plans for exploring the possibilities of fission-free bombs. For two weeks, I worked hard trying to design a bomb that would reduce the fallout from Orion by a factor of ten. This was the one time in my life that I worked directly as a bomb designer. I was there only because I wanted to explore the universe, and there was no thought of murder in my heart. But I learned at Livermore that it is not possible to make a sharp separation between peaceful and warlike bombs, or between peaceful and warlike motives. Motives in each of us tend to get mixed. The men with whom I worked at Livermore were inventing devices that later came to be known as neutron bombs. I helped them and they helped me. In two weeks, I made friends with them and became to some extent one of their team. To that extent, I share the responsibility for the existence of neutron bombs. After this experience, I could never again honestly say that the bombs we wanted to use for Orion had nothing to do with bombs that are designed for killing people.

The *Foreign Affairs* article was called "The Future Development of Nuclear Weapons" and was accepted enthusiastically by the editors. It appeared in April, 1960. The main thesis of the article is that a permanent test ban would be a dangerous illusion, because future improvements in weapons technology would create irresistible pressures toward secret or open violation of any such ban. In other words, fission-free bombs are the wave of the future, and any political arrangement that ignores or denies their birthright is doomed to failure. Here is a fair sample of the rhetoric to which the editors of *Foreign Affairs* gave their approval: "Imagine a hypothetical situation in which the United States is armed with its existing weapons, while some adversary (not necessarily the Soviet Union) has a comparable supply of nuclear fuel and has learned how to ignite it fission-free. The adversary's bombs would then outnumber ours ten or a hundred to one, and theirs could be used with far greater versatility in infantry warfare. . . . Any country which renounces for itself the development of nuclear weapons, without certain knowledge that its adversaries have done the same, is likely to find itself in the position of the Polish army in 1939, fighting tanks with horses."

I cannot excuse this effusion on the ground that it was written as a last, desperate attempt to save Orion from extinction. Obviously, there was more to it than that. It was written, insofar as I can be aware of my own motives, as an act of personal loyalty to Edward Teller and to his colleagues with whom I worked at Livermore. I was deeply impressed by the fragility of the efforts at Livermore to design radically cleaner explosives. Inside Livermore's barbed-wire fence, all the serious thinking was being done by five or six gifted young people, who worked under depressing conditions of physical and mental isolation. They might at any moment decide to quit. Outside the fence, the whole society was indifferent or actively hostile to their efforts. My article was in some sense an act of psychological atonement to Edward Teller for the fact that I was leaving him and going back to Oppenheimer at Princeton. I wanted to show my friends at Livermore that there was at least one person outside the fence who cared.

In retrospect, it is easy to see that my argument was wrong on at least four counts: wrong technically, wrong militarily, wrong politically, and wrong morally. Technically, I misjudged the time scale for the development of fission-free weapons. I expected that they would be generally available within ten years. Nearly twice ten years has passed by without any sign of them. Militarily, I was wrong in thinking of "tactical nuclear war" as a feasible way to employ military forces. Since 1960, I have taken part in some detailed studies of tactical nuclear war, and I have seen the results of some war games played by professionals. The evidence convinces me that a tactical nuclear war conducted between any two nuclear powers would quickly degenerate into an uncontrollable chaos that could be ended only by an immediate ceasefire (if the world was lucky) or by an escalation to strategic strikes (if the world was unlucky). In either case, the outcome of the war would hardly be affected by the presence of fission-free weapons on one or both sides of the initial conflict. Politically, I was wrong in saying that a test ban would surely be ineffective as a means of stopping the development of fission-free weapons. A total test ban would at least stop our side from developing these weapons. And if it was known that we had stopped work on them and did not consider them to be militarily important, the incentive for the other side to put serious effort into developing them would be greatly reduced. On the other hand, the one way to make certain that our adversaries would soon possess these weapons would be for us to develop and deploy them. Morally, I was wrong in accepting unquestioned the morality of supplying our own soldiers with new weapons. Vietnam has taught us that our weapons are not always

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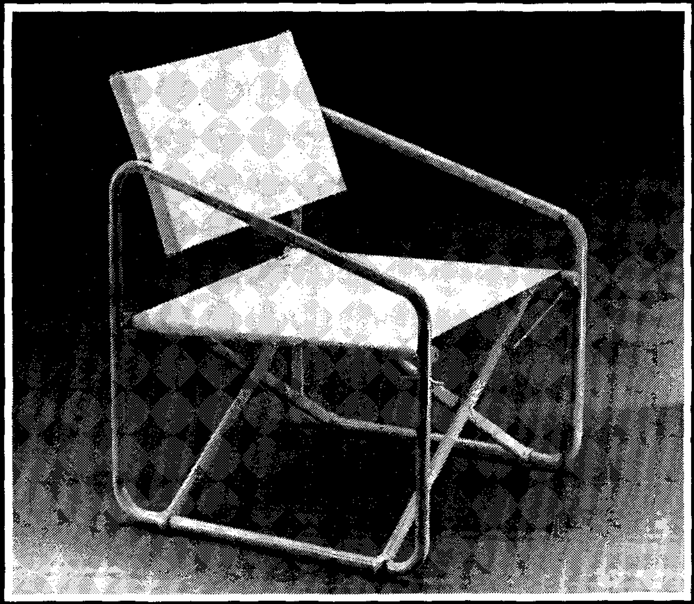

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wisely used. In spite of all our mistakes in Vietnam, we avoided the supreme mistake of using nuclear weapons there. If our soldiers in Vietnam had been supplied with small, fission-free nuclear weapons, the pressure to allow the use of these weapons at moments of crisis would have been hard to resist. The consequence might easily have been a tragedy in Vietnam far greater even than the tragedy we have witnessed.

It now seems obvious that the *Foreign Affairs* article was a desperate attempt to salvage an untenable position with spurious emotional claptrap. Yet the surprising fact is that before I submitted it to *Foreign Affairs* I showed it to two of the wisest men I knew, Robert Oppenheimer and George Kennan, and asked for their comments (George Kennan, after a distinguished career as a diplomat, had become a historian and a colleague of mine at the Institute for Advanced Study), and both Oppenheimer and Kennan encouraged me to publish it. Perhaps, after all, even the best of us are a little wiser now than we were in 1960. Oppenheimer changed his mind about the article rather soon after it appeared in print. He wrote to me cryptically, as usual, quoting a Hungarian proverb: "It is not enough to be impolite; one must also be wrong."

BY that time, I was an American citizen. As a newborn American, I was quick to exercise the privileges of citizenship, and became active in the Federation of American Scientists, a political organization that lobbies in Washington for various good causes. The Federation had a Washington office run by Daniel Singer, a lawyer retained by the Federation with the title of general counsel. Singer was doing part time the job that is now being done full time by Jeremy Stone. In 1960, I was elected to the council of the Federation, and received from Singer an education in the fine points of congressional politics. Singer welcomed the fact that my *Foreign Affairs* article had given me a reputation as a military hard-liner. The Federation's main problem, he said, was that its spokesmen were usually such notorious liberals that their opinions were discounted in advance.

In 1961, the Federation was trying to help push through Congress the bill establishing a new agency of the United States government, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. John F. Kennedy had intended to set up ACDA as soon as he became President, believing that this would help him to conduct arms-control and disarmament negotiations in a more professional, less haphazard style than the government had usually followed in the past. But he had difficulty getting ACDA approved by Congress. The day before Congress was due to adjourn for the September recess, the ACDA bill had still not passed the Senate, and it seemed likely that it would not even come up for a vote. In desperation, Singer looked through the list of Federation members for a name that the conservative wing of the Senate might listen to. He found the name of Herman Kahn, whose book "On Thermonuclear War" had recently appeared and had made his reputation as a military hard-liner even more secure than mine. Singer telephoned Kahn and asked him if he would come to Washington immediately to save the ACDA bill. Kahn, being himself a professional arms controller, thought that ACDA was needed. At the last moment, Singer arranged an open breakfast that Kahn and a number of senators attended. Kahn argued for ACDA in language that the most conservative senators could understand. The bill passed, and the senators ran for their planes.

ACDA was hastily organized at the beginning of 1962. The head of its Science and Technology Bureau was Frank Long, a chemist who had been recruited from Cornell University. Long had somehow to collect within a few months a staff of competent scientists. He decided that it would be a good idea to offer some temporary summer appointments in his bureau. The people who came for the summer would do no great harm if they were incompetent, and might be persuaded to stay if they were competent. Dan Singer asked me if I would like to apply for one of these summer jobs. I had an interview with Long and was accepted. So in June I went to work at ACDA. I worked there for two summers, 1962 and 1963. After 1963, the Agency had an adequate permanent staff, and migrant workers were no longer needed.

ACDA in 1962 and 1963 was a delightful place to work. It was an independent government agency and consisted altogether of only about fifty people. In the Science and Technology Bureau, there were only ten of us. We had not yet had time to become bureaucratic. We sat in big, old-fashioned offices on the ground floor of the State Department Building. The main business of ACDA in the summer of 1962 was to prepare positions for two sets of negotiations—the test-ban negotiations

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with the Soviet Union, and the disarmament negotiations at the Eighteen-Nation Disarmament Conference, organized by the United Nations. The old hands all knew that the test-ban negotiations were real, while the disarmament negotiations were nothing but an exercise in propaganda. Most of the young recruits wanted to be involved with the immediate problems of the test ban. Frank Long knew that I was unenthusiastic about the test ban, so he suggested that I spend my two months studying longer-range problems of disarmament. He wanted me to see whether there might not, after all, be some opportunities for the American delegation to push the Eighteen-Nation Conference into doing something useful. The main trouble with the Eighteen-Nation Conference was that the Soviet delegation talked about "general and complete disarmament," while the Western delegations talked about specific and limited reductions of forces. In order to seem responsive to the Soviet proposals, the United States had offered a plan of its own for general and complete disarmament, by stages. In our plan, Stage One, which provided for a substantial degree of disarmament together with a substantial degree of openness to inspection, had to be satisfactorily completed before we would be committed to Stage Two. Everybody knew that Stages Two and Three were pure moonshine. It would be a major miracle if we ever got to the end of Stage One.

The one person at ACDA who took general and complete disarmament seriously was Louis Sohn, a Harvard lawyer who specialized in international law. I spoke frequently with Sohn and learned a great deal. He was promoting a scheme called zonal disarmament, which he offered as a fair compromise between the Soviet position and the Western one. The rules of zonal disarmament were as follows. Each country should divide its own territory into a certain number of zones. At the beginning of each year, one zone in each country should be opened to a force of international inspectors, who would supervise the dismantling and destruction of all weapons found in the zone. The choice of the zone to be opened should be made either by an adversary country or through a random process. Thus, it would be to the advantage of each country to distribute its weapons evenly among its zones. There were, in addition, various special rules and exemptions to deal with capital cities and unique military facilities. This

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was the so-called Sohn plan, which was in those days popular in liberal intellectual circles.

One of the first things I did at ACDA was to work out a variant of the Sohn plan, which I called progressive geographical disarmament. It seemed to me that Sohn's idea of turning disarmament into a two-person game was too logical—better suited to academic game-theorists than to real-world politicians. So I simplified Sohn's plan by removing the game-theory features. A progressive-geographical-disarmament treaty would require each country to divide its territory into zones of equal area. At the beginning of each year, one zone in each country would be opened to inspection and demilitarization, but the choice of the zone would be made by the owner of the territory. In this way, I hoped to make the international inspection less intrusive, and less objectionable to Soviet sensibilities. There would be plenty of time for each country to remove militarily sensitive or politically embarrassing material from a zone before the inspectors came to look at it. Dirty linen could be privately washed and bloodstains on the wall painted over. I discussed the details of my plan with Sohn and wrote it down in an official ACDA memorandum. Proudly, I offered it to Frank Long as my solution of the disarmament problem. It disappeared into the ACDA files and was never seen again.

In 1961 and 1962, the United States and the Soviet Union exploded more bombs than ever before. Many of them were megaton bombs, and the fallout radioactivity was rising alarmingly all over the Northern Hemisphere. One quiet evening in 1962, in my office at ACDA, I collected information about the tests and drew a simple diagram on graph paper to show what was happening. From left to right, I plotted the years from 1945 to 1962. Above each year, I plotted vertically the cumulative number of the bombs exploded from 1945 to that year. As soon as the diagram was finished, the situation became clear. The curve of cumulative bomb totals was an almost exact exponential, all the way from 1945 to 1962, with a doubling time of three years. A simple explanation suggested itself for this doubling every three years. It takes roughly three years to plan and carry out a bomb test. Suppose that every completed bomb test raises two new questions, which have to be answered by two new bomb tests three years later, and the exponential curve is explained. Having discovered this profound truth about bomb tests, I was ready to draw the consequences: some questions have to remain unanswered; at some point, we have to stop. That evening, I accepted for the first time the inevitability of a test ban.

On the Fourth of July, I went with my wife and our two youngest children to watch the fireworks on the Ellipse, behind the White House. A big crowd was there, predominantly black, sitting on the grass and waiting for the show. We sat down among them. Our children were soon running around with the others. Then came the fireworks. After the official fireworks were over, the crowd was allowed to let off unofficial fireworks. Everybody seemed to have brought something. The black children all had little rockets or pinwheels or sparklers and were shouting with joy as they blazed away. Only our children sat quiet and sad—we had not brought anything for them. But suddenly one of the black children came up to us and gave our children a fistful of sparklers, so they could join in the fun. That moment, rather than the ceremony in Trenton, was the true beginning of my citizenship. It was then that I knew for sure we were at home in America.

At ACDA, I spent the second half of that summer of 1962 making an intensive study of Soviet policies and attitudes. Frank Long thought that a few weeks of immersion in Soviet documents would give me a more realistic view of the problems of disarmament. I found in ACDA an excellent collection of source material—Russian newspapers and military and political publications. Also, Raymond Garthoff, an expert Sovietologist, was there, and helped me find my way among the files. I wanted to get inside the skin of the Soviet leaders and see the world as they saw it; afterward, I could perhaps provide ACDA with some useful guidance for dealing with them.

Above all else, I read every utterance of Nikita Khrushchev's that I could lay my hands on. Khrushchev I found invaluable. Unlike other official Russians, he spoke from the heart. No hack speechwriter would have dared to write for him the things he said. Often inconsistent, often bombastic, surprisingly often human and personal. I had a strong sense that this was a unique

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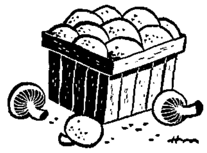
moment in history, when a man so open and so whimsical was in power in Russia. If we did not start quickly to negotiate with him about basic issues in a language he could understand, the opportunity might be gone forever.

My study of the Soviet literature convinced me that the Russians were totally serious about maintaining the superiority in conventional forces—infantry, tanks, and guns—which had brought them victory in the Second World War. They were serious about civil defense, which was organized as a major activity of the citizens' sports-and-training movement DOSAAF and was important for maintaining a feeling of solidarity between the civilian population and the armed forces. They were not, in the same sense, serious about the advanced technological weapons that dominated American thinking. Khrushchev poured immense quantities of money into the development of an anti-ballistic-missile defense system with huge radars and long-range interceptor rockets, but he did not really care whether the thing would work. The idea of cost-effectiveness, so important to our thinking, was absent from his view of the world. Our experts and politicians worried about Soviet secret weapons, arguing that if the Soviet A.B.M. system were really as ineffective as it looked, Khrushchev would not be building it. I knew better. Khrushchev once said that he had wanted to make public a film of a test of his A.B.M. system, but his advisers had persuaded him not to do it. Khrushchev was evidently thinking of the weapon as a political showpiece, while the advisers were more concerned with its deficiencies as a military system.



Khrushchev's A.B.M. system was only the latest example of a long Soviet tradition of defense-by-bluff—the exploitation of advanced weapons of dubious military value for political and psychological purposes. There were public displays of massed parachute landings in the nineteen-thirties, and public displays of advanced jet bombers in the nineteen-fifties. The prompt modification of the first Soviet intercontinental rocket into a booster for Sputnik was in the same tradition. In each case, the Soviet Union took the opportunity provided by a new weapon to make an impressive show of strength. The weapons displayed were in fact prototypes, but the public was given the impression that they were in mass production. The Soviet leaders were able, without actually lying, to exaggerate their strength and distract attention from their weaknesses. The existence of rigid internal secrecy in the Soviet Union made such tactics possible and effective.

In the fall of 1962, between my two summers at ACDA, Khrushchev astonished the world by trying to place nuclear missiles in Cuba. According to my view of Khrushchev's character, this venture was another example of his not taking advanced weapons seriously. He probably thought of the missiles in purely political terms, as an impressive show of strength with which he could give political support to his Cuban ally. He did not realize that Kennedy would think of the missile deployment as a military move, open to military countermeasures, and would use military means to frustrate it. When the missile crisis was over, all right-thinking Americans believed that Kennedy's handling of it had been masterly and heroic. Even if I had known in the summer of 1962 what was to happen in October, I could never have hoped to persuade the senior officials in ACDA to accept my opinion that the missiles in Cuba were only a typical Soviet defense-by-bluff, which Kennedy was under no compulsion to demolish.

At the end of that summer, I wrote a memorandum summarizing what I had learned about the Soviet A.B.M. system and recommending a sharp change in the official American response to it. In the past, I said, Americans had reacted very stupidly to Soviet attempts at defense-by-bluff. We had failed to understand that it was to our advantage to be facing a defense-by-bluff rather than a militarily real defense, even when the quality of our intelligence was not good enough to tell the difference. For example, in 1960 we enjoyed a superiority in offensive missiles, while the Soviet Union concealed its weakness by maintaining a missile bluff. We then demolished the Soviet missile bluff as conspicuously as possible with public statements of the results of our satellite surveillance and our U-2 photography, and so compelled the Soviet Union to replace its fictitious missile force with a real one. It would have been much wiser for us to leave the Soviet bluff intact. For the future, I argued, the United States should strive by every means in its power to sustain and buttress the Soviet A.B.M. bluff. We should try to discourage the American Secretary of Defense from making loud public statements of the Soviet system's inef-

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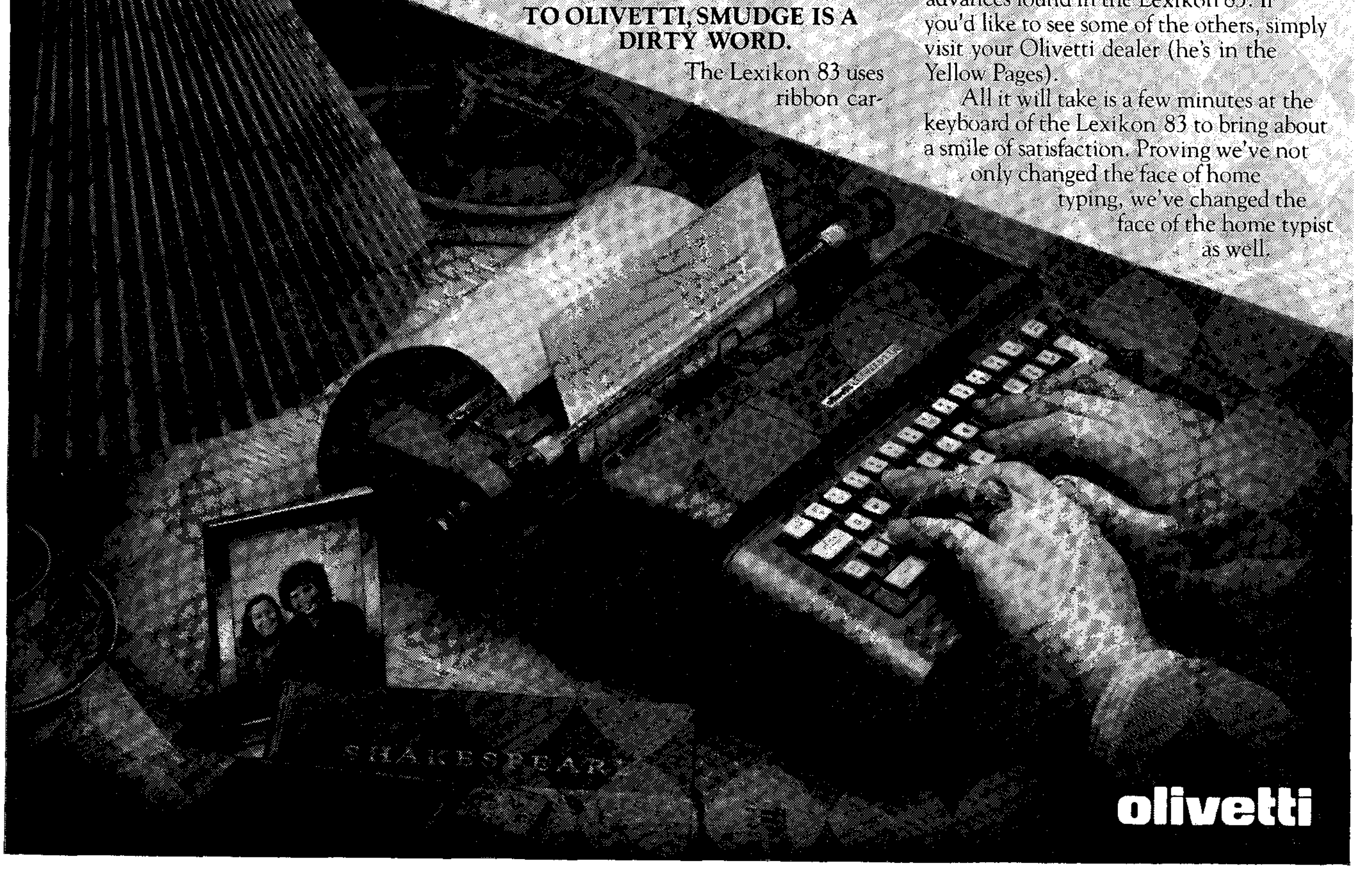

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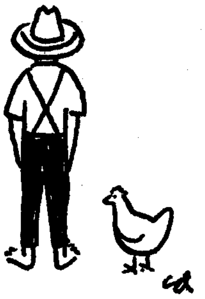
fectiveness. We should not contest Khrushchev's claims of technological superiority in this area. In our negotiations with the Soviet Union, we should seek limitations only on offensive weapons that would be threatening to us, and should avoid prohibiting deployment of A.B.M. systems. If, following our past pattern of behavior, we were to talk the Soviet leaders into abandoning their A.B.M. system, we would be compelling them to transfer vast technological resources from a harmless defense-by-bluff into far more dangerous, because militarily effective, weapons systems.

I handed my second memorandum, with the title "U.S. Reaction to Soviet Ballistic Missile Defense," to Frank Long. This time, I had made an accurate assessment of Soviet actions and motives. But I had completely ignored the half of the world with which Long was mainly concerned. I had forgotten American domestic politics. How could I ask Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara to stand before Congress and praise the Soviet A.B.M. system when his listeners would immediately seize upon his words as a confession of the criminal negligence of the Kennedy Administration in letting the Russians get ahead of us? My second memorandum, like my first, disappeared into the ACDA files.

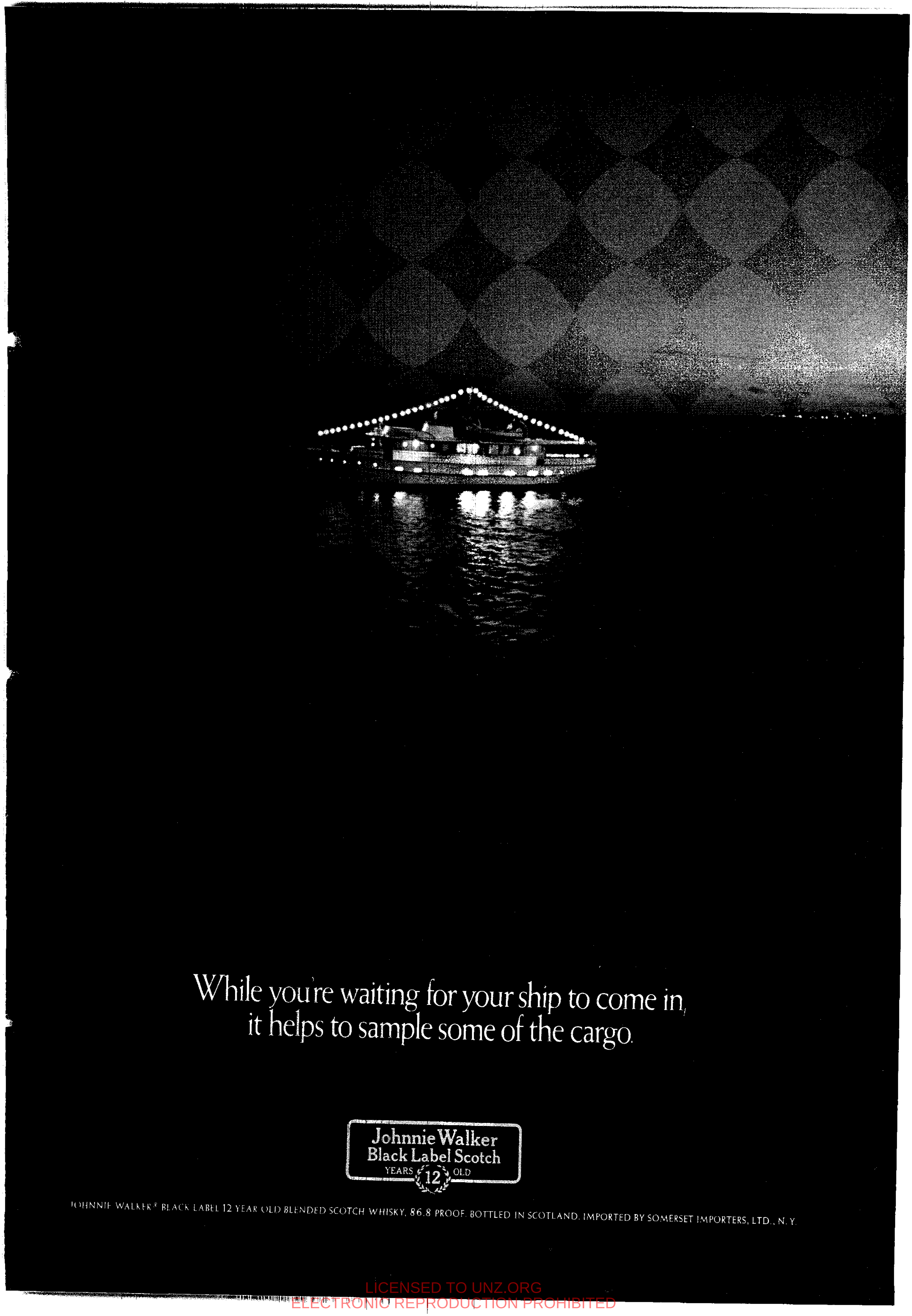
When I came back to ACDA for the summer of 1963, after a year in Princeton, I found the atmosphere completely changed. The final stages of the test-ban negotiations were about to begin in Moscow. ACDA was going into action, and all hands were needed to fight the impending battle. I gladly put aside the long-range analysis of Soviet strategic doctrines and joined the test-ban team. Frank Long and some of the other senior ACDA people went to Moscow to help Averell Harriman negotiate the treaty. Those who stayed behind at ACDA had the job of preparing positions for the second stage of the battle—the fight for ratification of the treaty by the United States Senate.



I had my little moment of glory shortly before the treaty was signed. One of the stickiest points in the negotiations was whether or not to include peaceful nuclear explosions in the prohibition of tests in the atmosphere. The American negotiating position was that peaceful explosions should be allowed. The Russians said no, and refused to budge. The American position was designed to win votes for ratification from senators who strongly supported Project Plowshare, a Livermore program whose aim was to dig canals and harbors with nuclear explosives. The Russians claimed that Plowshare was only a subterfuge for continuing weapons tests under another name. The negotiations were deadlocked for several days. Harriman cabled back to Kennedy in Washington, "I think we shall have a treaty if I give way on this one." Kennedy, so I was told, picked up the phone and asked William Foster, the director of ACDA, what he thought about it. Foster said he would like to talk it over with his experts. Foster called the ACDA Science and Technology Bureau and spoke with Al Wadman, a member of the bureau staff. It was late in the afternoon, and almost everyone had gone home. Wadman and I were the only people left in the office. Wadman came over to me and asked me if I thought we should stand firm on peaceful explosions. I was the only person in ACDA who had been at Livermore and knew something at first hand about Plowshare. At that moment, I was thinking not so much about Plowshare as about Orion. I said to Wadman, "Of course we should give way." Wadman called back Foster, and Foster called back Kennedy, and the cable went back to Harriman, and the treaty was signed.

This story gives a misleading impression of what happened, even if it happens to be true. No doubt Kennedy called others besides Foster, and Foster called others besides Wadman. I am sure that if I had given Wadman a different answer the treaty would still have been signed. The treaty had lain for a long time in the womb of history and had come to the day of its birth. We were only the midwives. Two days later, I met Ted Taylor in Washington and told him I had signed Orion's death warrant. Ted took the news calmly. He, too, had known for some time that his five-year struggle to keep Orion alive was coming to its inevitable end.

My next service to ACDA was to pay a visit to the director of Project Plowshare, at the headquarters of the Atomic Energy Commission. I went with Wadman to extract from the director a written statement saying whether or not his project could continue within the terms of the treaty as it was signed. The director was faced with a dismal choice. If he said yes, he was helping to ratify the treaty. If he said no, and the treaty was ratified



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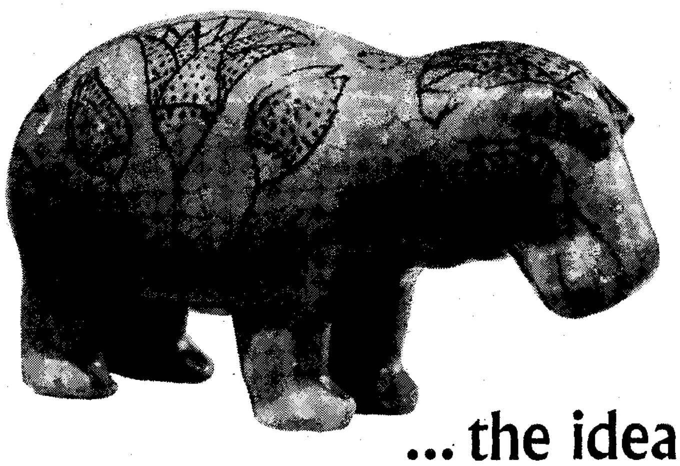
in spite of him, his program would probably be closed down. Bureaucratic politics is a dirty game, even when the good guys are winning. We had him neatly skewered, and he knew it. He said yes, and we took his statement back in triumph to ACDA.

At the end of August, the treaty-ratification hearings began before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with Senator J. William Fulbright as chairman. Edward Teller testified eloquently against the treaty. I was invited to testify in favor of the treaty, speaking not as an ACDA employee but as a private citizen representing the Federation of American Scientists. Daniel Singer was on friendly terms with the Fulbright committee's staff and arranged the invitation. He thought that I, a defector from the enemy camp, would be more effective as a witness than one of the Federation stalwarts who had been fighting for the test ban from the beginning.

I had the good luck to speak immediately after George Meany, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The senators appeared in force to listen to Meany, and most of them stayed to listen to me. Meany was speaking for almost fifteen million voters, I for two thousand. Meany gave a stirring performance. He fulminated for fifteen minutes against the Russians, describing the contempt and distrust with which the honest laborers of America regarded the deceitful Communist negotiators. Then, right at the end of his speech, he came on with his punch line. But, he said, the honest laborers of America also have to think of their wives and children. They have to protect their wives and children from the poison that falls from the sky as a result of bomb tests. So, for the sake of their wives and children, and in spite of their distrust and contempt for the Communists, the honest laborers of America support the treaty.

That was a hard act to follow, but I made my little speech, and the senators listened attentively. I explained briefly what I had learned at ACDA, and through contacts with Russian scientists, about the nature of Soviet society, and I described the disastrous effect that a failure to ratify the treaty would have on the people within the Soviet establishment who believed in peaceful coexistence. When I had finished, Senator Fulbright asked me one question, knowing well what my answer would be. What, precisely, did Khrushchev mean when he said "We shall bury you"? I replied that in Russian this phrase is commonly used with the meaning "We shall be here to cele-



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brate your funeral." It means simply "We shall outlive you," and does not imply any murderous intentions.

The day after my Senate testimony, I took another half day off from my job at ACDA and strolled down from the State Department Building onto Constitution Avenue, a few blocks away. There another kind of history was being made. Black people from all over the United States were marching. A quarter of a million people were marching. It was quiet. No music and no stamping of feet. I walked to the end of the avenue where the marchers were assembling, and marched with them to the Lincoln Memorial. Each group of people carried banners saying where they came from. Occasionally, there would be cheering and shouting from the crowd when a group came by from one of the really tough places: Birmingham, Alabama, or Albany, Georgia, or Jackson, Mississippi—the battlegrounds of the early Freedom Riders. The people from the Deep South were very young—hardly more than children. The Northerners were older, many of them husbands and wives marching together, or union members brought to Washington by their unions. In those days, in the Southern towns where the battles for civil rights had been raging, black people with family responsibilities could not afford to take chances. From the toughest places, only young people came. Most of these children from the Southern battlegrounds had never been away from their homes before. They had been fighting lonely battles. They had never before had anybody to cheer for them. They had never known that they had so many friends. They sang their freedom songs while the Northerners listened, and they looked like the hope of the future as they danced and sang, with their bright faces and sparkling eyes.

From two till four, the leaders of the black people spoke at the Memorial, with the huge figure of Lincoln towering over their heads. Only James Farmer did not speak; instead, he sent a message from his cell in a Louisiana jail. Martin Luther King spoke like an Old Testament prophet. I was quite close to him, and I was not the only one listening who was in tears. "I have a dream," he said, over and over again, as he described to us his visions of peace and justice. That night, in my letter to my parents in England, I wrote, "I would be ready to go to jail for him any time." I did not know then that I had heard one of the most famous speeches in the history of man-

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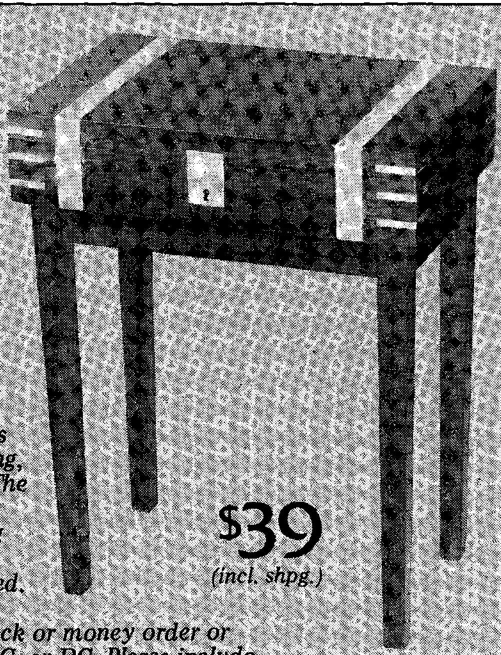

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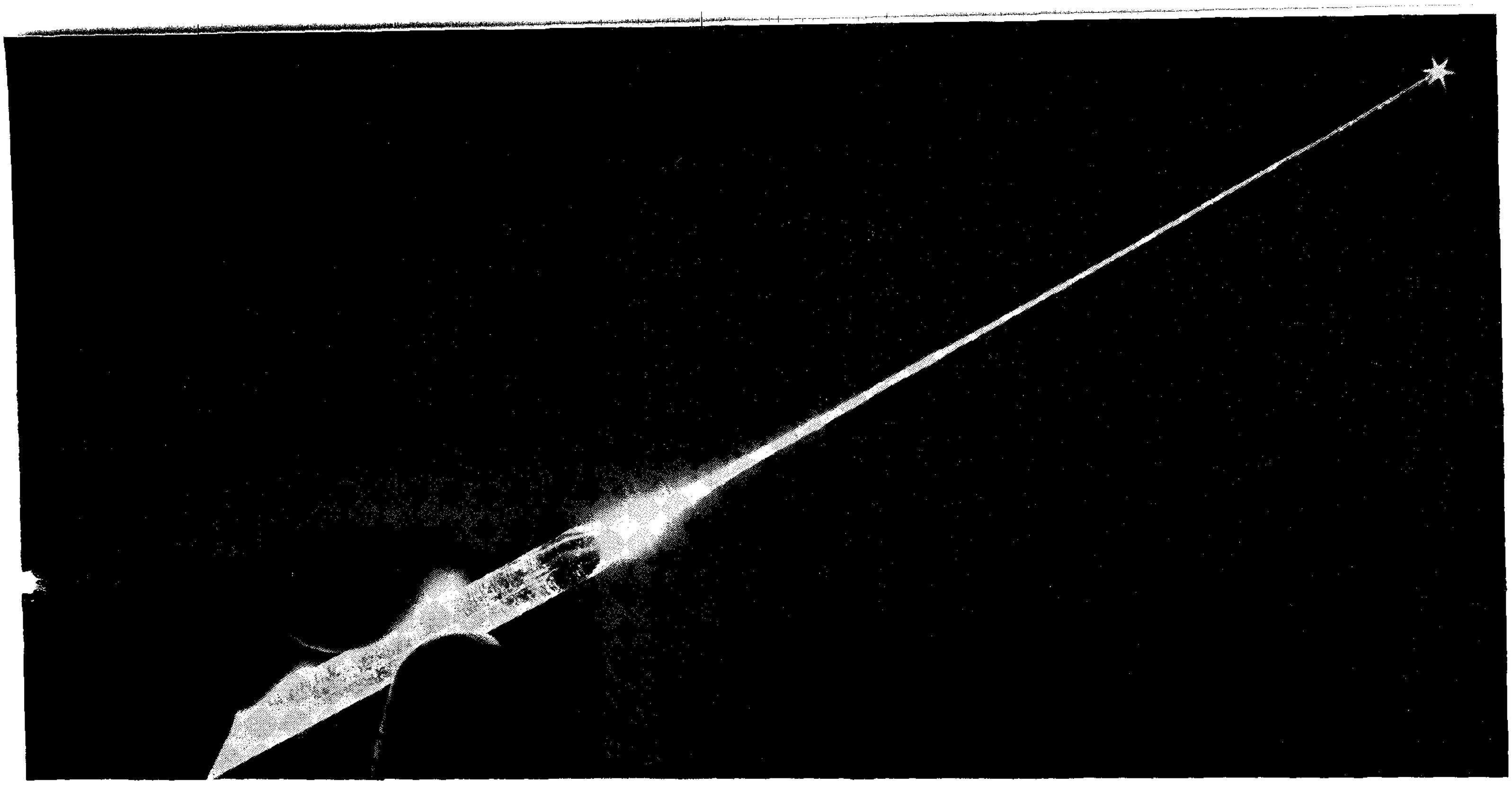

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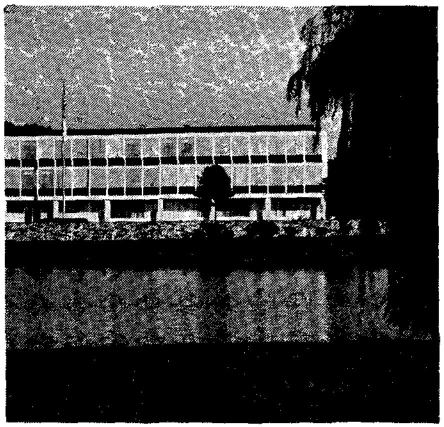

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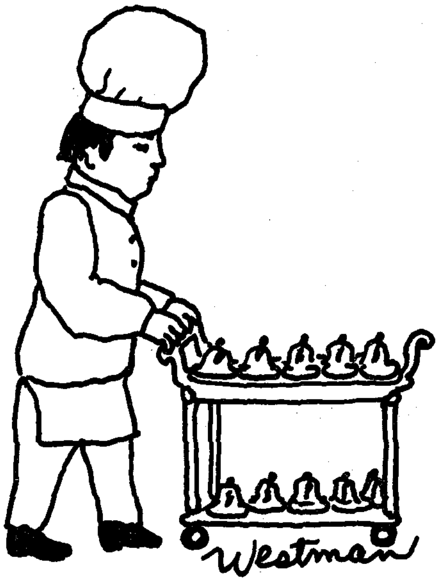
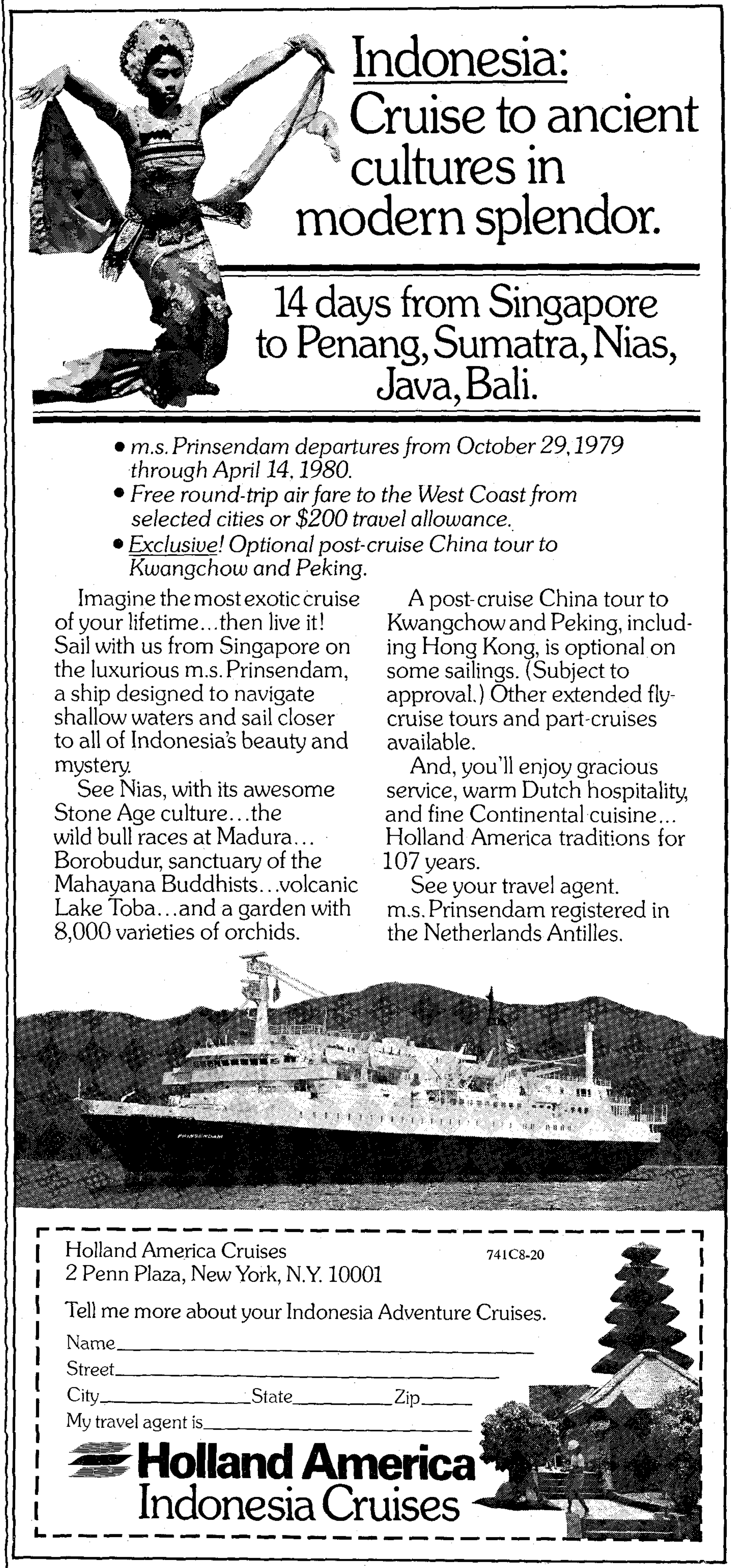
kind. I knew only that I had heard one of the greatest. I also did not know that Martin Luther King would be dead within five years. It would be difficult to find two human beings more different than George Meany and Martin Luther King—the old plumber from the Bronx and the young prophet from Atlanta. But their differences were not so important as what they had in common. Both were tough. Both became leaders by demanding justice for their people. Both believed in the future, and in children. Each, in his own fashion, was a peacemaker.

ON the one side, the gospel of nonviolence that Jesus and Gandhi and Martin Luther King preached and practiced. On the other side, the madness of hydrogen bombs and the doctrine of "mutual assured destruction" with which we are now precariously living. Given this choice, how could any sane person not choose the path of nonviolence? I made the choice once, when I was fifteen years old—in the days when I was preaching the gospel of Cosmic Unity, the oneness of all human souls. Then the choice seemed simple: I would die for Gandhi rather than fight for Churchill. It has never been so simple since. In 1940, the French collaborators, choosing the path of nonviolence, made their peace with Hitler. A year later, the Jews of Europe went peacefully to their deaths at Auschwitz. Seeing what had happened in France, I decided that it was, after all, better to fight for England. Seeing what had happened at Auschwitz, many of the surviving Jews decided that it was better to fight for Israel. Nonviolence is often the path of wisdom, but not always. Love and passive resistance are wonderfully effective weapons against some kinds of tyranny, but not against all. There is a tribal imperative of self-preservation which compels us to use bullets and bombs against the enemies of the tribe when the tribe's existence is threatened. When it is a question of survival, passive resistance may be too slow and too uncertain a weapon.

Granted that the tribal imperative allows the members of the tribe to bear arms in self-defense, does this make mutual assured destruction acceptable? Mutual assured destruction is the strategy that has led the United States and the Soviet Union to build enormous offensive forces of nuclear bombers and missiles, sufficient to destroy the cities and industries of both countries many times over, while deliberately denying both any possibility of a defense. This strategy grew historically out of the strategic-bombing doctrines of the nineteen-thirties, which were proved wrong in the war of 1939-45 against Germany but unfortunately gained an illusory success in the war against Japan. The basic idea of mutual assured destruction is that the certainty of catastrophic retaliation will stop anybody from starting a nuclear war. It will indeed stop anybody who is cool and rational and in firm command of his own forces. If somebody is not cool and rational and in firm command, what then? Then we trust to luck and hope for the best. If our luck turns sour, our missiles take off and carry out the greatest massacre of innocent people in all of history. I never have accepted this, and never will accept it, as either ethical or necessary.

Somewhere between the gospel of nonviolence and the strategy of mutual assured destruction, there must be a middle ground on which reasonable people can stand—a ground that allows killing in self-defense but forbids the purposeless massacre of innocents. For forty years, I have been searching for this middle ground. I do not claim that I have found it. But I think I know roughly where it lies. The ground on which I will take my stand is a sharp moral distinction between offense and defense, between offensive and defensive uses of all kinds of weapons. The distinction is often difficult to make and is always subject to argument. But it is nonetheless real and essential. And at least its main implications are clear. Bombers are bad. Fighter airplanes and anti-aircraft missiles are good. Tanks are bad. Antitank missiles are good. Submarines are bad. Anti-submarine technology is good. Nuclear weapons are bad. Radar and sonar are good. Inter-

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continental missiles are bad. Anti-ballistic-missile systems are good. This list of moral preferences goes flatly against the strategic thinking that has dominated our policies for most of the last forty years. And just because it goes against our accepted dogmas it offers us a realistic hope of escape from the trap in which we are now ensnared.

Every soldier will quarrel with these moral distinctions, quoting the military maxim that offense is the best form of defense. In many cases, the soldier's objection may be valid. It is often true that the best anti-tank weapon is a tank and the best anti-submarine weapon a submarine. Each case must be examined and judged on its merits. But in the larger view there is no basic incompatibility between the demands of ethics and the realities of military operations. The rule that offense is the best form of defense should be a rule of tactics, and not of strategy. It is a good rule for a battalion commander fighting a local battle but not for a commander-in-chief planning a war. It was the extrapolation of this rule from the domain of tactics into the domain of grand strategy which led both Napoleon and Hitler to disaster. So the moral distinction between defensive and offensive weapons would not forbid the use of tanks and aircraft in local counter-offensive operations. It would forbid the building of grand strategic forces of tanks and aircraft designed primarily for offensive warfare. And, above all, it would forbid purely strategic offensive weapons, such as intercontinental missiles and missile-carrying submarines, for which no genuinely defensive mission is conceivable.

There, briefly stated, is my moral stand. I believe that it is not in conflict with the ethics of a professional soldier who is honestly concerned to apply his skills to the defense of his country. Unfortunately, it is in conflict with the firmly held views of the civilian scientists and strategists who have led us down the road to mutual assured destruction. The scientists have convinced the political leaders and the public that the supremacy of offensive weapons is an unalterable scientific fact. They have made the supremacy of the offensive into a dogma that the layman ignorant of science has no right to challenge. They argue that because the supremacy of the offensive is unalterable, the strategy of mutual assured destruction is the best among the dismal alternatives that are open to us. But their basic dogma is in fact a falsehood. It is not true that defense against modern weapons is impossible. Defense is difficult,

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and expensive, and tedious, and complicated, and undramatic, and unreliable. But it is not hopeless. If we were to make the political decision to switch from an offense-dominated to a defense-dominated strategy, to redirect our weapons procurement and research and development, together with our diplomacy, toward the ultimate nullification of offensive weapons, there is nothing in the laws of physics and chemistry which would prevent us from doing so. We are in the trap of mutual assured destruction only because we have lacked the will and the moral courage to escape from it.

Why have our scientific strategists become so fanatically devoted to the doctrine of the supremacy of the offensive? The intellectual arrogance of my profession must take a large share of the blame. Defensive weapons do not spring, like the hydrogen bomb, from the brains of brilliant professors of physics. Defensive weapons are developed laboriously by teams of engineers in industrial laboratories. Defensive weapons are not academically respectable. Nobody would describe an anti-ballistic-missile system with the phrase that Robert Oppenheimer used to describe the hydrogen bomb. Defense is not technically sweet.

IN the fall of 1962, I went to England to attend a Pugwash meeting. Pugwash meetings are international gatherings of scientists to discuss political and strategic matters in a friendly and informal fashion. A number of Russians were at the 1962 meeting, some of them politically knowledgeable and having close connections with their government. One of the Russians strongly implied, without saying it explicitly, that he would personally report our conclusions to Khrushchev when he returned home. The Russians knew that I worked for ACDA, and incorrectly supposed that I was a good channel through which to convey information to my government. In private conversation, they spoke to me in anguished tones, begging me to make the American government understand the urgency of the situation. They said that big decisions were soon to be taken in the Soviet Union which would make the control of the arms race far more difficult. They gave me to understand that if there was to be any meaningful disarmament agreement in our lifetime *it must be now or never.* I have no doubt that they then knew that the tremendous buildup of Soviet offensive forces, whose true dimensions we would learn only many years later, was just about

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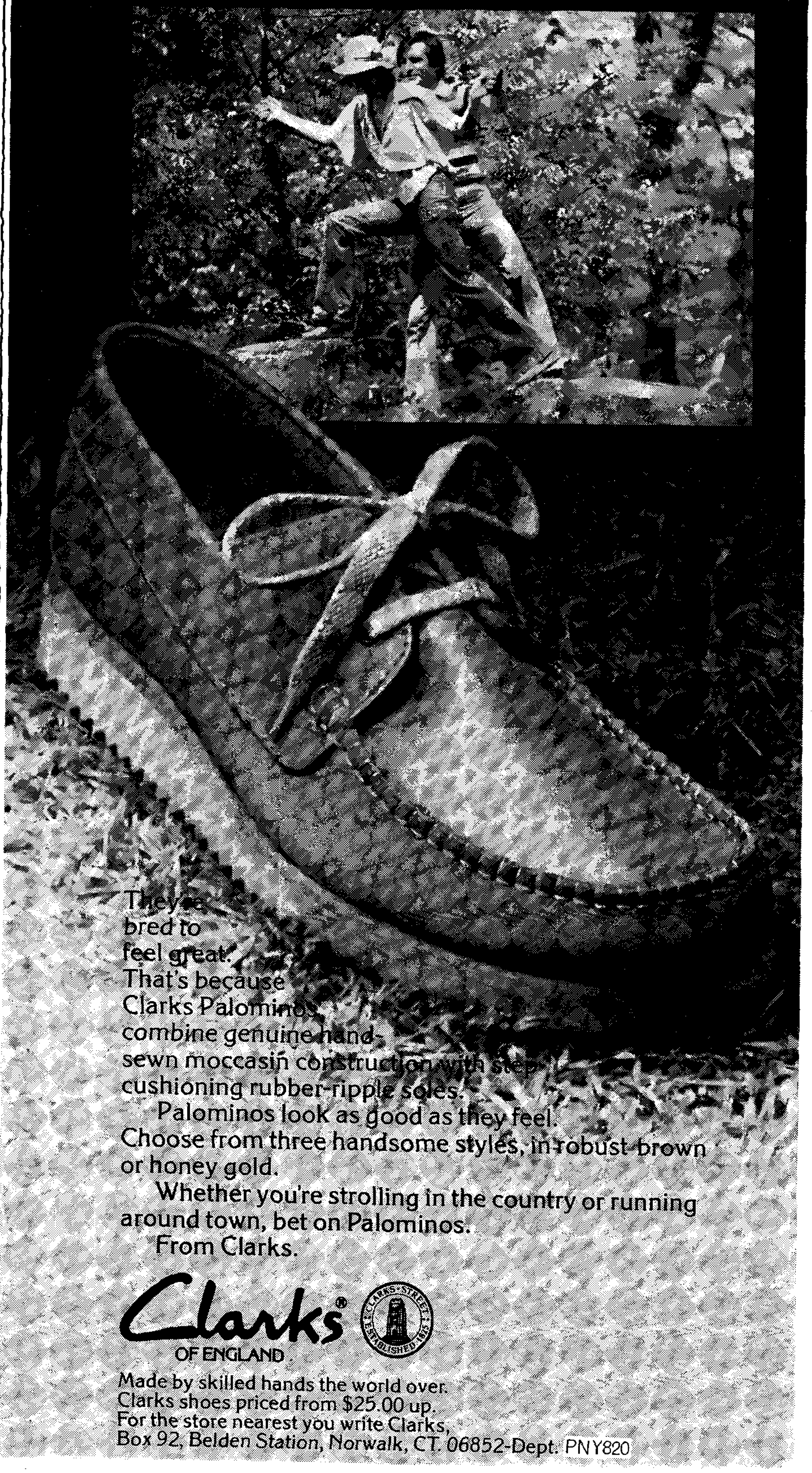

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to begin. Unfortunately, I had no opportunity to deliver their message personally to John Kennedy. I spoke of it to my friends in ACDA, who did not take it seriously. And when I returned to ACDA the following summer we were preoccupied with the test ban.

The test ban was indeed a disastrous distraction. Just in those short Kennedy-Khrushchev years, when there might have been political opportunities and willingness on both sides to consider drastic steps toward nuclear disarmament, people in responsible positions had no time to think about disarmament, because they were too busy with the test ban. In the end, I, too, climbed on the test-ban bandwagon, and missed my chance to make a serious effort to turn the arms race around. It is small consolation to reflect that the summer of 1963 was already too late to change the course of history—that within several months Kennedy would be dead and, less than a year after that, Khrushchev would be in unwilling retirement.

In the real world, the world in which human beings and nations have to live, the most important question about weapons is how they are used. Use is a more important question than production, and production more important than testing. The testing of weapons has only minor effects on human affairs, apart from the accidental rain of radioactive fallout that it may cause. If we were serious in trying to regulate or abolish weapons of mass destruction, our order of priorities should be: use, production, testing. In ACDA and in the diplomacy of the Kennedy era, the priorities were exactly reversed. All of our scarce political capital was spent on the test ban. Hardly any attention was given to the way in which nuclear weapons were to be deployed and used. And yet in the real world arms races are driven by war plans and deployments. The basic reason we have never succeeded in controlling nuclear weapons is that we have never come to grips with the problem of use.

In 1959, George Kennan wrote an article with the title "Reflections on Our Present International Situation," containing more wisdom than any other piece of writing I have seen from that period. Kennan understood clearly what had to be done. He understood that we needed first of all to change our conceptions concerning the use of weapons, and only then could we hope to succeed in any technical approach to the problem of controlling the arms race. He had spent the greater part of his life in official dealings with the Soviet

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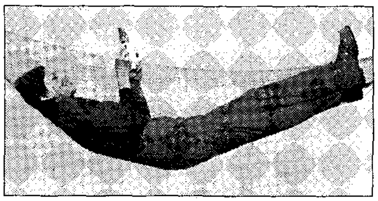

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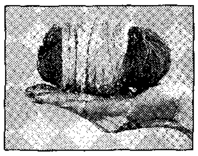

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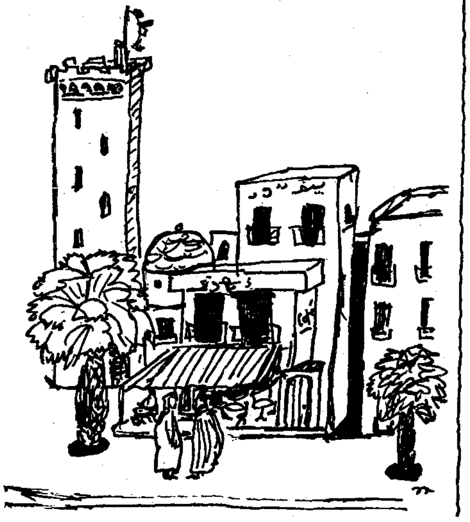
Union and understood the complexities of Soviet society. Kennedy appointed him Ambassador to Yugoslavia, and did not listen to what he had to say about larger issues. Here is the gist of Kennan's message:

> Believe me, this commitment to the weapons of indiscriminate mass destruction which has dominated our strategic thinking, and increasingly our political thinking, in recent years, represents a morbid fixation of the most fateful and hopeless sort. No positive solution to any genuine human problem is ever going to be found this way.... My question, therefore, is: have we not had enough of this?... Let us remember that the Russians have been on record from the very beginning as favoring the total abolition of weapons of this nature.... I am assuming that we would not abandon our nuclear arms unless they did the same *and* unless adequate inspection facilities were granted. But would we be willing to do it even then? I have already mentioned the neglect of our conventional forces that has accompanied our increasing preoccupation with nuclear weapons. The concomitant of this weakness in conventional forces has been, as I understand it, a commitment to what is called the principle of first use of nuclear weapons: to their use, by us, that is, in any serious military conflict, whether or not they are first used against us. This rests, of course, on the belief that we would be unable to look after our defense properly in contests where nuclear weapons were not employed at all. I would submit that the first thing we have to do in order to put ourselves in a position to negotiate hopefully for an abolition of nuclear weapons, or indeed to have any coherent strategy of national defense, is to wean ourselves from this fateful and pernicious principle of first use. This means, obviously, a major strengthening of our conventional forces and, let us hope, of those of our allies. This is, I know, a disagreeable proposition.... It is, however, something that is wholly within our resources; what is lacking is only the will.

On February 4, 1961, there was a meeting of the council of the Federation of American Scientists in New York City. On the same day, there



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was a major blizzard. Princeton was without electricity, and I had breakfast with my wife by candlelight before battling my way through the snow to the meeting. New York under a foot and a half of snow had become suddenly friendly and beautiful. The meeting of the Federation council was devoted to a long and careful discussion of the principle of first use of nuclear weapons. In the end, we passed unanimously the following resolution: "We urge the government to decide and publicly declare as its permanent policy that the United States shall not use nuclear weapons of any kind under any circumstances except in response to the use of nuclear weapons by others. We urge that the strategic plans and the military deployments of the United States and its allies be brought as rapidly as possible into a condition consistent with the over-all policy of not using nuclear weapons first." This statement was, as far as I know, the only public response of any kind to Kennan's appeal. On the following day, nobody printed any stories about no first use. The newspapers were filled with stories of the blizzard.

In the long run, the survival of human society on this planet requires that one of two things happen. Either we establish some kind of world government with a monopoly of military power or we achieve a stable division of the world into independent sovereign states, with the armed forces of each state strictly confined to the mission of defending its own territory. On humanistic and cultural as well as political grounds, I vastly prefer the second alternative. Fortunately, the majority of people seem to share my preference. From the beginnings of human history, great empires have tended to disintegrate and world-government movements have failed to attract wide public support. If we consider world government either undesirable or unattainable, then the aim of our military and diplomatic efforts should be not to abolish nationalism but to guide the forces of nationalism into truly defensive channels. We should strive to build a peaceful and harmonious society of independent nations in which each country maintains a citizen army, as Switzerland does now, posing no threat to its neighbors but ready to fight like hell against anybody who comes with dreams of conquest.

It is important for long-range stability that peaceful countries be well armed and well organized in self-defense. There will always from time to time be crazy demagogues like Hitler

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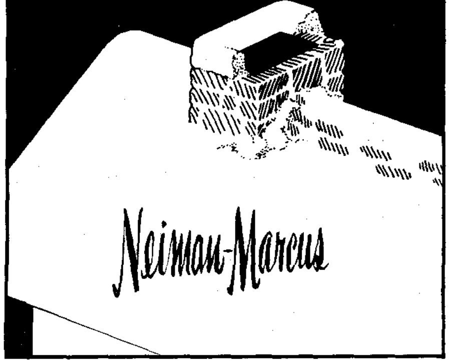

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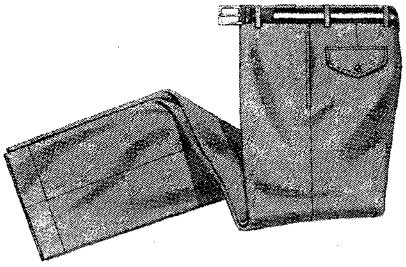

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and technological surprises like the invention of gunpowder or of nuclear weapons. Two factors—one technical and one human—make the long-range outlook hopeful for self-defense. The technical factor is the increasing effectiveness of small and sophisticated defensive weapons: precisely guided tank-killers and aircraft-killers and missile-killers, well suited to the defense of a fixed frontier. The war of 1973 in the Middle East gave only a foretaste of what these weapons are capable of. In the future, we can, if we have the will to do so, negotiate arms-control agreements that push the balance of technology still further to the advantage of defense. The human factor favoring self-defense is the invigorating effect of genuine political independence. Switzerland and Finland are countries that depend for defense upon their own efforts rather than upon alliances, and they have outstandingly efficient armies. Of all the countries that I have visited, these are the only ones in which a young man of good family who enjoys soldiering is not regarded as mentally subnormal.

We have a long way to go, from our present world of mutual assured destruction, with overwhelmingly large offensive forces, to my dream world of independent countries efficiently defended by Swiss-style armies. How can we hope to get there from here? I do not know. All I know is that we must get there, one way or another, if we are to survive on this planet. If only we can all agree that our present situation is humanly and ethically unacceptable, we may find that the way to a better world is not, after all, impassable.

The best hint I can find of a hopeful road into the future is a tale from the distant past. The perspective of a hundred and sixty-odd years may help us to see clearly what features of an arms-control agreement give it durability, so I will briefly tell the story of the Rush-Bagot Agreement, limiting naval armaments on the Great Lakes of North America. I take the details from a historical account published by James Eayrs in 1964 in the journal *Disarmament & Arms Control.* The agreement, made official in 1817 by Acting Secretary of State Richard Rush and the British Minister in Washington, Sir Charles Bagot, stipulated as follows: "The naval force to be maintained upon the American Lakes by His Majesty and the Government of the United States shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side, that is: On Lake Ontario, to one

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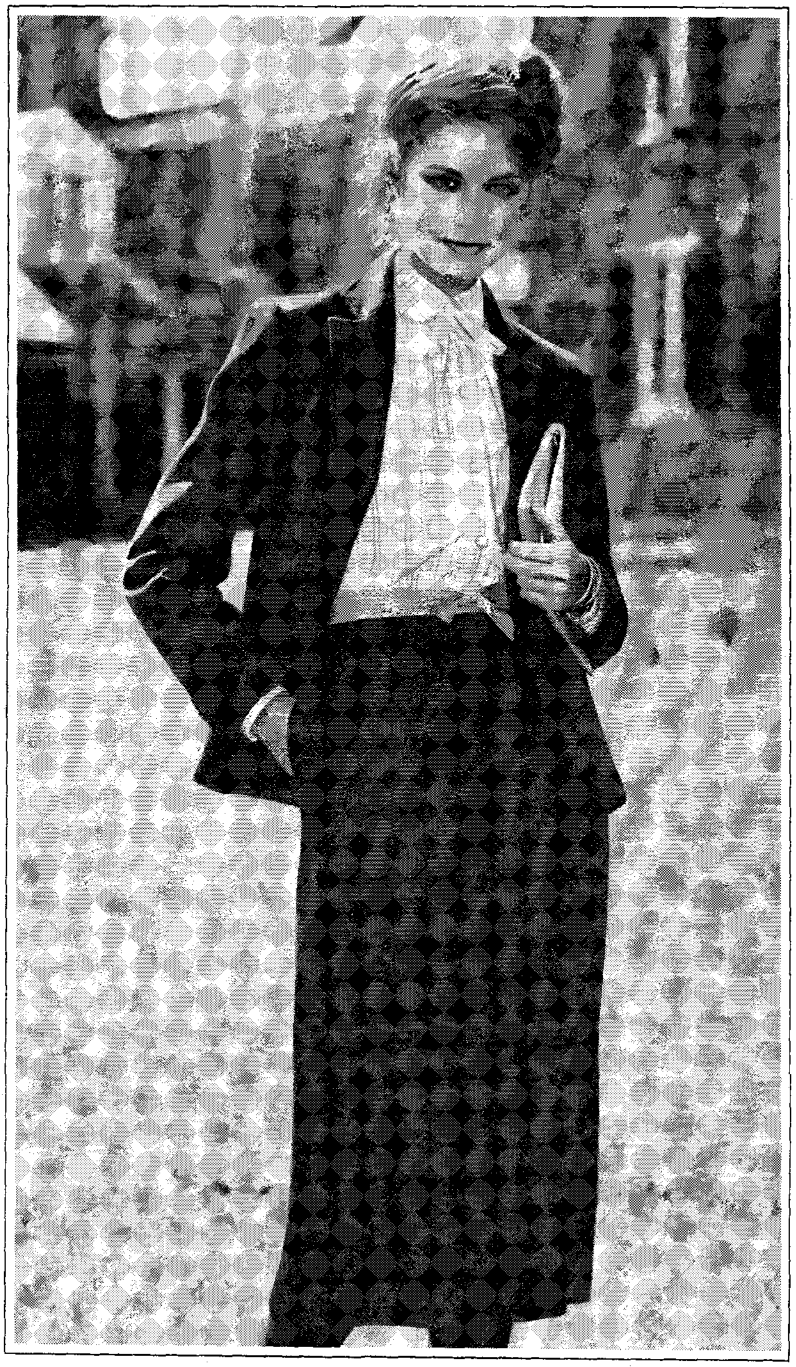

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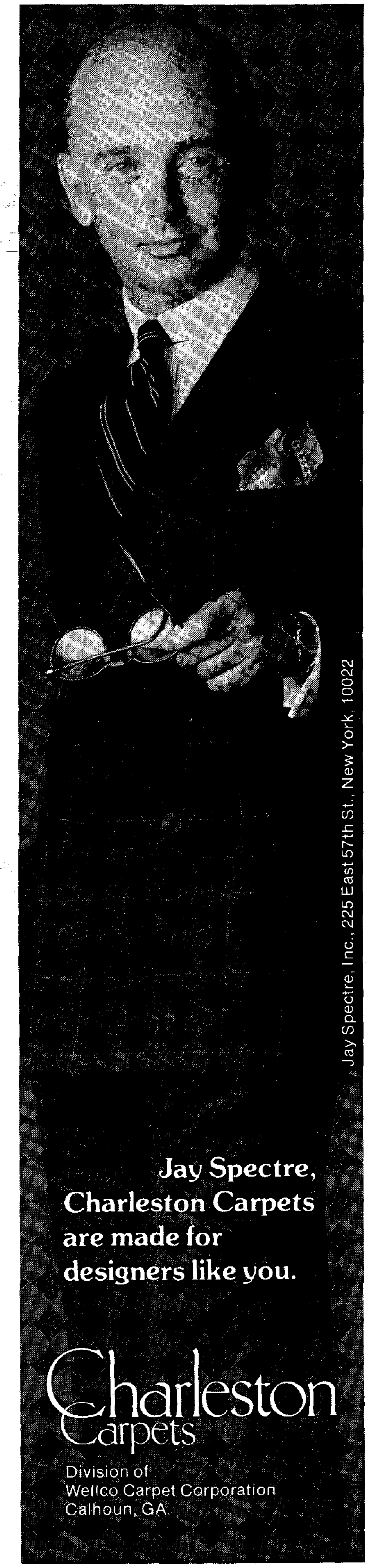

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vessel, not exceeding one hundred tons burden, and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon. On the Upper Lakes, to two vessels, not exceeding like burden each, and armed with like force. On the waters of Lake Champlain, to one vessel not exceeding like burden." And so on. The fleets deployed on the lakes in 1817 were much larger than the agreed limit, and the individual ships were too big to be sailed down the St. Lawrence River. The agreement required a substantial act of disarmament, which was promptly carried out by the dismantling of ships on both sides. The main objective of the agreement was to avoid confrontations that might lead to a renewed outbreak of the indecisive War of 1812. This aim was achieved. The agreement paid no attention at all to the problems of technological innovation. There is no sign in it that Mr. Rush and Sir Charles were disturbed by the thought that the eighteen-pound cannon would not forever remain the last word in naval armament. For a hundred years after the signing of the agreement, technological innovations were constantly creating difficulties in the carrying out of its terms. During those years, the American-Canadian frontier was not always as peaceful as it later became. In 1841, Britain violated the agreement with two steam frigates. In 1843, the United States responded with a ship of six hundred and eighty-five tons carrying two six-inch guns, whose shot could hardly have weighed less than eighteen pounds. And so it went on. From the eighteen-forties onward, there was never a time when one side or the other was not technically violating the agreement. As the political relations between the two sides gradually became less acrimonious, toward the end of the nineteenth century, the magnitude of the violations increased. Each new violation was greeted with vehement protests from the other side, but as time went on, the protests became less public and more ritualistic. In the year 1920, a senior official of the Canadian Navy was still writing, "It is . . . of the utmost importance that troops should be ready to immediately occupy the American shore of the St. Lawrence . . . and that a good supply of mines should be available in Canada for blocking the Straits of Mackinac, Detroit river, etc." But by that time nobody outside the military staffs was prepared to take such nightmares seriously.

The fact that the Rush-Bagot agreement was technically violated did not destroy its political usefulness.

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Through the worst periods of Canadian-American tension, the agreement was kept legally in force and was instrumental in holding the tensions in check. Political leaders on both sides found the agreement helpful, and used it effectively to pacify the bellicose elements on their own side of the border as well as to castigate the bellicose elements on the other side. The technical details of the agreement were important in 1817 but grew less and less important as its age and venerability increased. Now, after a hundred and sixty years, the agreement is still legally in force, and it is still technically violated several times every year. It has passed into folklore as a symbol of enduring peace. I have a dream that a hundred and sixty-odd years from now some professor of physics will be looking back on the history of the treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union prohibiting deployment of bombers and missiles with nuclear warheads. He will, if all goes well, be explaining how the technological defects of the treaty did not prove to be fatal. He will be explaining how the treaty was technically violated by each of the great powers in turn during the turbulent first half of the twenty-first century. And how, in spite of even flagrant violations, the treaty remained in force. And how, after the first demonstration of a cheap and effective non-nuclear anti-ballistic-missile system by the Japanese, strategic offensive weapons gradually became obsolete and were retained only in small numbers for ceremonial purposes. That is, if we are as wise as Rush and Bagot. And if all goes well.

WHEN my mother was past eighty-five, she could no longer walk as she once did. She was restricted to short outings close to her home, then not far from Winchester. Her favorite walk in those years was to a nearby graveyard that commands a fine view of the ancient city and the encir-

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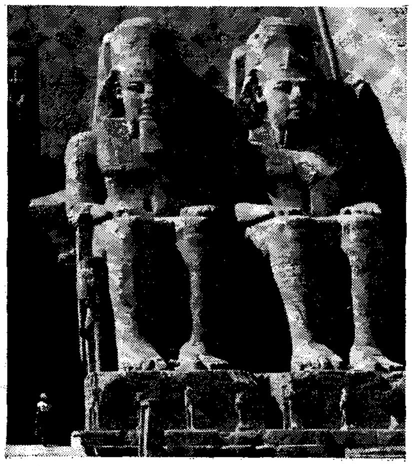
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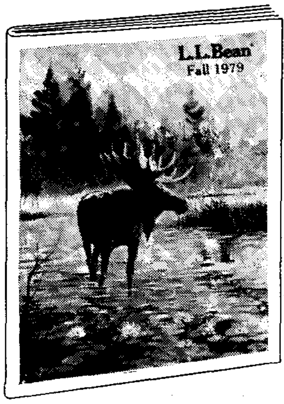

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cling hills. Here I often walked with her and listened to her talking cheerfully of her approaching death. Sometimes, contemplating the stupidities of mankind, she became rather fierce. "When I look at this world now, it looks to me like an anthill, with too many ants scurrying around," she said. "I think perhaps the best thing would be to do away with it altogether."

I protested, and she laughed.

No, she said, no matter how enraged she was with the ants, she would never be able to do away with the anthill. She found it far too interesting.

Sometimes we talked about the nature of the human soul and about the Cosmic Unity of all souls which I had believed in so firmly when I was fifteen years old. My mother did not like the phrase Cosmic Unity. It was too pretentious. She preferred the term world-soul. She imagined that she was herself a piece of the world-soul which had been given freedom to grow and develop independently as long as she was alive. After death, she expected to merge back into the world-soul, losing her personal identity but preserving her memories and her intelligence. Whatever knowledge and wisdom she had acquired during her life would add to the world-soul's store of knowledge and wisdom.

"But how do you know that the world-soul will want you back?" I said. "Perhaps, after all these years, the world-soul will find you too tough and indigestible, and won't want to merge with you."

"Don't worry about that," my mother replied. "It may take a little while, but I'll find my way back. The world-soul can do with a bit more brains." —FREEMAN DYSON

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN. (AP)—A hang glider pilot set a duration record as he stayed aloft over Lookout Mountain for 11 hours and 35 minutes, the operator of a hang gliding site says.

Tracy Knauss, operator of the Air Space Flight Park atop the 1,325-foot Lookout Mountain said Monday that Vince Ahles of Henagar, Ala., took off at 8:07 a.m. and landed at 7:42 p.m. the previous day.—*Greensboro (N.C.) Record.*

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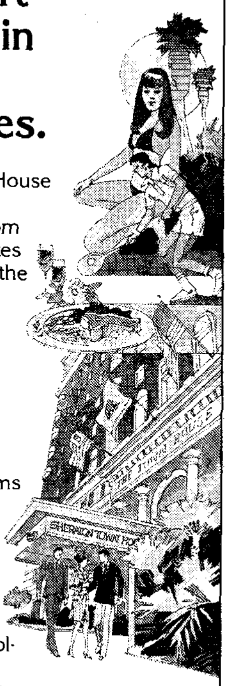

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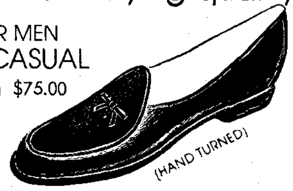

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THE THEATRE

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RAÚL JULIÁ's Othello, in the New York Shakespeare Festival's production in the Park, is no towering figure brought low by Iago's villainy but a man whose high spirits and confidence drain away, leaving him at first helpless and then enraged. In his opening scene, the two speeches to Brabantio, the Duke, and the other potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs, with Desdemona standing by, are delivered solemnly but with an undercurrent of irony meant just for her. Both he and she are rapturous and delighted, and rarely can that emotion have been made clearer. Mr. Juliá's experience in comedy stands him in good stead—no chance for humor gets by him—and Frances Conroy, as Desdemona, is entirely worthy of him. He never seems to be a military man (much less a general), and his love for Desdemona, which nothing can quench, makes his murder of her extremely sad—sadder, in fact, than I've ever before known it to be. The love between them that no amount of rage and jealousy can destroy is the strongest element in this production, and I've never before seen an Othello so at the mercy of his tenderest emotions. (What a thing to happen to a man on his honeymoon!) It never seems to occur to Mr. Juliá, by the way, that he is the star—he doesn't step out of the play even in the soliloquies—and his slight hint of a Spanish accent makes the Elizabethan lines sound foreign. Frances Conroy is a young, beautiful, joyous Desdemona, as unwavering as he is. The performance, under Wilford Leach's direction, is so clear that I doubt whether even anyone new to the play would find it puzzling. John Heard makes the finest Cassio imaginable, in his rage at his drunkenness, and his humiliation and desperation at being cashiered, and Kaiulani Lee's Emilia is very good, too.

So much for the best of this "Othello." On the other side, there is no tragedy—no stature and no mounting tension—and much of the most glorious poetry that Shakespeare ever wrote goes by the board (although there is a freshness, from time to time, in familiar lines). Most important, Mr. Juliá does not perform the Moor as a black African, although he wears a dark makeup. Othello and Desdemona are not Romeo and Juliet. Reviewing Paul Robeson's much less accomplished but more enlightening performance in 1943, Wolcott Gibbs wrote, "The scene in which suspicion is first implanted in Othello's mind—almost completely implausible when the Moor is portrayed as a man proudly sure of himself and of the devotion of his wife in a society of equals—is murderously convincing when he is shown as a Negro mercenary, aware of the scorn and hatred that surround him, already suspecting that the morals of Venice are not his morals, and seeming almost to welcome the proof of what he dreads. Working on such a mind, Iago is subtle, sure, and deadly. The accusation against Desdemona, which is absurdly transparent when addressed to a man of something approaching European sophistication, is a masterpiece of evil suggestion when Othello becomes a pure African, transplanted to a world whose values to him are both mysterious and corrupt. It is the mark of Iago's genius that he says nothing that Othello has not already said to himself, that he selects and utilizes only the horrors that are already in his victim's mind."

It is difficult under any circumstances to find the key to "Othello;" Mr. Leach has either missed it or merely tossed it aside. Richard Dreyfuss's sullen, smoldering, malevolent Iago is unsatisfactory. Perhaps this is partly a matter of direction, but Mr. Dreyfuss seems ill at ease in the role, and even in Shakespeare. At any rate, I missed Iago's glittering, opportunistic intelligence and his glee at bending everybody to his will. One expects the glitter of Iago as one expects the blackness of Othello. Also, the dupe Roderigo need not be made such a silly ass. The setting—also by Mr. Leach—of the façade of a house in Venice proves as useful as it is handsome, serving (with some changes in lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, and a few other bits of visual sleight of hand) as an estate on Cyprus and, when the doors are opened, the bedroom where the murder takes place. —EDITH OLIVER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music in the Mountains

THIS summer, I abandoned Aix for Aspen, Bayreuth for Bandelier, Munich for the Mesa Verde, and Salzburg for Santa Fe and Central City. The curtain of the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver once depicted a Roman city in ruins and bore an epigraph from Kingsley:

> So fleet the works of man, back to
> the earth again,
> Ancient and holy things fade like
> a dream.

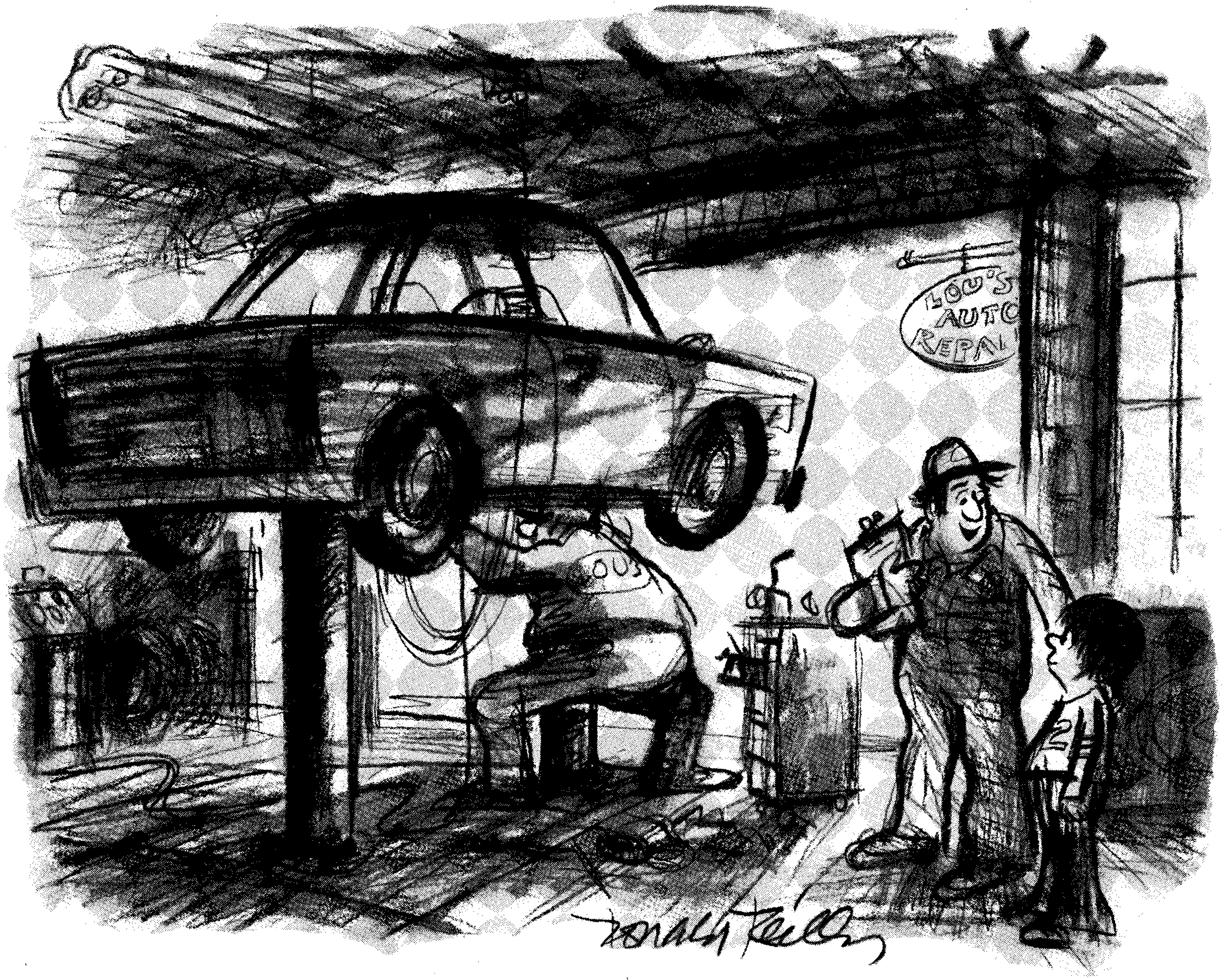
That house, which opened in 1881 with Vincent Wallace's "Maritana," was razed fifteen years ago. But the Tabor Opera House in Leadville, a century old this year, still stands, and so does the Opera House in Central City, which opened in 1878. Santa Fe has a modern opera house, and Aspen has its modern Music Tent, hospitable to opera. All around, ancient and holy things built by Pueblo Indians and Spanish missionaries are saved from further fading by the discreet care of the National Park Service, and not-so-ancient and unholy things—the mines of the nineteenth century—go back to the earth again. Central City was once larger than Denver; now it is a village of two paved streets, with the Opera House, the splendid Teller House hotel, and three churches as its monuments, set within a hillside tracery of vanished streets and crumbling foundations. The summer visitor to New Mexico and Colorado finds operatic fare in abundance, and also chamber music—in Santa Fe, Telluride, and Aspen—and finds them amid surroundings that stir Ozymandian reflections on transitoriness and human insignificance. The Black Canyon of the Gunnison, a work of nature some two million years in the making, seemed to me more awesome and more beautiful than any work of man. Among the mountains, it is hard to feel that man and his music are really very important. But that music must now be my concern.

THERE cannot be many opera companies that have staged three different productions of Alban Berg's "Lulu," as the Santa Fe Opera has. In 1963, it gave the American première of the opera as it was then available (two acts and fragments of the third), with Joan Carroll and Donald Gramm in the leading roles, Rudolf Heinrich as designer and director, and Robert Craft as conductor. The show was revived the next year. In 1974, there was a new production, with Patricia Brooks and William Dooley, directed by Ragnar Ulfung, designed by John Scheffler and Hugh Sherrer, conducted by John Mauceri. This year at Santa Fe, the complete "Lulu," available at long last, had its American première, with Nancy Shade and Mr. Dooley, Colin Graham as director, John Conklin as designer, and Michael Tilson Thomas as conductor. It was a performance on a high level: thoughtful, imaginative, and responsible—unlike the world première of the complete "Lulu," in Paris earlier this year, which was grandiose and affected, musically chilly, and in its settings and actions a willful, perverse distortion of the opera that Berg composed.

The full, three-act "Lulu" is proving to be a startlingly different work from the familiar, truncated version. It is not merely that there are now two more scenes and more music. Since this tightly constructed score is balanced about the—musically palindromic—interlude at the center of the central act, since themes from the first part find their fulfillment in the second, and since Lulu's life now ends on the knife of Jack the Ripper, who is, both musically and in the person of the actor, a reincarnation of Dr. Schön, the only man Lulu has really loved, the emphases of the earlier statements are altered and their intent is differently perceived. "Lulu" is a work of puzzling complexity. I discussed its autobiographical content after the Metropolitan production, in 1977; notably, Alwa Schön, a writer in the Wedekind plays—"Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box"—from which Berg drew his libretto, has become a composer, and, specifically, a composer of music that Berg himself composed. It was Berg who identified the three husbands Lulu brings to their deaths with the three clients who visit her, now a syphilitic prostitute, in the London garret of the final scene. The full opera is more painful and more distasteful than the fragment. What a crew! When the ardent love music of Lulu and Dr. Schön returns with Jack the Ripper, one hardly knows who is or has been victim, who destroyer, and what to think, what to feel. The latest edition of the "Lulu" libretto contains a synopsis that begins, "Lulu represents the sexual fascination of Woman." If she is an Earth Spirit, she is also Pandora's Box, source of evils that destroy those who come into contact with her—except (and what significance should be read into this?) her first and last lovers, the mysterious old tramp Schigolch and Jack, the only principals left alive at the end. Should one draw the moral that sexual attraction degrades both those who surrender to and those who exert it? In the two new scenes, one is invited to witness the final stages of that degradation. The Countess Geschwitz, sometimes held up as a paragon of loving self-sacrifice, has been brought very low by her infatuation. Her realization of her state, and her repentance—"This is the last evening I'll spend with these people. I'll go back to Germany. I'll enroll at a university. I must fight for women's rights, study jurisprudence"—come too late. The next moment, Jack is upon her. Wedekind's plays contain comic-strip and French-farce ingredients (in the first scene of Act II, where Lulu's admirers conceal themselves in every cranny of the room; in the first scene of Act III, with its whirl of near-caricature characters) and speeches that are deliberately ridiculous. Berg retained some but not all of them, and he altered Wedekind's tone, making explicit and eloquent the latent pathos, lyricism, and compassion. In Wedekind, Alwa's hymning of Lulu's body, after her escape from prison, reads like a parody:

> Through this dress, I feel your form like a symphony. This slender ankle, this cantabile; this enchanting roundness; and this knee, this capriccio; and then the powerful andante of voluptuousness.

Berg, who changed the lines to bring the musical directions closer to those of his own Lyric Suite, set them to glowing and utterly earnest love music. "Lulu" the opera is as different in tone from its original as Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" is from Pushkin's. Typically, Berg removed Wedekind's very last words—Geschwitz's "Oh, damn!" when her arms give way while she is crawling toward Lulu—and ended instead with her almost effusive outpouring "Lulu! My angel! Let me see you once again! I am near you, remain near you—for evermore!" But he did keep some of the grim jokes, such as



"Always remember, son, that at any given moment there are hundreds of thousands of transmissions out there breaking down, and that's how you'll share in life's banquet."

• •

Jack's irritated "These people never have a towel handy" after he's washed his bloodstained hands. Besides imposing new dramatic symmetries on Wedekind, Berg prescribed the speeds of the drama and used the power of music to create contradictions: in the final scene, while events move more and more swiftly the tempo grows slower and slower. Other tensions are set up between Wedekind's terse, unsentimental text and Berg's generously emotional music, and by his employment of strict forms—sonata, canon, variations—embedded within a score that apparently responds quite freely to the flow of the drama.

The Santa Fe production held all these elements—tragic, farcical, sentimental, rhetorical, laconic—in balance, without distortion or overemphasis of any one of them. In a program note, Mr. Conklin and Mr. Graham disclosed that the late Mr. Heinrich's 1963 designs had been "the imaginative springboard for our approach." The date of the action is neither specified nor easily deducible. Berg omitted Lulu's remark about driving over "the new bridge" at a trot but retained references to revolution's breaking out in Paris (presumably the 1871 Commune) and to the great cholera epidemic in Hamburg (1892), and introduced a telephone. Jack the Ripper was active in 1888-89. The ragtime music and the backstage jazz band of the third scene point to a later date for the opera, and the Santa Fe setting "in Berlin, Paris, and London early in the twentieth century" proved very satisfactory. "Lulu" is an allegory of human behavior (in an extreme form), not a precise period piece, and its chronological contradictions need not be resolved. On the other hand, it does have roots in the fevered, emotionally messy world of Freud's Vienna, and so Mr. Conklin's *Jugendstil* interiors for the earlier scenes were appropriate. They also looked good. Containing them was a tall outer set built as if from clinker or charcoal, veined with silver. It was of an interesting texture (not the dreary black drapes that have become a designers' cliché for so many contemporary productions), it provided continuity without monotony, and it hinted at the mutually reflecting images and large formal integrity of the drama without heavily underlining them. Some earlier "Lulu" productions—Günther Rennert's in Hamburg and Cologne, Wieland Wagner's in Stuttgart—were set in a circus ring, and that proved unhelpful, apter for Wedekind than for Berg. This décor seemed just right. Mr. Graham's direction was similarly distinguished. Most of the characterizations were firm and consistent, and behavior was credible, but at the same time the inner surrealistic pattern of the drama was subtly revealed. Once again—as in memorable productions of Prokofiev's "War and Peace" and Janáček's "From the House of the Dead"—Mr. Graham showed

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himself a director who can read a score and perceive what a composer is up to, who can embody in his staging the long line of a music drama without neglecting or falsifying details on the simple representational level. Bergian purists might object that once or twice, and especially in the final scene, he employed stage directions from Wedekind that the composer had not taken over, but none of these, so far as I could see, did any harm. There was certainly none of the presumptuous, egocentric contradiction of the author’s clear intentions which disfigured the Paris “Lulu.” Mr. Thomas’s conducting revealed the same happy combination of large-scale understanding with lively incidental action. The emotional tone was warm without being cloying. The orchestral playing was vivid—rich in timbre yet clean of line.

Not everything about the show was right. Berg’s protagonist needs the sort of voice that Margarethe Siems must have had (Siems was Strauss’s first Chrysothemis, Marschallin, and Zerbinetta, and also a Lucia, Queen of Night, and Aida), together with uncommon looks, allure, and projection. None of the Lulus of my experience—among the best of them Helga Pilarczyk, Evelyn Lear, Anja Silja, Carole Farley—has managed everything. Miss Silja, thirteen years ago, for Wieland Wagner, was probably the most convincing. Her voice was far from ideally limpid and pure (though better than in the recent London recording of the opera), but she had vitality, vigor, sex appeal, and a kind of candid, natural confidence that proved irresistible. Miss Shade, the Santa Fe heroine, was among the least satisfactory. I can’t be very severe about her, for there is something very likable, something disarming, about her stage personality, but it must be said that upper notes that should have been sweet and true were strained and harsh, and that dramatically her portrayal was all over the place. For the crucial speech to Dr. Schön, in Act II—“If men have done away with themselves for my sake, that doesn’t reduce my value. . . . I’ve never in the world wanted to appear as anything else but what men have taken me for, and no one in the world has taken me for anything but what I am”—Miss Shade pulled out a stagy, throbbing, and wholly artificial-sounding speaking voice. Sometimes she pouted and primped, or flounced. Sometimes she was a campus tomboy. Sometimes she seemed to be essaying a Louise Brooks imitation. She missed altogether naturalness, candor, straightforwardness. And while it is true that each of

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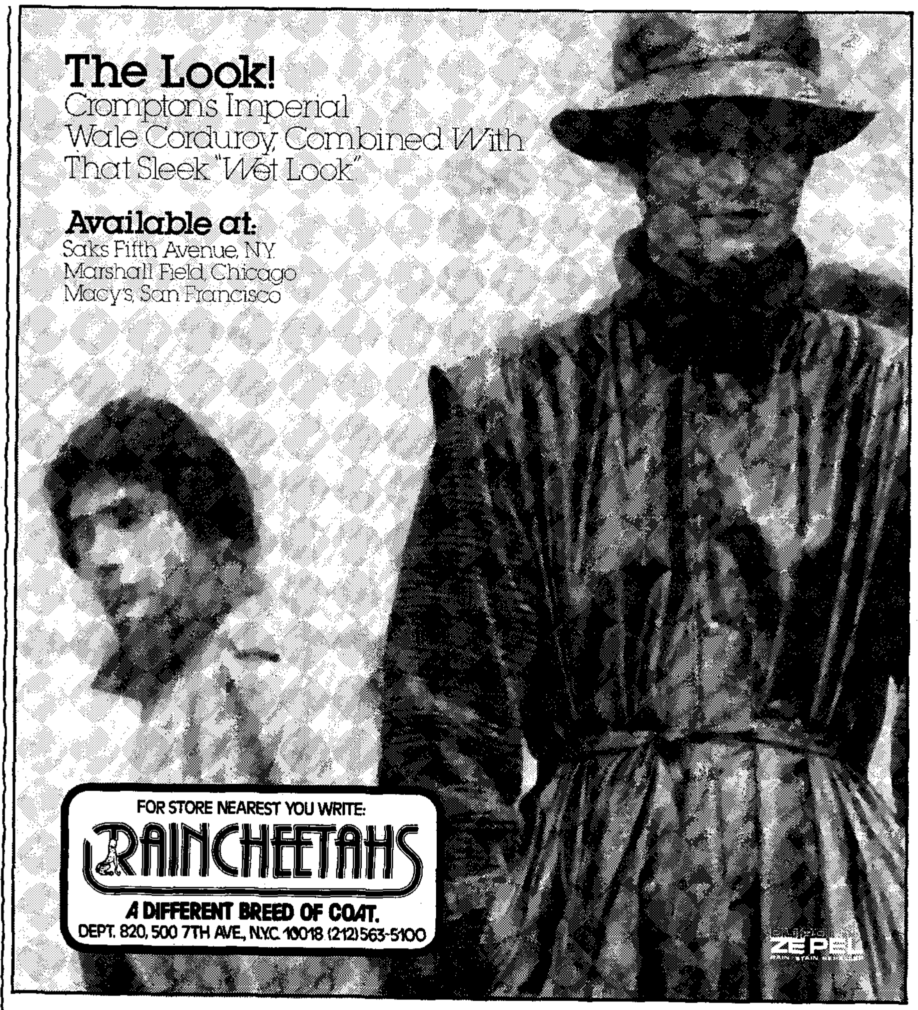
the men, and also the woman, with whom Lulu is involved finds something different in her, that is his or her affair; except when deliberately lying (as she does, odiously, to the Countess Geschwitz in the first scene of Act III), Lulu must be always true to herself, devastatingly direct and honest, not a mass of assorted theatrical affectations.

Dr. Schön is a rewarding role. Mr. Gramm in the Met production was wonderfully human and believable. Franz Mazura in the Paris production was admirably incisive. Mr. Dooley in Santa Fe was most trenchantly the tiger described in the prologue to Berg's opera—"the tiger whose habit it is to strike down whatever might hinder him in his leap." He achieved this partly by musical accuracy and rhythmic verve. The Monoritmica, in which Schön lays waste the fool's paradise inhabited by Lulu's second husband, was rapped out with uncommon precision. Or so it seemed; one will be able to check the impression by listening, score in hand, to the Santa Fe performance, which was recorded by the BBC and will be transmitted this fall throughout Britain and by some American stations. Mr. Dooley also made the words tell. A Berlin-based artist, he is accustomed to communicate with audiences who attend to the detailed sense, and not just to the sounds, of an opera. In Santa Fe, "Lulu" was sung in Arthur Jacobs' skillful English translation. And of course the opera should be done in English when an English-speaking cast performs to an English-speaking audience. But several of the artists used their own language unfeelingly, failed to time and weight the musical phrases in a way to make the words sound natural. Mr. Dooley provided a model of just, eloquent inflection. Everything he sang came to life. And he enacted a Schön so ruthless, so fomidable, and, except in his dealings with Lulu, so confident that it was easy to understand why Lulu's life became meaningless without him.

Barry Busse, in the romantic tenor role of Alwa, was disappointing. Although he sang with intelligence and intensity, there was little tone, and his arias—the hymn to Lulu's beauty, the pages that introduce the quartet of the last scene—lacked lyricism. Both he and Leo Goeke, as the Painter, sounded a shade too careful. I heard the first performance; both of them may later, with increasing confidence, have become more expressive. "Lulu" is an opera that singers need to get into. Lenus Carlson, the Acrobat of the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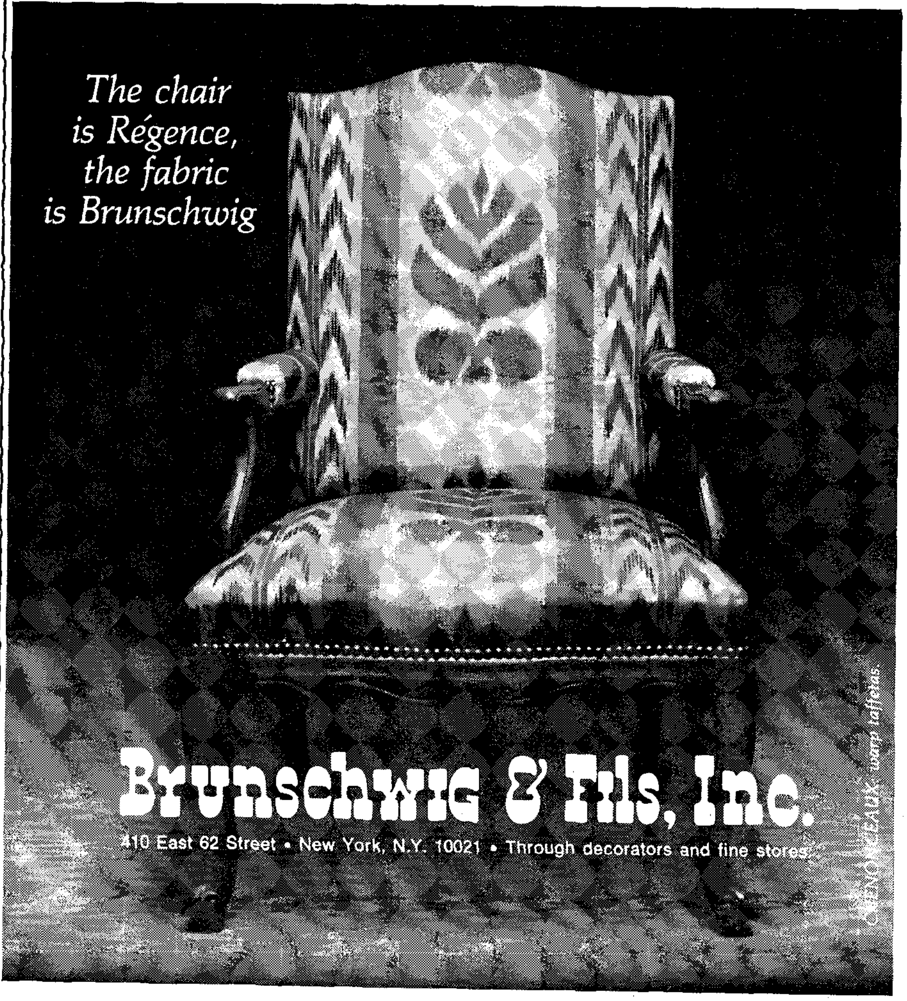
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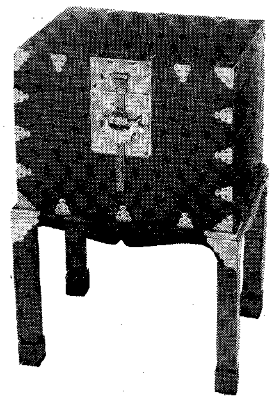

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Met production, was an even better, subtler Acrobat in Santa Fe, and the Schigolch of Andrew Foldi, whose ninth "Lulu" production this was, was masterly. Katherine Ciesinski's Geschwitz was dignified, vulnerable, beautifully judged, and admirably sung, without gush. Joseph Frank's Procurer, a key figure in the first scene of Act III, was expertly done.

THE other opera I saw in Santa Fe was "The Magic Flute," in a new production, directed by Peter Wood and designed by Sam Kirkpatrick. It was not good. The designs, based on Persian rather than Egyptian motifs, were flimsy and ugly. Two bad ideas marked the staging. One was to turn the band of initiates into a stern Muslim society, Sarastro its ayatollah, where animals and women were badly treated. (Sarastro's lions were cruelly lashed, and Pamina was made to sing "Ach, ich fühl's" before the assembled male chorus, watching her discomfiture.) The other was to introduce a Storyteller, who sometimes described the scenery, sometimes verbalized what was being enacted, and sometimes interjected things like "said Tamino" and "answered Papageno" into the spoken dialogue. Blind members of the audience may have found his contributions helpful. "Bei Männern" became balancing tricks with a trestle; the Queen of Night's second aria became Pamina's dream. Isobel Buchanan's Pamina lacked color and personality. David Kuebler's Tamino was stiffly phrased. Stephen Dickson turned the robust Papageno into a fey, pretty youth. "Unhurried" and "affectionate" are kind words for Raymond Leppard's conducting; "slow" and "soggy" were others that crossed my mind. The English translation, credited to Ruth and Thomas Martin, was a mishmash containing much that the Martins would not recognize. Tinkering with the sequence of numbers in Act II of "The Magic Flute" (Nos. 9 to 21 of the score) is not uncommon, and Mozart's order need not be held inviolable, but the Santa Fe shuffling—if I remember rightly, Nos. 9, 10, 9 again, 11, 12, 16, 19, 13, 14, 18, 17, 20, 15, 21—went altogether too far.

—ANDREW PORTER

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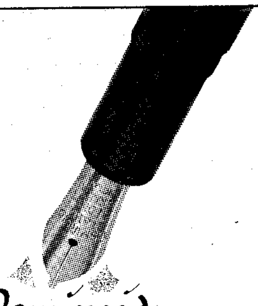
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an editorial in the Portland (Ore.) Oregon Journal*]

The "Kennedy bloc," in other words, must prove its roots are deeper than sour grapes.



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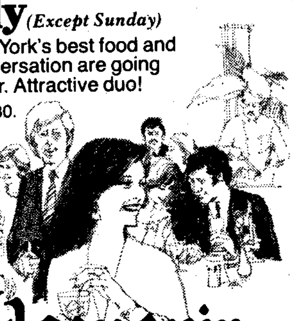

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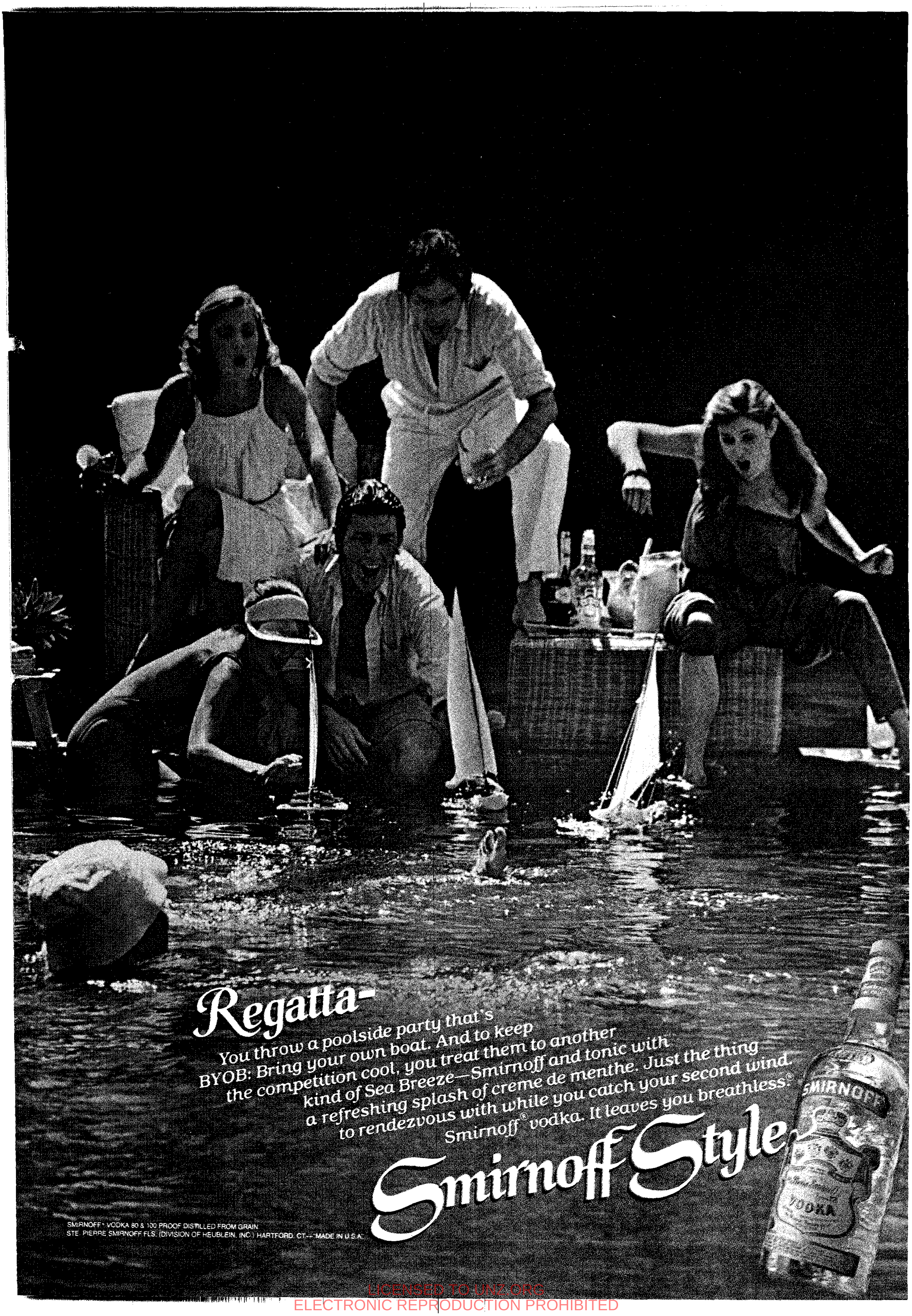

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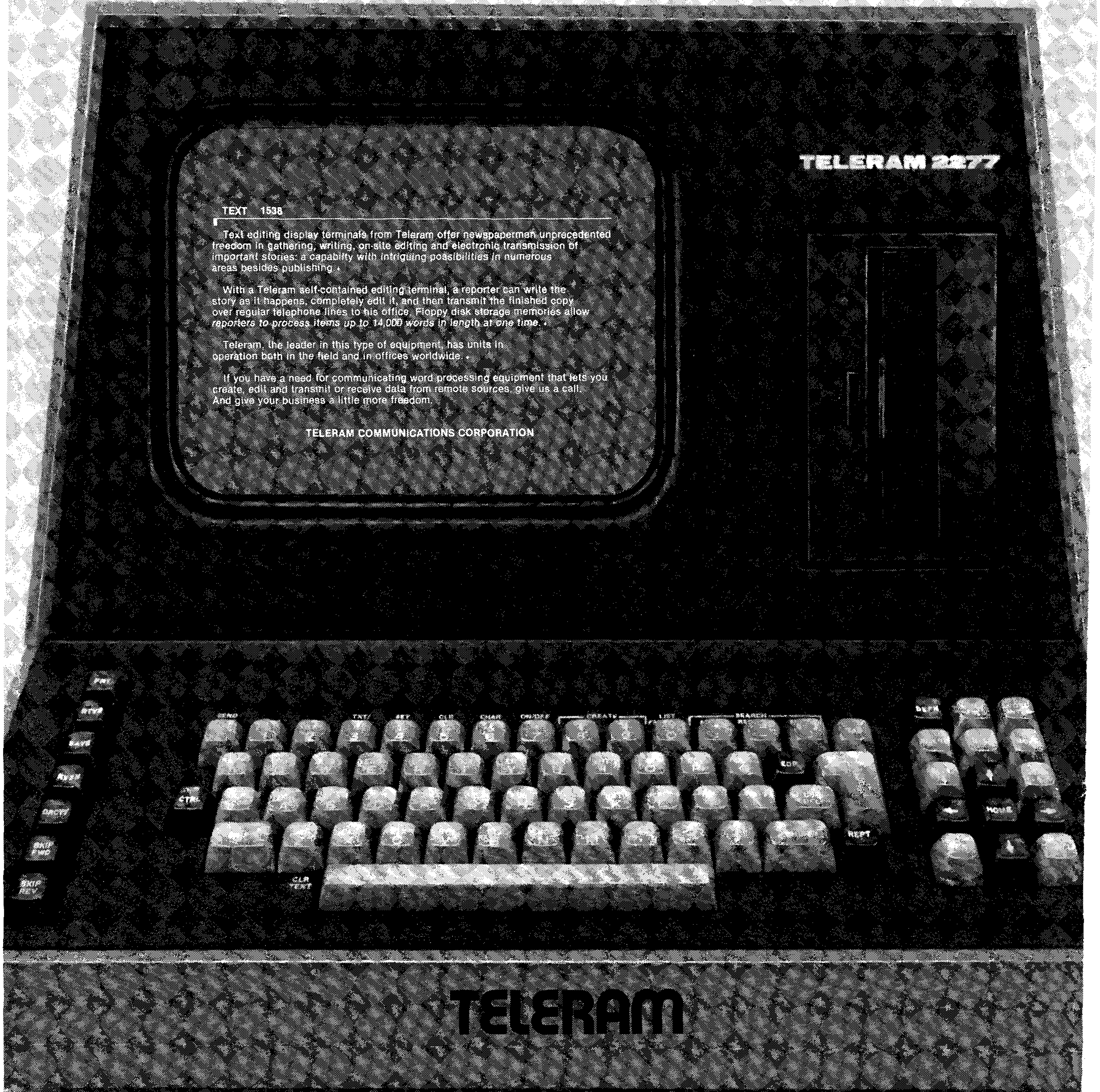

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

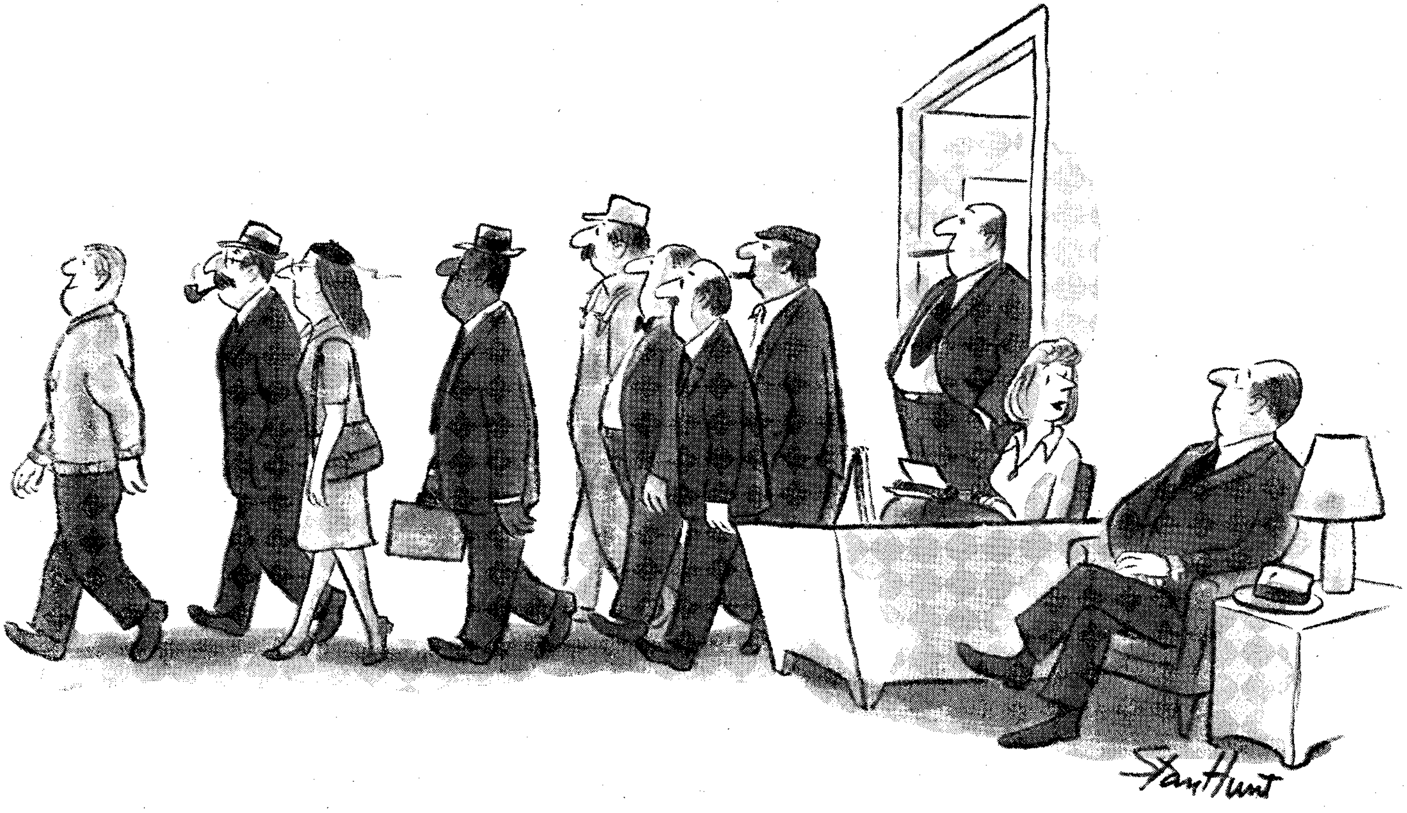
Have a Nice Day

MOVIES depend on the audience to share assumptions about everything from montage to metal teeth—not to mention words. Shared assumptions are "the currency of living," as the Player says in Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," and they are even more the currency of all forms of theatre. But when a movie assumes too much—when it presumes, taking our assent for granted—it is a true-believer movie, a movie for insiders. Some of these ("El Topo," "The Rocky Horror Picture Show") have a disreputable flashiness, because the assumptions are outrageous; but finally they are dull, because they deal in extreme complacency—nothing has to be explained or justified. When the true-believer movie is *respectable*, it is dull all the way. Some of its identifying marks are on view in two new releases.

"Meetings with Remarkable Men" and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan" take SPIRITUAL PROCESSES AS SUBJECTS. "Meetings" is a biographical movie about G. I. Gurdjieff and his search for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) "Seduction" is a fiction about a young liberal senator who becomes corrupted by power. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Though both movies have some external action (the usual seeker's trek across Central Asian wastes, the usual senator's trek through the Richard B. Russell Senate Office Building), most of the action happens inside the characters. Actors can express interior states, but not by MOTE-IN-THE-MIDDLE-DISTANCE ACTING. Gurdjieff (Dragan Maksimovic) and Tynan (Alan Alda, who also wrote the screenplay for "Seduction") stare fixedly into space when a lurch of the soul or an anesthetizing of the conscience makes them feel hot on the trail of "something really important" or "the nominating speech."

The staring motif did help me to find Terence Stamp under a big beard, in "Meetings," as a dilettante prince. His blue eyes glitter when he says, "I met many people with interests similar to my own." Gurdjieff replies, "How can I meet such people?" This is CATECHISM DIALOGUE, and so is "Of course, Senator, this is a decision that no one can make for you." Along with the CASUAL USE OF IN-GROUP TERMS IN DIALOGUE ("vibrations," "Sarmoung Brotherhood," "fund-raiser at the Hilton," "Proxmire"), it implies that technical transactions are going on and that the audience does not need to be told how they work. The COMMUNITY OF BELIEVERS GATHERED AROUND THE CENTRAL FIGURE is shown reading books or writing on legal pads. We never experience the dynamics of the process that means so much to them. (Movies are beautifully equipped to put us through such processes with the simplest means: as in Capra's newspaper-office scenes; the meetings in "The Organizer;" the scenes where the young radicals teach each other political lessons in "La Chinoise.")

"Meetings" assumes we entered the theatre believing that there is a secret of life and that it can be found with the aid of an arcane map. "Seduction" assumes we share its view that political corruption goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep. Each movie proceeds along its party line with IRRITATING CALM, and with an AFFECTLESSNESS punctuated by RENEGADE PERFORMANCES. In "Meetings," a young priest played by Donald Sumpter with the virile freshness of an Oxford soccer star bursts in upon the study group, and we can be sure he is not long for this movie. Meryl Streep, as a Louisiana civil-rights lawyer in "Seduction," has a crying scene at an airport where Tynan gives her a kiss-off speech; she is a marvel of delicate, blushing nostrils and moistening eyes, but the moment is like an elegant phrase buried on page 867 of the *Congressional Record*. In the same movie, Melvyn Douglas takes a position of courtly tact toward the platitudes around him, and gives us an aging Southern senator with such precision and dignity that the character's senile fugue states, in which he speaks French,



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are both distressing and welcome: at last we are watching a human being. Rip Torn plays another Southern senator—a bourbon-guzzling, gumbo-swilling, call-girl-groping embarrassment. Torn's free-lance madman turns can be diverting, but not when the movie domesticates them. Both Southern-senator characters are CALCULATED TOUCHES OF DISORDER within a RIGID SCHEME. The movie's INTOLERANCE OF AMBIGUITY works in Douglas's favor: his truth rises above the movie and stays in the mind, while Torn's lampoon fits the scheme and sinks without trace.

Each movie ends with a LONG-AWAITED RITUAL. In "Meetings," it is the performance of the sacred dance movements that Gurdjieff learned in Central Asia. (They were taught to the dancers for the movie by Jeanne de Salzmann, who was an aide to Gurdjieff until his death, in 1949. She also wrote the screenplay, with Peter Brook, the director, who said in a recent interview in the *Times* that "Gurdjieff is the most immediate, the most valid, and the most totally representative figure of our times.") The dances are interesting compared with the rest of the movie: dancing people have energy, no matter how formalized the movements. The political convention at the end of "Seduction" (directed by Jerry Schatzberg) is weary footage of hats and confetti. When Barbara Harris, as Tynan's wife, signals to him across the hall—by twitching her mouth and a paper flag—that she will stick by him, I remembered her at the end of "Nashville," belting "It Don't Worry Me," and was reminded of one of the mysterious properties of film: an enormous gesture can be ambiguous, and a tiny one can spell everything out like a conventioneer's sign.

These overthought, airless, pious movies are not propaganda works. Propaganda's aim is to excite us to belief; these movies assume that our feelings don't have to be stirred, because we already believe. If they seem to have STRANGELY NEUTRAL LOCALES—the Gobi Desert could be the Senate Chamber, and vice versa—it is because they take place in the moviemakers' minds.

THE two reasons to see more "American Graffiti"—more direction by George Lucas (who went on to make "Star Wars") and more musical blasts from the past—are not reasons to see "More American Graffiti," a sequel that takes the familiar school-yearbook clucks through the nineteen-sixties. This time, Lucas is only the executive producer; the di-

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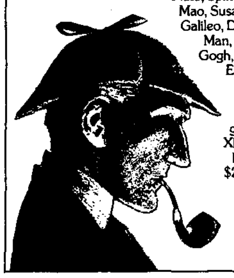

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rection is by B. W. L. Norton, and so is the screenplay. Moving back and forth among three New Year's Eves, "More American Graffiti" is a mess of time shifts and pointless, confusing split-screen techniques that make the images look dinky instead of multiplying their impact. For as busy a movie as I have seen, it is visually one of the most boring. Norton trades the grammar of moving pictures for a formula that says the sixties equals fragmentation equals split screen—and split screen we get: baby's-first-jigsaw-puzzles of simultaneous action, until we long for a simple cut from a moving car to a closeup of the driver.

The expected anthology of music (sung by Donovan, Dylan, the Supremes, Zappa, etc.) is oddly unarousing. I am usually excited by this music even in movies where it is supposed to be incidental. In "More American Graffiti," which many people will want to see *for* the music, it feels truly incidental. The songs are obligatory references: they establish the date of a scene, then dribble away. (New York audiences would do better at the 8th Street Playhouse's rock-movie festival.)

Made by people whose minds seem to have been surgically replaced with *The New York Times Index* for the sixties, the movie treats everything as a series of fashions, all with equal weight. Remember drug busts, crash pads, draft-card burnings, people named Rainbow, women's liberation, light shows? The jokey Vietnam scenes are horrible. Their greenish, grainy look is not part of a stylistic plan for the three sections of the movie but just an attempt to cash in on memories of TV coverage of Vietnam. It is hard for a comedy to find the right tone for handling the pain of the sixties, but this one cannot even handle the pleasure. It can take a pretty young woman at the Fillmore in a top hat with ostrich feathers and turn her into a shrunken little fad.

But the worst thing about "More American Graffiti" is its disrespect for its own characters. Unattractive as I found Terry the Toad (Charles Martin Smith) and John Milner (Paul Le Mat), I did not enjoy being told early on that they would die and then being tantalized with war and car-race scenes in which they were set up to die but didn't. Planting the information that a character will die is in any case one of the lower ways to structure a story, and I have never seen it used more sleazily. The writer-director, Norton (who wrote and directed "Cisco Pike"—a movie I liked—and did the screenplay for "Convoy"), here shows all the sensibilities of the twerp who shoots Keith Carradine on the bridge in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—a smug, soulless tease.

For the record, Cindy Williams, Candy Clark, Mackenzie Phillips, Bo Hopkins, and Ron Howard also appear in the roles they originated.

George Lucas should have invited ArtooDetoo to write and direct this one—it could have used the robot's charming logic. Only a human being could make something that is so programmed and yet so senseless.

—VERONICA GENG

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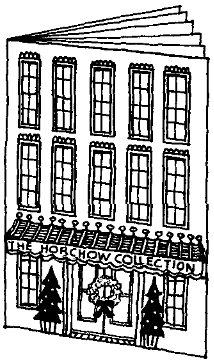
Sleeplessness, sleeplessness, sleep-
lessness, draw your
Eye down now in on dim panes;
Pry it there,
Trying for surcease as,
Carrying cottonwood, all cross the sea:
First to be before
Tomorrow,
Sleeplessness sleeps inside imperfect memory.

Close your own eyes, now, daughter; though
I've drawn down
Blinds gone black, there's a light
Ahead and ahead
Of the light I'm free:
A quotient,
A pose,
A rock that's a turtle
Racing into sleep and its neighboring contrary.

Sleeplessness, sleeplessness, Prince in the Night,
Pass over my daughter,
And die here in me.

—LARRY WOIWODE



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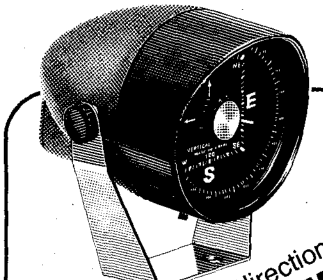

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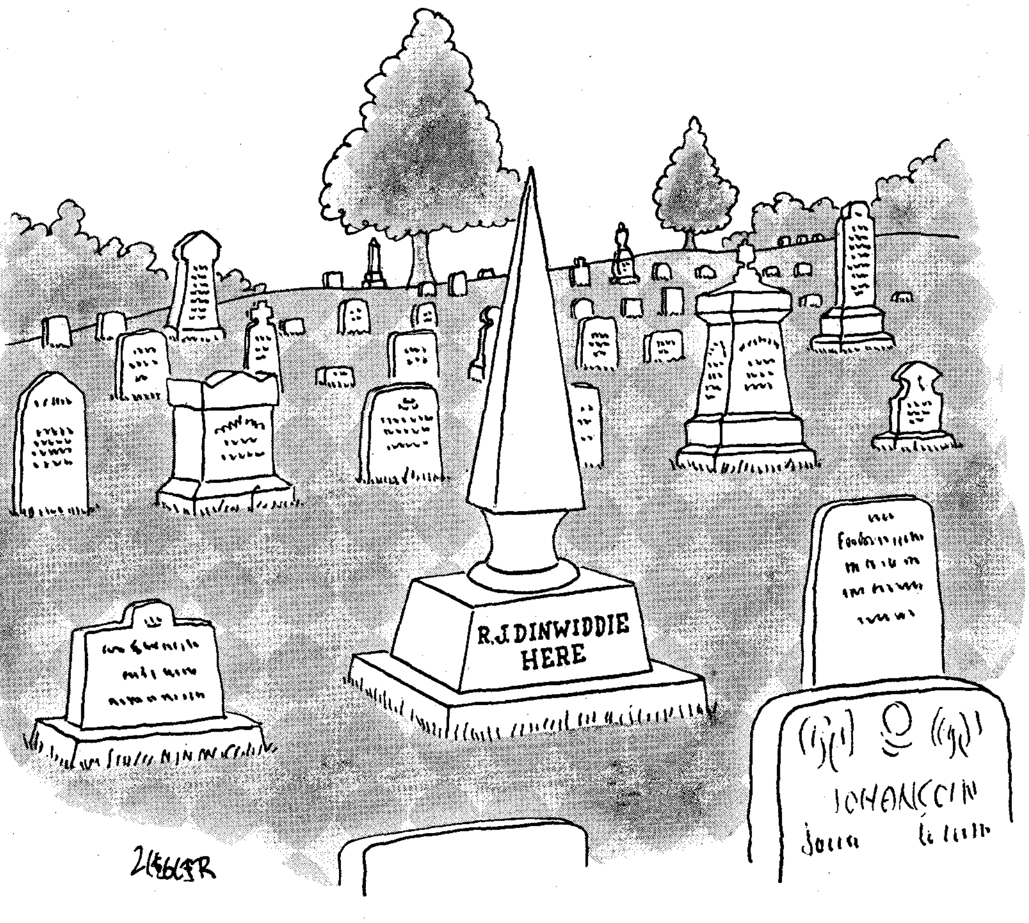
DANCING

Theory and Practice in the Russian Ballet

THE first season of the Bolshoi Ballet in America, twenty years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, consisted of "Giselle," "Swan Lake," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Stone Flower," and a batch of excerpts and short ballets which made up two "Highlights" programs. "The Stone Flower" was the sole modern work; at least, that is the way it was presented and, in large part, received. It was also the sole work with choreography by Yuri Grigorovich, who is now the company's artistic director, and that must have been the reason it was chosen to open the current Bolshoi engagement at the State Theatre, which is not only an anniversary season but also a Grigorovich retrospective. The choice is otherwise inexplicable. If "The Stone Flower" is remembered here at all, it is for the performances of Vladimir Vasiliev and Ekaterina Maximova in the two leading roles. Maya Plisetskaya, a heroine of that first season, was from all reports (I saw Nina Timofeyeva) an engaging Mistress of the Copper Mountain. None of these dancers from the original Bolshoi cast are with the company in New York; in fact, they're part of an anti-Grigorovich faction that has been touring independently. Reviving "The Stone Flower" under these conditions draws attention to the existence of controversy and the hollowness of the ballet's importance.

One of the subjects of the controversy is the new Grigorovich production of "Romeo and Juliet," which starts its run here this week. The separatists are saying that Grigorovich intends to replace the standard version, by Leonid Lavrovsky; Grigorovich says that both versions will be retained. It's unlikely, though, that the Lavrovsky "Romeo" will ever again be toured. Turn back to 1959, which was the last time it was seen here, and New York opinion is overwhelmingly negative. Ulanova's performance was praised, but the production was judged to be old-fashioned, because it contained long stretches of the kind of melodramatic pantomime that hadn't been seen on a New York stage since the days of David Belasco. This is not a point on which local opinion is likely to have changed. "The Stone Flower," coming at the end of that riotously successful début season, was given what might be called an indulgent reception. It, too, had a Prokofiev score, but a much inferior one. And it had a thin and unreal story about a stonecutter who has to choose between making art for the people and pursuing ivory- (or, in his case, malachite-) tower perfectionism. The story is unreal not just because you know how it will come out but because it is, in dance terms, incomprehensible. Grigorovich used three kinds of dance: lyrical-adagio, character-folk, and, for the scenes in the glowing green underground kingdom of precious stones, a spiky type of *ballet moderne* the like of which hadn't been seen here since Adolph Bolm was staging his city-symphony/iron-foundry ballets in the early thirties. In none of his chosen modes could Grigorovich express the dramatic point of the libretto that was outlined in the printed program or work up the least bit of suggestive atmosphere. Yet because he *didn't* use pantomime the Russians claimed the ballet was an artistic advance, and some American critics fell in with the claim. After all, what did we know in 1959?

When Grigorovich succeeded Lavrovsky as artistic director, he continued to make no-pantomime the signpost of progress. But in the whole course of Russian dance history, as recorded by Russian dance historians, it is hard to find a native choreographer who is *not* progressive in this way—even Lavrovsky is extolled for his promotion of all-dance expression. Only, of course, what looks all dance in one era looks a lot less pure later on, and in the pages of history the same choreographer turns into a reactionary the minute the next promoter gets ready to "reform the ballet." In a country where the story ballet is the only type of ballet tolerated, the use or non-use of mime is kept dangerously alive as an issue. Grigorovich really does choreograph everything as dance action. His trouble is that he must go on doing it for three hours, and after about twenty minutes the glad-sad-mad-bad slots tend to get all stuffed up. Twenty years later, "The Stone Flower" is still rigidly inarticulate, although, compared to the samples of Grigorovich's work we have seen since, it comes off as inoffensively naïve. The second-act suite of folk dances includes some entertaining gypsy nightclub antics and ends with the scene that in 1959 had audiences at the old Met yelling: the evil bailiff, lured by the Mistress of the Copper Moun-



"I love your husband, Louise. He's very male without being macho."

• •

tain, is swallowed by the earth. The yells were for Vladimir Levashev, the great character dancer of that period, whose thrashings as the trap took him down and down ran up and up an emotional scale from bewilderment to panic to insane terror—an effect that the perfunctory heaves of Yuri Vetrov on opening night this season didn't begin to suggest. Anatoli Simachev was a more imaginative villain on the next night, but emotionally he embraced about half an octave. Along with Simachev, Andrei Kondratov as the stonecutter and Svetlana Adirkhayova as the Mistress of the Copper Mountain performed with more authority than the first-night cast, Leonid Koslov and Valentina Koslova, though they were no better as dancers. Koslova, stylistically gauche, has Ann Marie De Angelo-type power; Adirkhayova has layers of polish over technical weaknesses. Neither has the acrobatic precision or the spirited charm the part needs if it is to be rescued from the comic strips. The Mistress of the Copper Mountain is a slit-eyed slitherer. (In the original tale that the libretto comes from, she's a metamorphosed lizard.) She does all her piqués chaînés with angled elbows, and at the end of the ballet she tries several times to persuade the hero to stay by leaping on him from a crouch. This young man is also a stereotype—the bluff, honest folk hero in a tunic—and his chaste girlfriend, who wears an ankle-length nightie through the whole ballet, is an active bore. I don't ask to see the original cast at this late date. It is hard, though, to believe that Vasiliev and Maximova could have made an impression in roles like these. Because of the steps, one can still see Vasiliev's shadow, but Maximova disappears into Ulanova—the aging Ulanova who had originated the role of Katerina in "The Stone Flower" a few years before, in another version of the ballet, choregraphed by Lavrovsky. If you look at pictures of Ulanova in her prime, you see a commanding beauty, but by the fifties she'd become a vestal virgin, a pure and simple soul—the soul, in fact, of the people. When Maximova entered the company, she was Ulanova's protégée, and Maximova's role in "The Stone Flower" was the Ulanova stereotype, just as the Mistress of the Copper Mountain was the Plisetskaya stereotype; the two women had been played off against each other before, as Maria and Zarema in "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai." Dramatically and symbolically, the role of Katerina is absurd—at one point she defends her virtue against the villain with an upraised sickle—and choreographically it is feeble. Grigorovich relies on his favorite step, renversé attitude, and a few other things that can be done in a nightgown: low arabesques, hobbling piqués, or, in a lighter vein, piqués prancing backward. Mysteriously, the flashing Ludmila Semenyaka was the dancer scheduled for Katerina on opening night, but because of an injury she withdrew and the role was danced in the first three performances by Irina Prokofieva—a large, weighty woman, who is probably not as dim a dancer as the role made her look.

The sacred/profane polarity in feminine type-casting seems to be standard Russian practice. Grigorovich used it again in "The Legend of Love" (Shirin/Queen Mekhmene-Banu) and "Spartacus" (Phrygia/Aegina), Lavrovsky used it, and both men could probably claim antecedents in "Giselle" (Giselle/Myrtha) and "Swan Lake" (Odette/Odile). In his production of "Swan Lake," though, it isn't the ballerina roles that interest Grigorovich; he turns his good/evil polarization formula onto Siegfried and Von Rothbart, the sorcerer, and tries to suggest, through many a renversé attitude performed à deux, that the two are alter egos living inside the same character. The suggestion has no expressive purpose; it's just there to be fooled with, like a new tassel or drape. This "Swan Lake," I understand, is a modified, censored version of the radical production Grigorovich wished to put on. Nevertheless, it contains its share of experi-

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mental follies; it's about the most senseless of the novelty "Swan Lake"s that are still around, and, with its bleary unit set and swamp-gas lighting, the ugliest. The production, which dates from 1969 and was seen here in 1975, is another point of friction in intracompany politics. The dancer Maris Liepa characterized as "barren" and "monotonous" the new choreography; he might have added "insensitive." There is novelty, and then there is unfeeling novelty. Grigorovich has the many trumpet fanfares in the score "played" onstage by heralds of the court—six trumpeters where Tchaikovsky has two. But this is a minor annoyance compared to the moment at the end of the ballroom act when he has those six blaring away lustily while the rest of the court falls about in lamentation. It's then that you want the earth to open and swallow the whole thing up.

However, the Bolshoi is the Bolshoi, and a maladroit "Swan Lake" is preferable to a "Stone Flower" for showing off the company, its style and its school. About two minutes into Act I, the impression of dull and absent performing left by "The Stone Flower" was dispelled by the big ensemble waltz. Here were young men and women happily absorbed, effectively deployed, visibly connected to a tradition. I have faint but stirring memories of Act I as it was in the former Bolshoi version—of an elegantly framed vision of haughty young aristocrats disporting themselves in a Botticelli autumn garden. And that vision comes back to me in the present production even though the garden is gone, along with its frame of animated onlookers. The dancing shows such sensibility—so many details of step and accent which the eye picks out like metallic threads through a great tapestry—that one begins to grow a little afraid, as if in the presence of numbers of strangers all with finer instincts than one's own. What one is seeing is style—style as a system of preferences that has to be bred into a company. That's why the sight of it is scary. But isn't part of the reason we go to the ballet the tragic thrill of seeing so many accomplish what for one would be remarkable? Particularity of behavior elevated to group expression is what draws us to the great companies with the great corps, like the Bolshoi, especially when they do "Swan Lake." It's the expectation of seeing in the tragic action of the ballet a logical parallel to what has already been fulfilled in the creation of a corps de ballet and the creation of a ballerina. The ballerina is the principle of the particular within the general, and the corps is the

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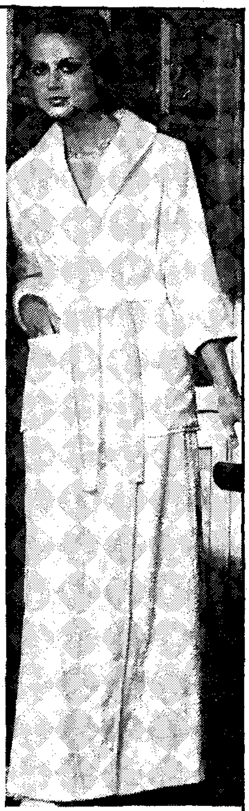

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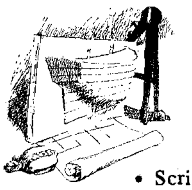

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principle of the general within the particular, and each is achieved tragically, out of the depths of human pride. One can't have cheap artistic direction and still have tragedy on the grand scale appropriate to ballet. From the way the Bolshoi dances "Swan Lake," I'd say that its artistic direction is mainly benevolent—negligent or partial at worst. The great waltz in Act I is an adaptation of what I can recall seeing in the sixties; Grigorovich's fussing has mostly to do with pointwork. I think the women used to wear heeled shoes in this number—the men, too—and the effect of that is still there. The tiny chassés in the basic waltz step have been converted into small amounts of taqueté; the oddness of inflection is the same, and so is the delicate balance of the whole figure as it waltzes. The women show becoming oppositions in neck, waist, thigh, and ankle; they're moderately vivacious, while the men are moderately aggressive. But the medium temperature is calculated against the extreme rigor of the lakeside acts. When the transition to the lakeside begins (the two acts are played consecutively), Grigorovich destroys the mood right away with his "conception," and he undermines the entrance of the swans by rushing them out of nowhere into a formation at the start of the act. But when they make their traditional entrance, in flying sautés arabesques, the show resumes its proper perspective. The Bolshoi is still the greatest turned-in ballet company in the world, and its swans, as usual, draw their bigness of scale from the instep and lower leg rather than, as Western swans do, from an open hip and mobile thigh. But then there is the wonderfully alive Russian back. Those backs and those strongly flexed feet somehow collaborate in and cultivate a look of strain and confinement which has nothing to do with technical inadequacy. This is swan deportment in Bolshoi terms. And the suspense of Bolshoi phrasing—behind the beat, with linking steps inordinately inflated, climaxes unpredictably tossed away—adds its baffling fanciness to the total worked-over, slightly sweated weight of Bolshoi style. When these swans are in their human form, they're sitting in clammy castles making lace.

Natalia Bessmertnova is the Swan Queen who bears out the corps in its most ponderous aspects, but she's really not released in the role. With her beautiful turned-in plastique, Bessmertnova makes rapturous broken-winged pictures in this ballet; when she flies, though, she flies right out of it into another world. Her second-act adagio is so evenly accented and molded, and

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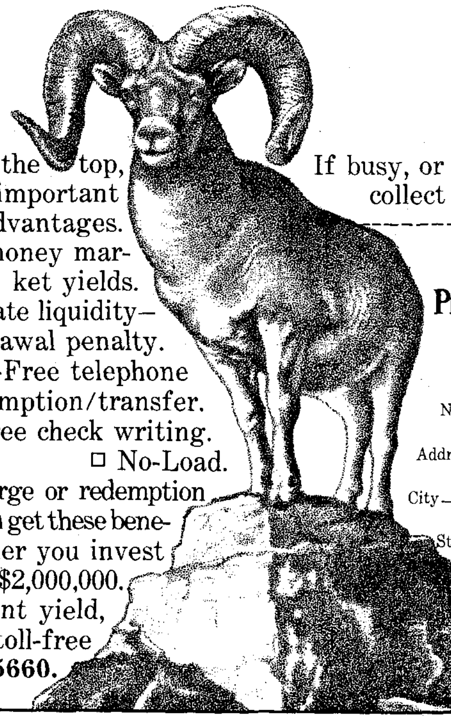

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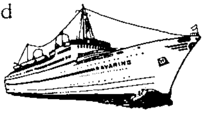

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every bit of it is so heavy, that it seems twice as long as it is. In Odile's variation, which appears to have been made on her, she had a bright moment, and in the last act she had another, riding around the stage in huge grands jetés. Bessmertnova danced two performances, with two different Siegfrieds, both of them talented and accomplished young dancers. Alexander Godunov, whom we last saw here in 1974, may be the more accomplished. From a rawly energetic performer he has developed into a classical dancer of distinction, and his personality has opened and sweetened. Although Alexander Bogatyrev has, as they say, filled out, his listless attack and casual demeanor make him a pipe-and-slippers prince. In the finale to Act I, he violated Grigorovich's idea of a Siegfried who does nothing but dance by actually appearing to sight swans overhead. Both of these performances of "Swan Lake" were graced by Irina Kholina's light and speedy solo in the first-act pas de trois—except for this plum an unexcitingly arranged piece of choreography. From its low point on opening night, the company has slowly, very slowly, begun to come alive. We are still waiting for Semenyaka in something other than "The Stone Flower," and so far Nadezhda Pavlova and Vyacheslav Gordeyev have danced only in "Spartacus." For many of us, these two dancers have been among the world's legendary performers ever since we saw them and Semenyaka and Godunov make their startling New York débuts six years ago. "Spartacus," in which Gordeyev must be tigerishly heroic and Pavlova kittenishly consoling, doesn't allow much more than a glimpse of what artists like this can do. But that glimpse was enough to touch off pandemonium in the audience. Yes, the beauty and power are still there, brighter and steadier than before, and holding out every promise of dazzling us apocalyptically in the weeks ahead.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

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BOOKS

Jake and Lolly Opt Out

IF the postwar English novel figures on the international stage as winsomely trivial, Kingsley Amis must bear part of the blame. Though he himself is a poet good enough to be generously represented in "The New Oxford Book of English Light Verse" (which Mr. Amis edited), it is a rare sentence of his prose that surrenders to the demons of language, that abdicates a seat of fussy social judgment, that is there for its own sake, out of simple awe, gratitude, or dismay in the face of creation. His universe is claustrophobically human, and his ambition and reputation alike remain in thrall to the weary concept of the "comic novel." There was something unabashedly sophomoric about "Lucky Jim" (1953) which bespoke an eternal schoolboy; adult experience appears unremittingly oppressive to James Dixon save for the chemical holiday, the physiological crime and punishment, of drunkenness and hangover. On this one Janus-faced topic Mr. Amis could and can write with inspiration; but as farce and satire "Lucky Jim" lay uneasily between the romantic good humor of Wodehouse and the sublime hardheartedness of Waugh. Compared with a contemporaneous American study of reluctant pubescence, Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye," it lacked not only private psychological intensity but, oddly enough, true comic edge. For there is no need to write "funny novels," when life's actual juxtapositions and convolutions, set down attentively, are comedy enough.

Amis's newest novel, "Jake's Thing" (Viking; $9.95), is in fact a more ample and less artificial grab at life than "Lucky Jim," though little in the book's reception would imply that. On the back of the jacket, the *Daily Mail* is quoted as chortling, "The funniest thing he has done since *Lucky Jim* . . . The book takes an unerring smack at our times." Well, the hilarious central subject of "Jake's Thing" is impotence and, beyond that, acedia, the deathlike condition of not caring; and the unerring smack is not at our times but at Mr. Amis's pained and isolated hero. Jake Richardson, an Oxford don who lives in London (apparently a not unusual arrangement), in an attempt to revive his libido subjects his fastidious sensibility and fifty-nine-year-old body to a series of humiliating psychiatric conferences, sex gadgets, and exhibitionistic workshops. Jake has once been a great womanizer, with over a hundred scores to his credit. He is married to his third wife, the overweight and wide-eyed Brenda. He wants, he thinks, to save his marriage. The muffled engine of the plot, the underplayed *primum mobile*, is the depth of anguish and affective embarrassment which glues this conservative, elderly man to psychologists and fellow-patients whom he despises; against the background of this poignance, nothing looms as very funny. Mr. Amis attempts to milk for a few mechanical laughs the juxtaposition of a snoopy cleaning lady with Jake's medically prescribed pornography reading and the introduction into his home of a device called "the nocturnal mensurator." No doubt some of the therapeutic language—"inceptive regrouping," "genital sensate focusing"—is meant to be droll. But the centerpiece of the satire, if satire it is—the lengthy workshop Jake and Brenda endure with the dwarfish psychologist Rosenberg, the workshop "facilitator" Ed (an American, always a bad sign), and eight sufferers from kleptomania, paranoia, inferiority complex, and assorted phobias—comes over as more horrifying than biting, more pathetic than amusing. It is by no means clear that Rosenberg and Ed are charlatans, though Jake comes to believe so, and the English reader might be disposed to expect so. To an American, conditioned to tolerance of all sorts of craziness on behalf of the soul, the extravagant exercises of group therapy seem at least a gallant attack upon virtually intractable forms of human loneliness and mental misery. Brenda, who enters this strange world in the wake of Jake's impotence, comes to argue, "Now Ed has too good an opinion of himself I quite agree, but he does help people, or lets them help themselves which is just as good. I'm sure there are good reasons for saying he couldn't or he shouldn't or he doesn't really, but he does." The author in this debate stands a bit off to the side, giving Jake lots of space but Brenda some very good lines—better lines than her supposedly ill-educated, insecure character would warrant—and Mr. Amis's bemusement deepens as his hero, in an increasingly violent succession of verbal explosions, proceeds from wounded impotence to triumphant misogyny.

Jake, once the novel escorts him back to the predominantly male environment of Oxford, takes on some of Lucky Jim's manic recklessness, and through a drunken seduction he narrows in on the heart of his problem, which is the hatefulness of all things female. As long as he is in London, docilely busing back and forth between his sex therapist and his wife, his inklings are no more malign than the private observation, of a female anatomical part featured in a magazine called *Mezzanine*, that "in itself it had an exotic appearance, like the inside of a giraffe's ear or a tropical

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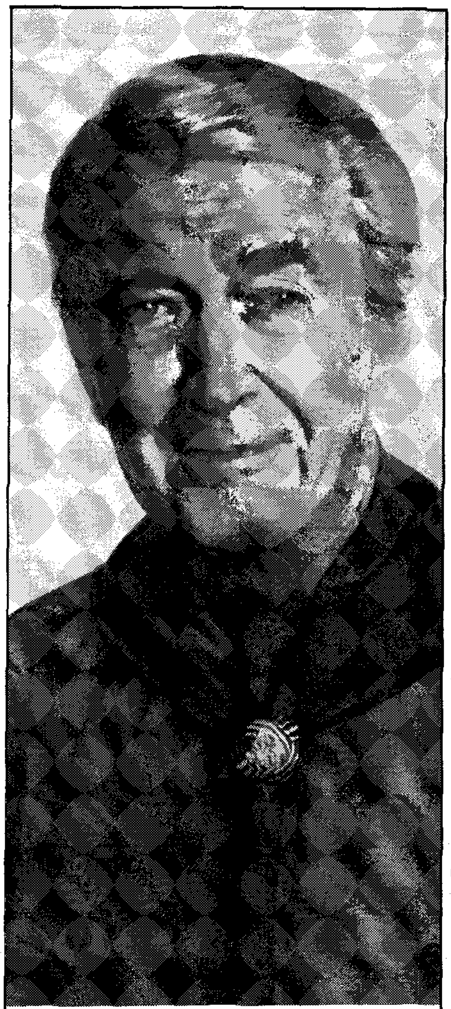

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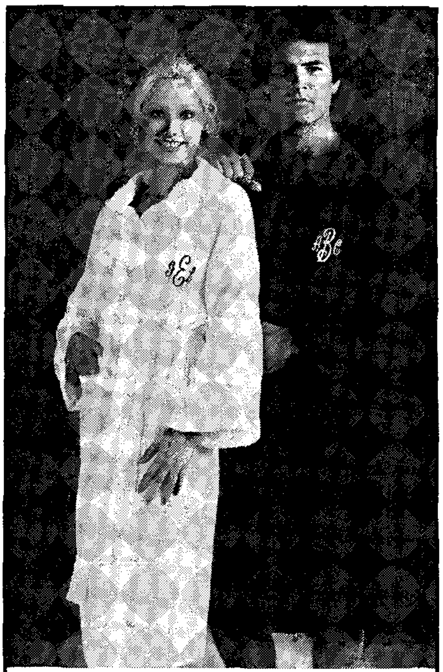
fruit not much prized even by the locals." But back in the university precincts, where the female minority hoots at Jake as a "wanker" and sends him a plastic phallus in the post, he is led to perceive that "they [women] don't mean what they say, they don't use language for discourse but for extending their personality." The indictment immensely widens, to include "their concern with the surface of things, with objects and appearances, with their surroundings and how they looked and sounded in them, with seeming to be better and to be right while getting everything wrong, their automatic assumption of the role of injured party in any clash of wills," etc., etc., all of which can be subsumed under the lament, in "My Fair Lady," of Professor Henry Higgins: "Oh, why can't a woman be like us?" The ending of "Jake's Thing" is too good—too startling and too inevitable—to give away; but let it be hinted that it echoes with uncanny fidelity the notorious conclusion of Mickey Spillane's "I, the Jury."

The novel's innocent air of not having wanted to come out this way is one of its charms. Much sorrow and some wit flourish in the chinks of the shambles as marital saga, reactionary diatribe, and pilgrim's progress vainly compete to set a consistent tone. The book is made up of twenty-eight jollily titled chapters that feel like consecutive essays. As a continuously developing stream of event and revelation, "Jake's Thing" suffers from contrived jokiness and unsteady perspective; the author seems now immersed in Jake, now on the verge of disowning him, and there are curious patches where the action is summarized rather than relayed, as though the writer had to avert his eyes. As a portrait of a man, however, and the times that enclose and infuriate him, the novel is satisfyingly ambiguous, relentless, and full. Jake has more complaints than the similarly indisposed Alexander Portnoy: he can't get used to seeing Asians and blacks in the streets of London; he can't help noticing that men in dirty overalls seem to have more money to spend than he; he conducts inwardly a running criticism of the architecture, dress, manners, and cuisine he daily confronts; he suffers from moments of seeing "the world in its true light, as a place where nothing had ever been any good and nothing of significance done." He is in a rage. Yet he is also dutiful, loyal in his fashion, and beset; we accept him as a good fellow, an honest godless citizen of the late twentieth century, trying hard to cope with the



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heretical possibility that sex isn't everything.

THIS possibility must have occurred earlier in life to Sylvia Townsend Warner than to Kingsley Amis. "Lolly Willowes; or, The Loving Huntsman," her first novel, originally published in 1926 and now reissued in paperback by the Women's Press in London (distributed in this country by Horizon Press; $3.95), is the witty, eerie, tender but firm life history of a middle-class Englishwoman who politely declines to make the expected connection with the opposite sex and becomes a witch instead. The late Miss Warner, whose more than half century of brilliantly varied and superbly self-possessed literary production never won her the flaming place in the heavens of reputation that she deserved, began as a poet, like Mr. Amis, but, unlike him, did retain magic and music in her prose. Her last book, familiar in large part to readers of this magazine, was a series of vivacious matter-of-fact short stories about elves, collected a year before her death as "Kingdoms of Elfin" (1977). Her first novel finds her already moving with sombre confidence into the realm of the supernatural, which she treats as a comfortable branch of the mundane. Her prose, in its simple, abrupt evocations, has something preternatural about it. We meet Laura Willowes in 1902, when, upon the death of her father in the Somerset village where she has grown up, she moves to London to live with her elder brother and his family. The father's funeral is evoked:

> The bees droned in the motionless lime trees. A hot ginny churchyard smell detached itself in a leisurely way from the evergreens when the mourners brushed by them. The sun, but an hour or so declined, shone with an ardent and steadfast interest upon the little group. "In the midst of life we are in death," said Mr. Warbury, his voice sounding rather shameless taken out of church and displayed upon the basking echoless air.

In London, in her brother's prosperous and well-served house, Laura ages into Aunt Lolly. While a number of efforts are made to marry her off, "Laura would make no efforts at all." A certain stammering Mr. Arbuthnot, who "felt that being thirty-five he owed himself a wife," strikes a dim spark, until Laura suddenly tells him, "If you are a were-wolf, and very likely you may be, for lots of people are without knowing, February, of all months, is the month when you are most likely to go out on a dark windy night and worry sheep." Though her

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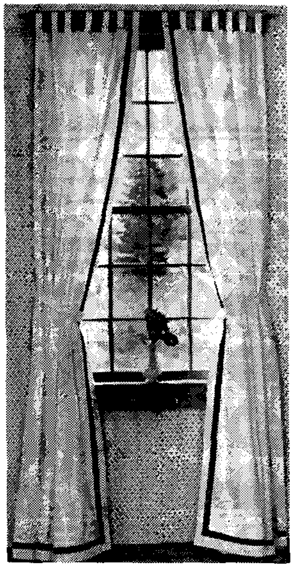

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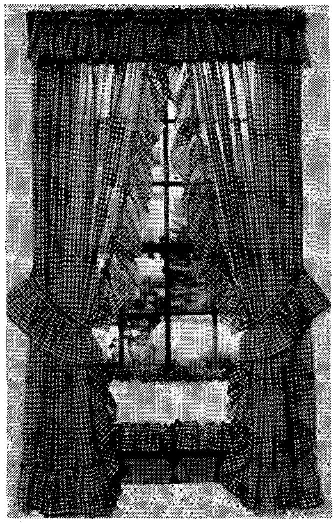

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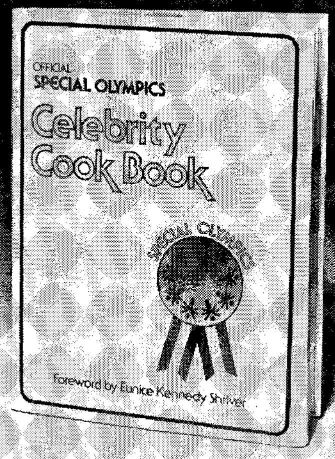

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kin then resign themselves to having Aunt Lolly with them forever, she experiences increasing disquiet, especially in the autumn months. In 1921, as she approaches fifty, she undergoes a definitive mystical experience, in a humble greengrocer's shop:

> Laura looked at the bottled fruits, the sliced pears in syrup, the glistening red plums, the greengages. She thought of the woman who had filled those jars and fastened on the bladders. Perhaps the greengrocer's mother lived in the country. A solitary old woman picking fruit in a darkening orchard, rubbing her rough fingertips over the smooth-skinned plums, a lean wiry old woman, standing with upstretched arms among her fruit trees *as though she were a tree herself*, growing out of the long grass, with arms stretched up like branches. It grew darker and darker; still she worked on, methodically stripping the quivering taut boughs one after the other.
>
> As Laura stood waiting she felt a great longing. It weighed upon her like the load of ripened fruit upon a tree. She forgot the shop, the other customers, her own errand. She forgot the winter air outside, the people going by on the wet pavements. She forgot that she was in London, she forgot the whole of her London life. She seemed to be standing alone in a darkening orchard, her feet in the grass, her arms stretched up to the pattern of leaves and fruit, her fingers seeking the rounded ovals of the fruit among the pointed ovals of the leaves. The air about her was cool and moist. There was no sound, for the birds had left off singing and the owls had not yet begun to hoot. No sound, except sometimes the soft thud of a ripe plum falling into the grass, to lie there a compact shadow among shadows. The back of her neck ached a little with the strain of holding up her arms. Her fingers searched among the leaves.

These two lapidary paragraphs embody what Michelet and other theorists on witchcraft (Professor Margaret Murray's momentous "Witch-Cult in Western Europe," asserting that witches after all had been real practitioners of ancient fertility rites, came out in 1921, the year of Laura's vision) merely propose: an identification of the witch with Nature. Sylvia Townsend Warner was a great friend of Nature; she was one of the last bardic intimates of rural England and a witty, erudite explicator of those myths and sensations in which the agricultural underlay of civilization still makes itself felt. Having received her revelation, Lolly Willowes abandons family life in London for the single life in the remote, agreeably sinister Buckinghamshire village of Great Mop, where with pleasant ease, feeling her way, she makes a pact with Satan, acquires a "familiar," attends a sabbat, joins a coven, and holds lengthy discourse with the Devil, who appears

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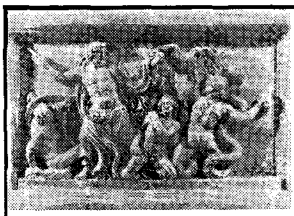

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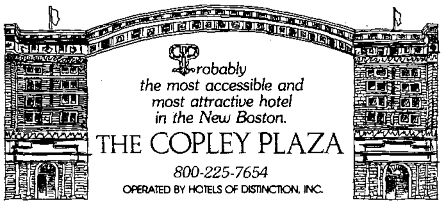

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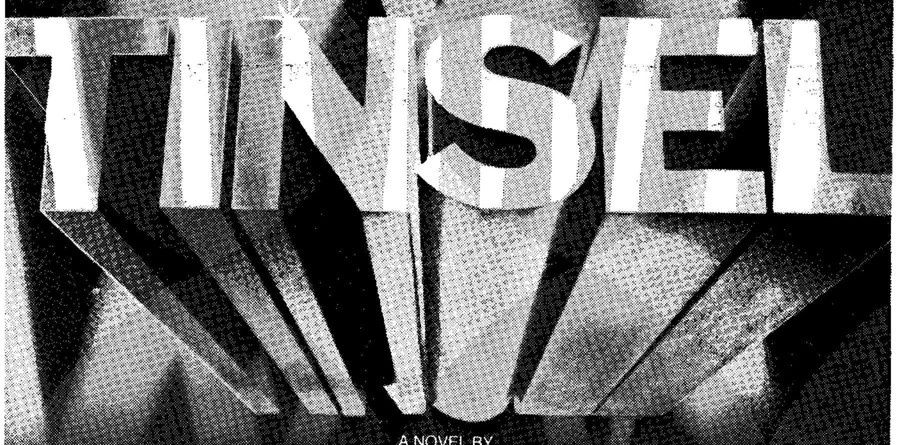
in the guise of a gardener. The subject they discourse upon is, of course, witchiness. "Is it true that you can poke the fire with a stick of dynamite in perfect safety?" Lolly asks. "I used to take my nieces to scientific lectures, and I believe I heard it then. Anyhow, even if it isn't true of dynamite, it's true of women. But they know they are dynamite, and long for the concussion that may justify them. Some may get religion, then they're all right, I expect. But for the others, for so many, what can there be but witchcraft? . . . That's why we become witches: to show our scorn of pretending life's a safe business, to satisfy our passion for adventure."

This concluding dialogue (to which the Prince of Darkness contributes mostly a docilely held tongue) is, I suppose, what made so delicate and puckish a novel a candidate for reissue by the Women's Press. Its colophon, a vigorously hatched steam iron emitting the slogan "Steaming Ahead," is certainly too melioristic for our darkly fanciful authoress; and, indeed, when I glowingly described "Lolly Willowes" to a feminist friend she scowled and said, "Of course, that's what men like to tell us. Either marry one of them or become a witch." Let us construe the word "witch," simply, as "free woman." Freedom, in daily things, is what Lolly Willowes likes about her condition. At the novel's end, the heroine misses a bus and exults in the realization that it does not much matter if she fails to return home that night. Her landlady, Mrs. Leak, herself a witch, will not mind, nobody will mind: "Lovely to be with people who prefer their thoughts to yours, lovely to live at your own sweet will, lovely to sleep out all night!" From the claustral comforts of domestic lovingness she has escaped to an indifferent lover, Satan, and falls asleep in the liberty of "his undesiring and unjudging gaze, his satisfied but profoundly indifferent ownership." Human love—unnatural, undiabolical love—demands service in return for its ministrations, and not only Lolly in her village solitude but Jake in his rough dons' chambers renounces this service. Dons and witches alike live consecrated lives apart from that middle terrain, overpopulated by lovers and kin, between private and abstract satisfactions. Both these thoroughly British novels advance—"Jake's Thing" more clumsily and apologetically—the case for asceticism in a world without religion. In the thick of a cultural consensus whose propaganda urges amorous con-

"Maybe the Hollywood novel!"*



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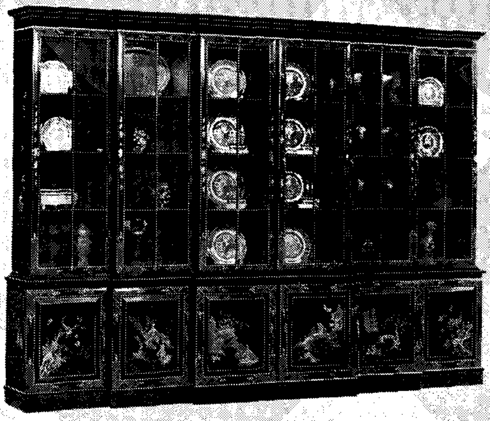

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junction, they argue for detachment and celibacy, not as an ordeal en route to a good afterlife but as a method (can it be?) of living well now.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MCKAY'S BEES, by Thomas McMahon (Harper & Row; $8.95). When Gordon McKay, a nineteenth-century Bostonian, calculates that it takes only five years for ten swarms of bees, properly attended, to increase to ten thousand two hundred and forty swarms, he sets off for Kansas with his wife, her twin brother, a troupe of German clockmakers-turned-hive-builders, and some bees to found a city devoted to the manufacture and export of honey. Soon after they disembark (having travelled by steamboat from New Orleans, with a pair of amorous alligators, representing the raw material of a fine-leather business, occupying the hurricane deck), the bee business attracts the attention of amiable redskins and of savage rednecks who mistake McKay's party for abolitionists (they lynch one of the alligators), and it eventually expires amid a host of complications involving carrion beetles, pottery kilns, hot-air balloons, hydraulic elevators, daguerreotypes, and shoemaking machines, as well as John Brown, Stephen Foster, Abraham Lincoln, Henry David Thoreau, Alexander von Humboldt, Louis Agassiz, and Charles Darwin. Mr. McMahon, a professor of applied mechanics and biology at Harvard, clearly enjoys mixing fact and fancy, and his results compare favorably with those of another explorer of the frontiers of civilization and sanity—Gabriel García Márquez.

RUMORS OF PEACE, by Ella Leffland (Harper & Row; $10.95). A novel, written in the first person, about a stubborn and spirited schoolgirl living in a sunny, if nervous, oil-refining town in California during the Second World War. She is disgusted with everyone of her age—both with the Towks ("the ones who count"), who spend all their time thinking up and conforming to fads, and with the losers and oddballs, even when they prove to have stout hearts within their awkward frames—and so she is especially happy when a classmate's older sister, a student at Berkeley, invites her over on weekends and encourages her to read and write. The war (in which her brother is fighting) is both her favorite subject and the best measure of her progress. At the age of ten, she gloats over grisly photographs of enemy dead; four years later, she worries about the long, dark trail of human history and looks with cautious hope to the new United Nations. A thoughtful, if necessarily simple, story that may well be a self-portrait; the girl's inquisitive nature, Miss Leffland suggests, will serve her well if she decides to become a novelist.

MRS. GASKELL'S TALES OF MYSTERY AND HORROR, edited by Michael Ashley (Scribners; $9.95). The Victorian novelist who is best remembered for works of charming genre ("Cranford") or compassionate social comment ("Mary Barton") was sufficiently a writer of her time to undertake, at the request of Dickens, in his capacity as editor of *Household Words*, the kind of scary yarn that readers of the period adored. Her first ghost story was so successful that she wrote many more, which are collected in this volume for the first time. Writers, it seems, do not change themselves when they change forms, and Mrs. Gaskell (as the editor notes) speedily abandoned the supernatural element to derive shocks and shivers from what interested her most—the doings, collisions, and passions of live human beings.

GENERAL

WHEN MEMORY COMES, by Saul Friedländer, translated from the French by Helen R. Lane (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95). A beautifully written (and beautifully translated) memoir of a tragic childhood. The author, a Czech Jew, was seven in 1939, when Hitler overran his homeland. Friedländer's parents fled to France, where the boy, their only child, who had known nothing but comfort and closeness, came to know nothing but impoverishment and separation, as his parents struggled to find work. In 1942, they placed him in a Catholic boarding school, where he was baptized and his name was changed, and then, as far as he knew, they abandoned him. After the war, he learned from letters his parents had written and from other sources how they had totally concentrated on preserving him, how their own efforts to escape had failed, and how they had died in a concentration camp. Friedländer, who ultimately emigrated to Israel, moves back and forth between past and present as he tells his story, and also among different pasts, for he is not merely recounting woes but recalling his emotional education during a bitter period of modern European history.

BAY OF PIGS: THE UNTOLD STORY, by Peter Wyden (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). This study of the abortive American-sponsored assault on Cuba in 1961 is a triumph of pertinacity. The author extracted the stories of countless participants, from Fidel Castro and Richard M. Bissell, Jr. (who was in charge of the operation for the C.I.A.), down to the infantrymen on both sides. His concluding assessments are surprisingly temperate—almost forgiving—but many readers will find the substance of his narrative not so easy to excuse. The C.I.A. repeatedly violated American laws, and the agency's military naïveté (and that of President Kennedy) led to the ignoring of not only objections by the Department of Defense but the military ideas of President Eisenhower. While the C.I.A. seems to have had an enormous staff, it included many men who appear quite inadequate. The Bay of Pigs reads like a dress rehearsal for our involvement in Vietnam: the two contretemps display identical lack of candor with the American public; lack of respect for foreigners, whether enemies or allies; and lack of sobriety about the appropriate scale and purpose of armed intervention. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE JAPANESE CHALLENGE, by Herman Kahn and Thomas Pepper (Crowell; $10). A concise work that gives the general reader the gist of our problems with Japan and Japan's problems at home. The country's export policies have indeed been pressing other industrial nations a bit too hard, but the authors believe that the United States' unsympathetic responses have been pressing Japan too hard, particularly since Japan must start reorganizing its industry in the face of such new trading competitors as Taiwan and South Korea. Kahn and Pepper tell us that Japan's postwar economic success has steadily opened up its formerly hierarchical social structure (with the result that its population, like those of other advanced industrial nations, is becoming too educated to do dirty jobs), but that Japanese racism has so far precluded immigration, although Ja-

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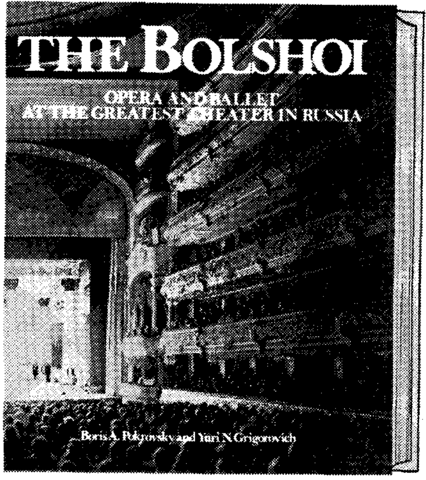
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pan has room—it is less crowded than Bermuda. During the years of growth, the Japanese did not spend enough on themselves—the quality of housing, for example, is pitiful for such a wealthy country—and the authors think the Japanese would profit in several ways by allowing themselves amenities they can well afford.

FAIRFIELD PORTER: ART IN ITS OWN TERMS—SELECTED CRITICISM 1935-75, edited by Rackstraw Downes (Taplinger; $15, $7.95 paper). For many years, the late Fairfield Porter's Maine landscapes and Vuillardish interiors appeared on the scene as respected anomalies; counter-proposals to current trends in their impact, they were pictures whose significance perhaps only the art world could fully appreciate. Porter's criticism, the bulk of which was written for *Art News* and *The Nation* in the fifties and early sixties, has the same insular strength. Quick to produce emphatically large, unexpected opinions, determined to look at obscure talents as carefully as at well-known ones, too impatient to develop his ideas over the course of a long essay, rarely wasting time on presenting an issue for the uninitiated, he wrote studio shoptalk at its heightened best. Essentially, Porter was an aphorist; his perceptions, simultaneously psychological, aesthetic, and social in scope, have a visionary clarity and completeness, and possibly they amazed and pleased him as much as they do the reader. This collection is studded with sentences on the order of "Two is a weak number, and most Rothko paintings seem to express this number," "Motherwell believes in the formality of his own time, which is called informality," and "Ryder's tenuous craftsmanship barely carried the load of his originality." Illustrated, and with a sympathetic, judicious introduction by Mr. Downes, himself a painter and occasional critic.

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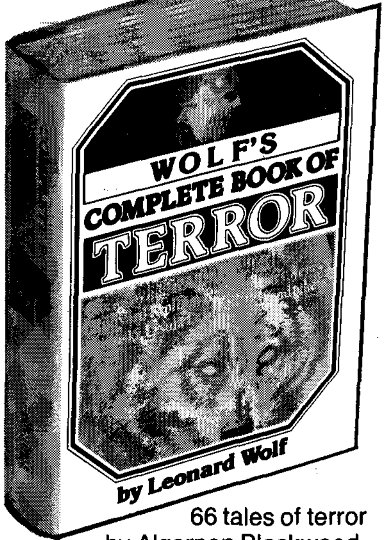

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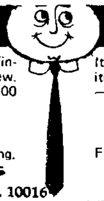


Skilled tie crafters refinish ties like brand new. Restore brightness. $2.00 ea/min. 3 ties.
MAIL ORDERS
Add $2.00 for UPS, insurance, handling.

YOUR WIDE TIES SLIMMED

It pays to refashion favorites. Like buying new ties — for a lot less! $4.00
WE SHORTEN OR LENGTHEN, TOO!

Free folder 'Tips on Ties.'
(212) 867-7676

tiecrafters
116 East 27th St. N.Y. 10016

Lenox enters a new age in dinnerware. Temper-ware.

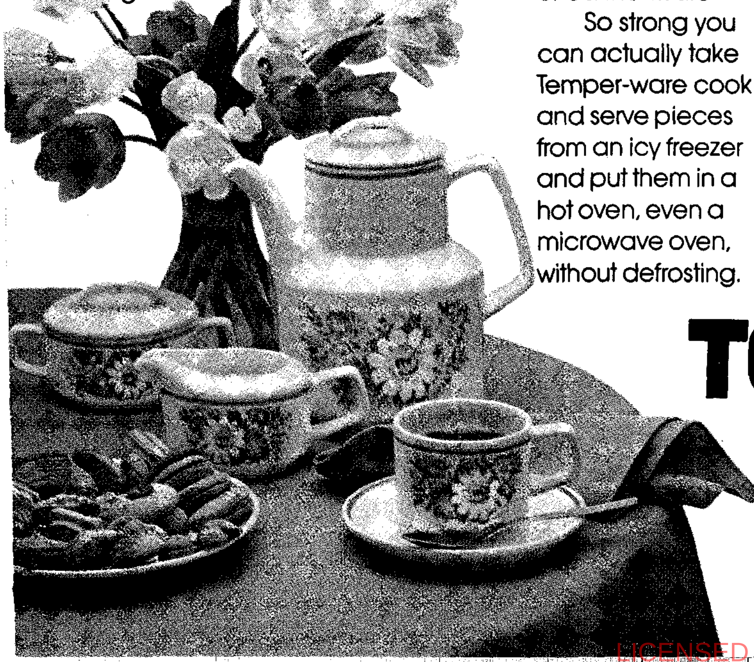
Stronger than any ironstone, stoneware, or earthenware.

Informal dinnerware will never be the same again. Because with Temper-ware, Lenox enters a whole new age in dinnerware. An age where your dinnerware's inner beauty is as important as its outer appearance.

The Lenox Formula for Success.

Lenox wants your first set of Temper-ware to be the last set of informal dinnerware you'll ever need.

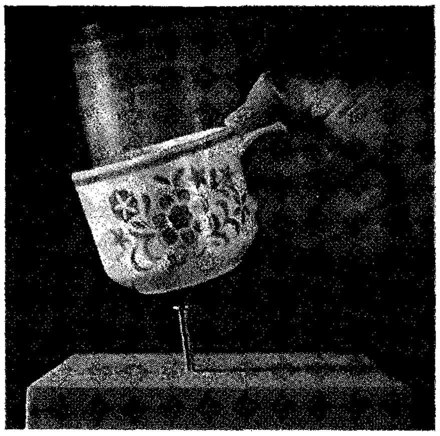
So years of testing and scientific research in our laboratories went into developing Temper-ware. Until we found that special formula. The perfect balance of materials that gives Temper-ware amazing strength.



It didn't happen overnight.

But the tests never stopped. Temper-ware is still constantly tested to see how it stands up to the traumas of daily use. During our breaking test, Temper-ware stands firm. And numerous Modulus of Rupture tests,* prove Temper-ware to be stronger than the strongest ironstone, stoneware, or earthenware.

So strong you can actually take Temper-ware cook and serve pieces from an icy freezer and put them in a hot oven, even a microwave oven, without defrosting.



And you can serve in them in style. Even run them through the dishwasher as often as you want.

The final test.

And just like Lenox fine china, Temper-ware is given the ultimate Lenox test. It's placed on the table. One look and you'll see that Temper-ware is worthy of the name Lenox.

The Temper-ware Warranty.

What's more, every piece of Temper-ware comes with a warranty against breaking, chipping, cracking, and crazing for up to two years of normal use.

Compared to other informal dinnerware, Temper-ware is anything but ordinary.

In fact, it's years ahead of the rest.

Temper-ware
BY LENOX®

Send for our free color brochure. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648.

*Strength as measured by Modulus of Rupture test— the most reliable test for material strength in the ceramic industry.

DEWAR'S® PROFILE

A thirst for living . . . a taste for fine Scotch.

GERSHOM CHAN

BORN: Kwangtung, China, 1945

HOME: Oil City, Pennsylvania

TITLE: Food Service Director, Oil City Hospital

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: A menu that reads like a three-star restaurant . . . and a different one each day.

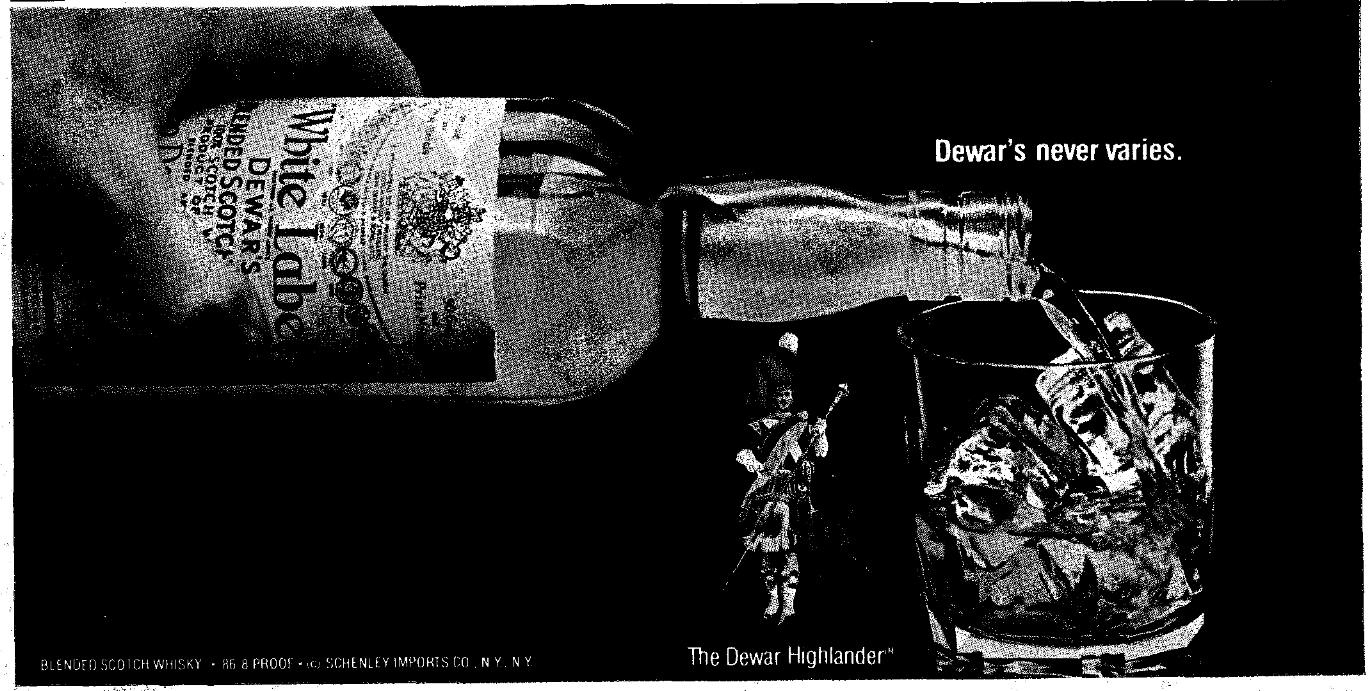
QUOTE: "Hospital patients should not have to suffer at suppertime."

NATIONAL RECIPE AWARDS: Seafood Soufflé, Almond Delight, and Black Sesame Seed Pudding.

SECRET: "A gourmet chef can work wonders with a restricted diet. Because he works with color, texture, and aroma."

FAVORITE INGREDIENTS: Prefers patients be allowed two things with dinner. Wine and company. His innovations include a candlelight dinner for two—on the second night—for new parents. No extra charge.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"® and water. "A delightful habit I acquired during my days in Hong Kong."



Dewar's never varies.

The Dewar Highlander®

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